THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Fo[illegible]28 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 11 1915 — 5cts. THE COPY

FORMER PRESIDENT TAFT ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

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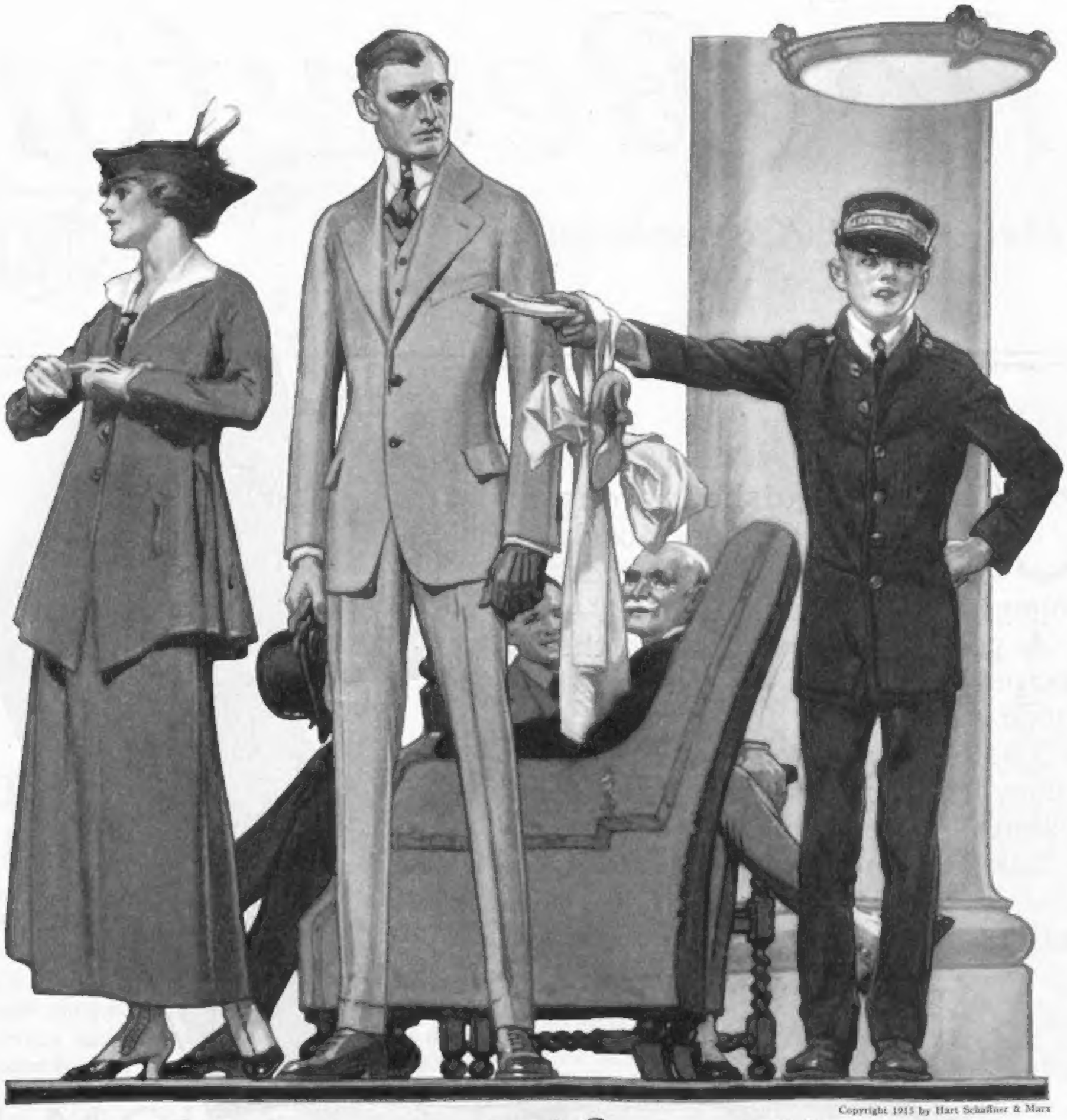

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Chicago New York

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915* *Number 11*

VOTES FOR WOMEN

By Former President William H. Taft

TWO generations ago woman suffrage was not much discussed. Noble women, like Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Livermore and Julia Ward Howe, went about the country lecturing in its favor. But the issue seemed rather an academic one, and was not then believed to be pressing or within the range of practical politics. I had the privilege of hearing some of these presentations of the question. My father and mother were both in favor of women's voting, and I wrote a commencement address, when I graduated from Woodward High School, in Cincinnati, in which I advocated it. I had read John Stuart Mill's essay on the subjection of women, and it seemed to me that the case was a clear one for this reform.

That was more than forty years ago. In the interval I have had occasion to study more intimately the nature and working of our popular government, and have noted the arguments *pro* and *con* on the Woman Suffrage issue. I believe that I can separate myself in their consideration from the heat which the discussion has engendered, and which, I am bound to say, does not help to reach a satisfactory conclusion. When I hear the arguments of ardent suffragists as to the good things that are to flow from the voting of women, many of them seem to me so fanciful and unattainable that they incline me against their cause. On the other hand, when I hear from antisuffrage champions the dire results that are permanently to follow such a political change, I find myself out of sympathy with their views also. In considering the arguments of the suffragists for the immediate extension of the ballot to women it will help the clearness of thought to define the nature of the electoral suffrage and to point out certain distinctions between it and citizenship that are often confused.

I Have Noted the Arguments Pro and Con on the Woman Suffrage Issue

Under the Federal Constitution the qualification for suffrage had been left to the states without limitation until the Fifteenth Amendment, when they and the United States were forbidden to deny the suffrage to anyone otherwise entitled to vote, merely because of his race, color or previous condition of servitude. The franchise has never been regarded as an inalienable right of an American citizen. Women and children born in the United States, or naturalized and resident there, are citizens of the United States and are entitled to all the protection and guaranties of individual rights enjoyed by adult males. The franchise has been granted or withheld by the states as seemed best to them to secure the best government. In early days only those who subscribed to the Christian religion could vote in some states. In other states only those who owned a certain amount of realty, or an equivalent in personal property, could vote. Some states required and still require an educational test to qualify those who exercise the franchise.

Electoral Suffrage Not an Inherent Right in This Country

MOST of these restrictions, however, have now been abolished. Some restrictions still remain to illustrate the distinction I wish to emphasize. The suffrage is not extended to minors, because the minor with average intelligence and maturity is not thought to have the discretion and experience to exercise the power wisely in the public interest. The suffrage has been extended in some states to resident aliens who have declared their intention to become citizens, but generally it is withheld from them because they are not supposed to have a feeling of allegiance to the state or country insuring its patriotic exercise. Since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the legislatures of the South have been astute to provide disqualifications for the suffrage which would in effect exclude the negro without violating the amendment, and this on the assumption that the Southern negro is generally not competent to exercise the franchise either to his own advantage or that of the community at large.

To regard the privilege and duty of voting an inalienable right inseparable from citizenship, like the right to protection by the Government at home or abroad, would lead to absurdity. On such a theory the suffrage should be extended to children and babes in arms. Indeed, I have read an earnest address by a woman, a school superintendent in Kansas enthused with the theory that suffrage is a sacred and inalienable right of every individual, who urged that children ought to be given the right.

The question, then, whether women shall be given the suffrage is to be argued and determined on the issue whether it would be better for the Government, for society and for the women that they should vote, and not on any *a priori* theory that it is their right.

Why do we believe that popular government is the best form of government? It is not because there is something inherently good in a people's governing itself. We do not seek liberty just because it is called liberty. Popular government, self-government and liberty are merely means to an end, and that end is the happiness of the community and the individual. The *summum bonum* sought by human government is to afford to all individuals as nearly equal opportunity as possible to pursue that which they would have in life. If people of good average intelligence, political capacity and proper self-restraint govern themselves, they are more likely to secure to individuals the liberty, and to the community as a whole the freedom of action, which will produce the greatest happiness for the greatest number. If every class represented in a community, and having intelligence and capacity to know its own interest, has a voice in the government, its interest is much more likely in the long run to be considered properly and fairly than where some other set of men is charged with attending to its affairs.

American Women Should Vote—But Not Yet

AGAIN, with all classes represented in the government it is likely to be stronger and to be better able to maintain law and order that are essential to the welfare of all the people. Popular government, then, is the best means of securing happiness for all the people, first, because by representation of all the classes it tends to secure justice for all classes, and by being the result of the action of all classes it commands the greatest permanent strength to do the thing that government must do. This is not mere theoretical *a priori* reasoning. It is demonstrated by the history of the hundred and twenty-five years of the life of this government, the character of which, though subjected to tremendous strain, has changed less than any government in the world. This is proof that it has carried out its purposes in securing happiness to its people with more success than any government that has been established since it took its place among the nations.

Why, then, will it be asked, upon these two premises, should women not at once be granted the suffrage? They constitute a class in number equal to half the adult population. Will their welfare not be better secured if they are given a voice in the government charged with protecting it, than if it be left to men alone? Will not their participation in the government give it greater strength, solidarity, peace and permanence?

In the end I think these questions must be answered in the affirmative. If the suffrage is sufficiently delayed to give better preparation to women as a class for the exercise of the franchise, its advantages will outweigh its probable injurious consequences.

The effect of woman suffrage upon women's economic and social condition will be comparatively small, because women as a class are not clearly distinct from the members of the present electorate, in their political, social and economic interests, so that those interests have been neglected by the present electorate. It is not like the enlargement of the franchise in England by the two Electoral Reform Bills, in which the ballot was

extended to those who had theretofore no voice, and who had interests plainly different from those of the existing electorate. I would not say that women do not constitute a distinct class in any sense, but men and women have so many identical interests and so many opinions in common that the cleavage between the sexes as political classes has not been clear or marked. This is why woman suffrage as a practical issue has not arisen before the present generation.

It is a hundred and thirty-nine years since our ancestors announced to mankind by their revolution that taxation for governmental purposes without representation is unjust, that all men are born free and equal, and that the basis of all just government must rest on the consent of the governed. It was long ago settled that the word "citizen" in the Federal Constitution included not only men and women, but children, and that the protection of the Government, the guaranties of life, liberty and property and the pursuit of happiness were secured to all. Since our Government was founded, however, women have been taxed and have had no voice in the government through the franchise. There was one state, New Jersey, in which, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, women might vote; but then the right was taken away, and it had probably not been much exercised before it was taken away.

Why did not Thomas Jefferson and those who strongly upheld the widest democracy in government and the extension of the franchise suggest that women should be allowed by the states to vote? If it was true that to withhold suffrage from them was really taxing them without representation, would it not have occurred to our ancestors that they were guilty of a glaring inconsistency? Now what was the reason for not giving the franchise to women? The family and the home formed a unit in which the members had a common interest and were so completely bound together that, when the father at the head of the family and the sons who were themselves to become heads of families in the future were given votes, it was thought that the interests of the other members of the family, the mother and the sisters and the daughters and the minor children, had proper political representation. The men of the family were physically stronger, were generally the breadwinners, were brought into business affairs and into contact with other men and had opportunity to keep abreast of public matters, and so found delegated to them, by common consent, the duty of attending to that part of the family interests involved in the municipal, state and national governments.

The women, on the other hand, accepting the duty of bearing children and nurturing and rearing them, and engaged in domestic matters and home making, never in any considerable number until recently conceived the idea that they were in any way deprived of privilege or right because they did not vote. Women were not educated in the early days of the Republic with any view to enabling them to take an interest in public affairs. It is only within seventy-five years that the higher education of women has had any encouragement, and with their lack of practical business experience few women were thought competent to discharge political duties. Marriage and the institution of the family and the home made a conflict of political, social or economic interest between members of the same family of different sexes seem impossible.

Of course this view failed to take into consideration the women who were not married and who never were to be married, and those who had no men so related to them as really to constitute them their representatives. Such women, however, were in the small minority. In the popular mind the young women who were not married were expected to be married, and the women who did not marry were looked upon as having been failures. I do not subscribe to the justice or wisdom of this view. I am only pointing out why the question has not sooner arisen.

Suffrage Arguments Not Justified by Facts

BUT it is said that women have always had class interests of a substantial kind distinct from those of men in the unjust disability of married women in respect to their own property. This and her lack of power to carry on business or to enjoy her individual earnings independently of her husband's control, and the inequality between them in the interest that the survivor took in the property of the other, were of feudal origin and were firmly established by the English common law and remained in the statutes of many states, but have gradually been recognized as unjust and have been removed. Then the preference given to the father in respect to the guardianship of the children, another reminiscence of the ancient common law, has yielded to a juster view, and now the guardianship is determined in all courts of equity, not by the rights of either parent but by the welfare of the children.

To-day it takes all the ingenuity of partisan advocates to find here and there in the statutes some archaic remains of that former "subjection of women." It has been remedied without the votes of the women, not as a class question but because men as the heads of the families, with liberal views, have seen its injustice. No equal-suffrage Western State has laws more liberal to women than a number of the Eastern States where they are denied the ballot. Indeed in Massachusetts there are statutory provisions that limit men in the control of their earnings in the interest of their wives.

The present movement for woman suffrage cannot, therefore, be founded on so narrow an issue as married women's disabilities. They have been substantially removed without it. What, then, is the reason for the crusade—and I use that expression in no discrediting sense—for votes for women? What has inspired the many sincere and earnest women who are actively engaged in promoting the cause?

For thirty years we had an enormous material expansion in this country, in which we all forgot ourselves in the enthusiasm of expanding our material resources and in making ourselves the richest nation on earth. We did this through the use of the principle of organization and combination, and through the development of our national resources. In the encouragement of the investment of capital we nearly transferred complete political power to those who controlled corporate wealth and we were in danger of a plutocracy.

Gradually the people came to realize our danger, and there has been in the last decade a great reform. Corporations have been driven out of politics, politics have been purified, and though, of course, corruption here and there

Married Women With the Ballot Will be Able to Protect Themselves Against the Brutality and Oppression of Their Husbands

remains, the boss and the machine have been disenthroned, or at least have been disconnected from monopoly and financial combination. In effecting this great reform the people were deeply stirred. They came to doubt the value of the representative system of government, and they sought the system of direct government by themselves, with the hope that thereby they could clinch the reform they had accomplished. They became ashamed of themselves in their worship of wealth, and they turned to help those who had not shared in the general prosperity, who had limped behind in the race. A wave of greater fraternal feeling swept over the country which was almost synchronous with the wave of protest and reform against the political rule of wealth.

This feeling has prompted a great deal of valuable uplifting in social legislation, in tenement-house acts, factory acts, sweatshop acts, health legislation, the crusade against tuberculosis and other diseases, the spread of which can be avoided by hygienic regulation, the improvement in sewage and in the water supply, safety-appliance acts for the reduction in the danger to employees on railways and in the use of machinery, the rural delivery, the parcel post, the pure-food act, the antinarcotic act, the white-slave act, the abolition of the fellow-servant rule, the putting of the employee on a level of equality in dealing with the employer, the workmen's-compensation acts, and many other provisions of a wise and helpful character; and, in the promotion of these, leading women of philanthropic interest have been helpful and suggestive. But such measures have been adopted quite as generally in states having only male suffrage as in those having equal suffrage.

The movement, however, has had its excesses. It has developed a spirit of hostility against the fortunate and the well-to-do and against organized capital's pursuing its legitimate function. The people were led to foolish extremes. A period of wild and radical legislation followed, based on the fallacy that all suffering, all inequality of condition, and all poverty, whether the result of inexorable economic law or not, could be removed by statute. The poverty and hardships to which poor women were subject in the low wages which they were paid and the dependence of those who were married upon their husbands, often cruel and inconsiderate, aroused the kindly concern of their fellow women.

The movement for woman suffrage has had its great source and impetus in the belief that great reform in the condition of women can be effected by law which men are reluctant to enact, but which woman will secure if given a voice in the government. It is pressed upon us that married women with the ballot will be able to protect themselves against the brutality and oppression of their husbands. This is an argument that comes from leaders of the great settlements in the slums of the great cities, who see the suffering that wives undergo in the congested centers in the large cities. Again, it is said that by the power of the ballot the occupations of women can be increased and their wages equalized with those of men. So we find that in a number of the states where the confidence in the efficacy of legislation to accomplish every good is greatest, woman suffrage has been welcomed.

Advocates of votes for women point out that widowed-mothers' pension laws, eight-hour laws for women and minimum wages for women have been enacted in all the eleven states where female suffrage exists, while such laws have been adopted in only a part of the states where women do not vote. Such laws are measures the wisdom of which may well be doubted. They are millennial legislation. The economic losses, the state burdens and the pauperization that are likely to follow such laws furnish a poor argument for woman suffrage if it is to lead to such legislation. One of the greatest dangers we are facing to-day is the enormous cost of government and the rapidly increasing burden of public debt. By taking too much from the prudent and industrious to help the unfortunate, the thriftless and the idle, and by teaching all to look to the public treasury for support, thrift and saving will be discouraged, independence and strength of character will be destroyed.

Will the Coveted Panacea Work?

IS IT possible by law to relieve women from the economic burdens that they now labor under, and will the ballot give to them a protection against the hardships of unhappy married life? I don't quite see how legislation can set at naught the economic law which fixes the wages of women at a lower standard than those of men. This is due, first, to the fact that a man, with his physical superiority, can render better physical service than a woman. Then, his physical superiority creates a larger demand for man's labor than for woman's labor, which must affect the wage level.

Man's wages are not higher than woman's because he has a vote. It may be that demand for more labor, as in the case of the Great War, will disclose a wider field for women's labor than heretofore. But this will arise from economic causes and not from the ballot or legislation. The minimum wage will probably only exclude many women from opportunity to earn anything without appreciably raising the wages of those who do earn the minimum. Where salaries and wages are fixed by political officers arbitrarily, the influence of the voting of women will be direct, and efforts will at once be made, in the face of the economic law of supply and demand, and at great additional expense to the state and national government, to equalize the salaries of men and women in public employment. Such equality in nonpolitical employment, however, cannot be brought about by legislation.

It is also difficult to see how the opportunity to vote once in a year will enable a wife to defend herself against her husband's brutal and drunken aggression. Perhaps she might have more influence with the police. Perhaps her complaint might be given more weight if she were a voter than now, but I doubt it. The only probable effect will be to double the political power of such a husband. I don't think that women would be any better off from the economic standpoint, or in their relation to their husbands, than they will be under the normal progress that will be made even if the existing electorate is unchanged. The experience in Wyoming, where women have had the vote for twenty-five years, and in the other states, where they have had it for ten years, shows the condition of women not to be substantially better from an economic standpoint than it is in the states in which women have not had votes. If woman suffrage had developed a more favorable place for women to earn their livelihood it would be clearly apparent. In the freedom and ease of migration from one state to another the women of other states would be attracted.

Women as a class are said to be better than men morally, and so their voting must elevate the morality of politics. It is pointed out that the penitentiaries have many more

men than women. In respect to sexual morality and drunkenness women are better than men. Men's passions are greater and they commit more crimes of violence. As a sex, women have not the physical courage of men, and this restrains many of them from breaches of the peace. Due to this, and also because their opportunities and temptations are fewer, they do not commit so many crimes against property. Their very dependence upon men in the family and in life, and their removal from the business activities, have thus kept them more than men out of the criminal court.

I question, however, whether in politics and in resistance to corruption we should find any sturdier honesty among women than among men. As a body it is said they would insist on a higher moral tone in legislation. I don't think the present moral tone of our legislation can be criticized, if that is determined by its purposes as professed in its preamble or by its promoters. Legislatures of men are not prone to legislative protection of vice or evil, nor are they reluctant to enact laws denouncing it and to claim credit for it. It was a congress of men that passed the White Slave Act, the Pure Food Act, and the act to prevent the spread of the cocaine and other drug habits. The most common defect in legislation is not in the ideal good aimed at, but in the lack of practical provision for its attainment. Women will not be any better able to cure this defect than men.

There has been much indignation expressed at the greater penalty visited by society upon a woman who sins morally than that upon a man. Advocates of woman suffrage have argued that when women vote this can be changed. Such a claim is a fair illustration of the fundamental error of much of the case the suffragists present. The error is in the assumption that legislation can cure all inequalities which they conceive to be wrongs. The inequality in this case is not found in the law. Men and women under the law are subject to equal penalties for sexual crimes. The inequality and injustice, if it be one, is in the attitude of society toward the subject, and statute law is helpless to control the view of society, or what Professor Sumner, for want of a better word, has called the *mores*.

It is said that women will vote for prohibition, and that, therefore, if they are given the vote we shall be rid of the saloon evil. To those of us who do not think that the saloon evil can be abolished by general prohibition, either national or statewide, in states with large cities, and that the result of the effort would be worse than present conditions, this argument does not appeal. The lack of experience in affairs, and the excess of emotion on the part of women in reaching their political decisions upon questions of this kind, are what would lower the average practical sense and self-restraint of the electorate in case they were admitted to it now.

Dramatic Effect Without Logical Force

IT IS natural that women interested in public affairs, and much better qualified by education and character to vote than the average male elector, should resent the fact that so many men inferior to them in these respects should be given the ballot. A company of prominent women, college graduates in an academic garb, attended the swearing-in as citizens of a number of aliens in a United States court in New York City. They did this as a protest against a political system under which such men could vote, and they were excluded. The studied dramatic effect of this protest was greater than its logical force. If the change which these ladies advocate included only women as well qualified as they are for the ballot, it would have been unanswerable. The number of women whose enfranchisement would improve the electorate is legion.

Take, for instance, the women of the Society of Friends, in which for two hundred years women have been trained by education and experience to exercise in their communities equal voice and responsibility with the men. But no one proposes to limit the franchise when extended to women any more than it is limited in the case of men. It may be conceded that it would be impracticable under present political conditions to impose such a limitation. Therefore, the question is not to be considered in the light of the fitness of the most intelligent and best-qualified women, as compared with that of the least-qualified male voters, but rather in view of the average qualification of the great body of women. As to them, it is useless to deny that at present, in the matter of education, training and experience in affairs of life outside the home, and in the matter of interest in political affairs, they are substantially inferior to men in fitness for the ballot.

The admission to citizenship and the suffrage of aliens after five-years residence adds to the electorate men whose political experience, intelligence and patriotic interest are undoubtedly less than that of not only women college graduates but also the average woman citizen. The theory of this liberality to aliens is that the electorate is so large as compared with the number thus admitted that their accession will not substantially reduce the average fitness of the present electorate, and that the responsibility of suffrage will be beneficial in educating them to the new duty and in stimulating their new allegiance. The doubling of the present electorate by adding all adult women, including naturalized female aliens, would have an effect upon the character of the electorate much more serious.

There is a large body of women, probably a majority, who do not wish to vote and who are opposed to receiving the franchise. The vigor with which a referendum to women to decide the issue has been opposed by the leading advocates of woman suffrage in Massachusetts and New York supports this conclusion. If this be true, it furnishes a very good reason for thinking that the women voters as a whole would not respond quickly to the obligation imposed upon them if the right to vote were given them, and, therefore, that for a considerable time we should not have in the actual vote cast by the women the average intelligence of the entire body of women voters. The undesirables, especially women in congested city centers, would be easily induced to vote.

There are many respectable women of average intelligence whose interest, however, has not been roused, who are listless on the subject, and who would decline to make any sacrifice of time or convenience to perform their duty if given the franchise. In the country districts, where it takes effort to register and to vote, this is a serious matter even with men. It will be much more obstructive in the case of women. The women who actively oppose the extension of the franchise are, many of them, of the most intelligent class and their views would tend to keep them from the polls. It is a substantial reason for delaying the coming of the ballot to women that more than half of them now do not wish to have it. One of the chief grounds for giving every class a voice in the Government is to satisfy its desires and induce it to support and strengthen the Government. But if a class does not desire the responsibility and will not meet that responsibility by its best average intelligence, the reason fails.

It is said that it is no objection to granting the franchise that only a minority of the women desire it. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw is reported to have said:

> I believe in women suffrage whether all women vote or no women vote; whether all women vote right or all women vote wrong; whether women will love their husbands after they vote or forsake them; whether they will neglect their children or never have any children.

If Doctor Shaw is correctly reported, her words would seem to indicate that she thinks the exercise of the franchise the highest good in and of itself, and that its denial presents a moral issue so fundamental that a discussion of the effect of granting the ballot to women is entirely irrelevant. With one who holds this view I can find no common ground upon which to argue the merits of the question. To me the ballot is part of the machinery of popular government, and the granting of it or the withholding of it is properly to be determined by the effect it will have upon the character of the government and of society and upon the welfare of the persons who are to be given the right to cast it.

Let Us, Therefore, Not Force the Ballot Into Woman's Hands on Theory

Others have likened the attitude of women against the ballot to the unwillingness of some slaves to be free. It is urged it was no argument in favor of slavery that the slaves did not desire freedom. The analogy of slavery is a very forced one, and is most unfortunate in its reflection on the majority of women if they do not desire the ballot. It charges them with a lack of intelligence and capacity to understand their own welfare that would not argue strongly in favor of their capacity to make good electors.

We are furnished with certificates from the governors and senators in all the states where woman suffrage has been adopted that its operation has been most beneficial. In some of the instances sufficient time has not elapsed to enable anyone to express an intelligent judgment on the effect of the change. And in other states where the beneficial result of the change is certified to, there is no visible evidence of it in the character of the government that has been the result of the doubled electorate. Some of these witnesses are interested witnesses, who would hardly attack half of the electorate if they were hoping in any way to continue in office through the choice of that electorate. Moreover, in the new states where the suffrage has been adopted for any length of time conditions are very different from those of the Eastern and more populous states.

The campaign conducted by some leaders of women to secure immediate suffrage does not commend their cause. The violence of the suffragettes in England, their destruction of property, their risking of human life and their general defiance of law show a hysterical condition of mind which strongly supports the view that such advocates and their sympathizers have no such common sense or self-restraint as to fit them to exercise political power. And in this country the arguments used in the suffrage journals are so extreme and absurd in the claims they make as to what woman suffrage will do, that they confirm the view that the immediate doubling of the electorate by adding all the adult women will not add to the poise or practical sense of the electorate.

Absurd Implications of a Suffrage Cartoon

I HAVE before me the Woman's Journal and Suffrage News, of June 5, 1915, with a cartoon entitled Meanwhile They Drown. A man and a woman are on a wharf above the water in which are women struggling, one with a monster labeled White Slavery, another with something representing a sweatshop, a third holding a baby in her arms fighting Disease, a fourth contending with Filth. The man on the platform has a life preserver in his hand marked Votes for Women, but refuses to throw it to the drowning women below, saying: "When all women want it I will throw it to them." The woman fashionably dressed sits watching her drowning sisters and says: "We don't need it."

The implications from such a cartoon are so absurd and unjust to opponents of suffrage that they ought not to aid the cause. On the whole, it is fair to say that the immediate enfranchisement of women will increase the proportion of the hysterical element of the electorate to such a degree that it will be injurious to the public welfare. It will increase the danger of unwise millennial legislation and will promote the influence of "organized emotion" in the conduct of our Government.

But though I am opposed to woman suffrage now I recognize that it is likely to come some time. If it can be delayed until a great majority of the women desire it, and have become better prepared to exercise it, I think it will be a correct and useful extension of the democratic principle. The benefit it will ultimately bring will be in greater solidarity and strength to the Government, because of the increase of the electorate and in widening woman's sphere of thought and action by added interests and responsibility. This benefit will come slowly and imperceptibly. The issue is not acutely and immediately important. Hence the wisdom of delaying the change until it can be made without the injury to the electorate which the immediate granting of the right is likely to cause.

Women are being more widely educated now than formerly. They are taking a wider interest and displaying much more varied activities outside the home than a generation ago. They are finding more avenues for earning a livelihood opening to them. Women's clubs have been organized all over the country. In church work, in social settlement work, in philanthropy and in charity many of them are spending effort and energy. They are pushing reforms. By the very suffrage agitation they have awakened a greater interest in public affairs among women, whether they favor or oppose suffrage. I believe that the campaigns will increase the number of women favoring suffrage until a majority will join in the demand.

All these things are preparing women for the ballot, even those who are opposed to it. Meantime the country is not going to suffer by being deprived of the votes of women. There is no great evil which their being kept out of the franchise continues. There are a dozen states now trying the change. The older states can watch its result with interest and care and can follow from time to time as their judgment shall dictate, and in this quiet, reasonable, common-sense way the change will be effected without friction and without injury. The exercise of the ballot itself is a preparation for its future wiser exercise, but that does not minimize the wisdom of delay in the older and more populous

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Mid the Flotsam of the Seas

Over His Shoulder He Saw the Masthead Lantern Almost Down to the Sea

By Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE morning was hot in the South Atlantic—hot, cloudless and glaring; for two hours there had been barely enough breeze to turn a dozen times the arms of the anemometer on the forward deck of the Explorer; and the ship lay, with engines stopped, on a smooth and silent sea. A shimmering vapor—streaked now and then with the pink and purple iridescence of the rainbow—was rising from the warm surface as the sun assailed it; the barometer was steady, and in that part of the Atlantic there was no current or even a recordable drift when the wind was absent. The red seaweed all about; a black, battered cask motionless ahead; bits of broken spars and painted stuff, on which gulls rested—proclaimed that the little American vessel was in one of those dead seas within the sea to which the winds and currents carry the flotsam of the oceans, collecting there all floating things and bearing nothing away.

In any ordinary season the stillness and isolation of this area would make it ideal for the purposes of the Explorer, but recently mines had been reported by ships passing to the south; so a sailor was stationed to scan carefully each object floating close to the ship, and young John Winthrop Moberly, in command, himself glanced all about the water before settling under his awning on deck, where his charts had been spread on a table.

Curious charts his were, and absolutely unconnected with any ordinary object of seamanship. They concerned that empty expanse of the South Atlantic between Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, where for days, steaming in any direction, no shore or rock or reef breaks the surface of the sea. But Moberly's charts of that basin, instead of being blank or recording only compass variations, were traced over with contour lines—ranges of mountains miles high were sketched in; plains, plateaus, valleys, with the nature of the soil of each described, the character of the life in each region, and the temperature that prevailed—for the charts were of the land below the water and defined the mighty abysses at the bottom of the ocean.

And on that morning the Explorer was floating over what was likely to prove the most stupendous valley of the sea. Well to the east, as the charts showed, began the rise from the bottom of those submerged sierras whose loftiest pinnacles to the north break the surface to form George Island and its consort mountaintop, St. Helena, where Napoleon died in exile; and whose far southern summits protrude as the isle of Tristan da Cunha and as Inaccessible Rock. Well to the west started the rise of those ocean-engulfed Alps whose Mont Blanc and Matterhorn peaks are the reefs of Martin Vas Rock.

Beneath the Explorer there were no mountains—the contour lines denoted only a valley of stupendous depths; four thousand, four thousand and five hundred, were the figures written in Moberly's hand along these lines. They figured fathoms of depth below; and they told that on the horizon to the west, two days before, Moberly had found bottom almost five miles down. The next day the sea depth had passed five miles. Plainly to-day's sounding—if only the slope far in the depths below continued to fall away to the east—must make the record depth, not only for this expedition but for all; it must locate the very abyss of the world, the mightiest discovered deep!

"The Moberly Deep!" he confidently named it to himself, as he was satisfied that the present position of his vessel was right for this day's sounding. He stepped over beside the big drums amidships, on which the miles of sounding line were wound, and near which lay the great leaden weights. He directed the sailors at the drums:

"You can start letting down the line. When four thousand fathoms are down call me up if I am not on deck."

He glanced again out over the sea and then went below and forward to the dining saloon. The Explorer—except for the drums and the ropes on deck, and the space below given to laboratories for the examination and preservation of deep-sea species—was a yacht, and the private property of Moberly. The dining saloon, which looked out on the sea through open ports at each side, was in white enamel and blue; electric fans stirred a breeze that encountered a refrigerating coil concealed somewhere.

Moberly felt, with gratification, the coolness of the room. Three of his guests were delaying over their coffee and iced grapefruit. They were Anthony Rand and his wife, Marcia—she was about forty and, therefore, twelve years older than Moberly, though she was his first cousin—and Janice Rand.

Janice, slight and active, was not yet twenty-four; she was Anthony's niece. When the Explorer was clearing Cape Cod the society reporters of the Boston papers chronicled her inclusion in the yacht's company by saying that she was accompanying her aunt and her uncle, the latter of whom had been ordered to sea by his physician; but the devotees of the society columns were aware that, if Anthony Rand was under orders, the orders were his wife's, and that he and Marcia were on the cruise to accompany Janice. For Janice and Winthrop had been beneficiaries of one of those Boston betrothals arranged between mothers, and "understood," while the girl was yet in a Back Bay finishing school and the boy was at Harvard.

The ethics of such engagements normally is that the man must free the girl whenever she wishes; but she preserves an option on him. This engagement, however, proved an exception. Janice neglected her option, while Winthrop refrained from forgetting his. This voyage was an effort on the part of her relatives to lead her to know Winthrop better and to bring her to her senses. Yet, though the Explorer had lost the Provincetown Light more than a month ago, her appreciation of him seemed lagging until this morning he found her smiling and more interested in his work than she ever had seemed before.

"You're sounding already?" asked Janice.

"I waited until I heard you were about." Moberly ignored the inference that for him it was early. "I hoped you would be on deck when we had the lead well down."

"Oh—you expect the record to-day?"

"We were within a few hundred fathoms of it yesterday," he returned modestly, as befitting a man in whose family the making of a record is an accepted event. Since the Salem clipper ships, generations before, had established the family fortunes, each Moberly had left his name on some part of the world. John Winthrop Moberly already had a volume on ocean currents, which was accepted as the authority on the great "dead seas" within the seas; and the recognized classification of deep-sea fishes was known as the Moberly List. Laurels of this sort, however, he did not expect Janice to appreciate; but the discovery and naming of the greatest depth in the sea—anyone would understand that! He followed her now with satisfaction as she hurried eagerly with her aunt and uncle up to the deck.

The stout, thin sounding line of hemp, steadily unwinding from the great drum amidships, was paying out and running rapidly over the side of the vessel, dropping deeper and deeper into the sunlit water; fathom after fathom, length after length, it ran down as the four approached. A strand of crimson cord, of the sort woven into the hemp at every hundred fathoms toward the end of the line, reeled from the drum and disappeared into the deep.

"Forty, sir!" the sailor who had been keeping the line away from the hull read the sign to Moberly.

"Four thousand fathoms!" a spectacled older man who had been standing by—Stevens, the ichthyologist—cried.

"Near five miles deep that is, miss," a second seaman, touching his cap, interpreted for Janice as she came close to the drum.

"Thank you! Fine!" she exclaimed to Moberly. "And, Winthrop, it's going on down and down!"

"We've not reached even yesterday's mark yet." Moberly shook his head with assumed doubt.

"Forty-two!" the sailor cried.

"Forty-two?"

"Yes, miss—four thousand two hundred fathoms!"

Another and then two more strands of crimson went spinning over the side into the sea.

"Forty-five!"

"Forty-five? You mean four thousand five hundred fathoms now, Henry?"

"Four thousand five hundred fathoms it is, miss!"

The line still was going down.

"Then that beats yesterday's record, doesn't it, Winthrop?" she appealed. "Aunt Marcia—Uncle—did you hear? The line's down forty-five hundred fathoms, or—how much is that, Winthrop?"

"Five miles—a trifle over," Moberly replied, the color coming to his face now in spite of himself, and his hands clenching. He watched the line still running down.

"Forty-six, Mr. Moberly, sir!"

And now the excitement was spreading over the ship. Grinnel, the navigating officer, and two of the engineers hurried up; a trimmer, greasy from his work among the engines, ventured near; Walton, the

They Were on Their Feet, Screaming Wildly Through the Fog

botanist, trotted from his laboratory, wearing his wet apron and with a dissecting scalpel in his hand.

"Forty-seven!"

"Forty-seven!" Stevens now acclaimed. "Moberly, you've beaten the Nares Deep!"

"And still it's going deeper!" Janice clapped.

"Forty-eight!"

"Moberly, that beats the Swire Deep!"

"Forty-nine!"

"Oh, Winthrop!"

"Fifty, sir!"

"Fifty?"

"Five thousand fathoms it is, sir! . . . And there comes fifty-one!"

"People!" Stevens cried to the group about. "Fifty-two—there it comes—beats the Aldrich Deep!—seventy more fathoms and he passes the Challenger Deep!"

"And then?" Janice cried.

"Fifty-three is on the drum, sir!" the sailor shouted.

"Five thousand three hundred fathoms?"

"There it runs off the reel!"

The crimson marker scurried off and fled down the line into the ocean.

"Fifty-three, and over!" Stevens repeated, almost frightened. "People, he's beaten the Challenger Deep!"

"Then this is?" Janice demanded.

"The deepest deep in the world, Miss Rand."

"The Moberly Deep!" She named it for him before them all.

John Winthrop Moberly now raised his eyes from the line and looked at her. The rope was still unreeling, but the rate was lessened; the great weight at the end had reached the bottom of the abyss and was resting down there in the ooze—only the weight of the cord now pulled on the drum. But already it had gained him his triumph and she was naming it for him! John Winthrop Moberly confidently moved closer to her when something, flashing from a port on the deck below, splashed into the water and bobbed on the sea.

"What's that?" Janice startled.

Moberly watched her as she stared down and saw what it was. Its appearance instantly had driven the thought of his triumph from her. Moberly's lips straightened unpleasantly as he witnessed this.

"That is the bottle—which was full of whisky—that I left in Standridge's cabin," he said coldly. "Apparently he drank it."

"No!" She recoiled. "No!"

Her cry and the words that had immediately preceded it traveled in through the same port from which the bottle was flung, and penetrated, therefore, to the cabin, where a decidedly tousled and informal young man—in contrast some men may appear formal even in pyjamas—was getting up.

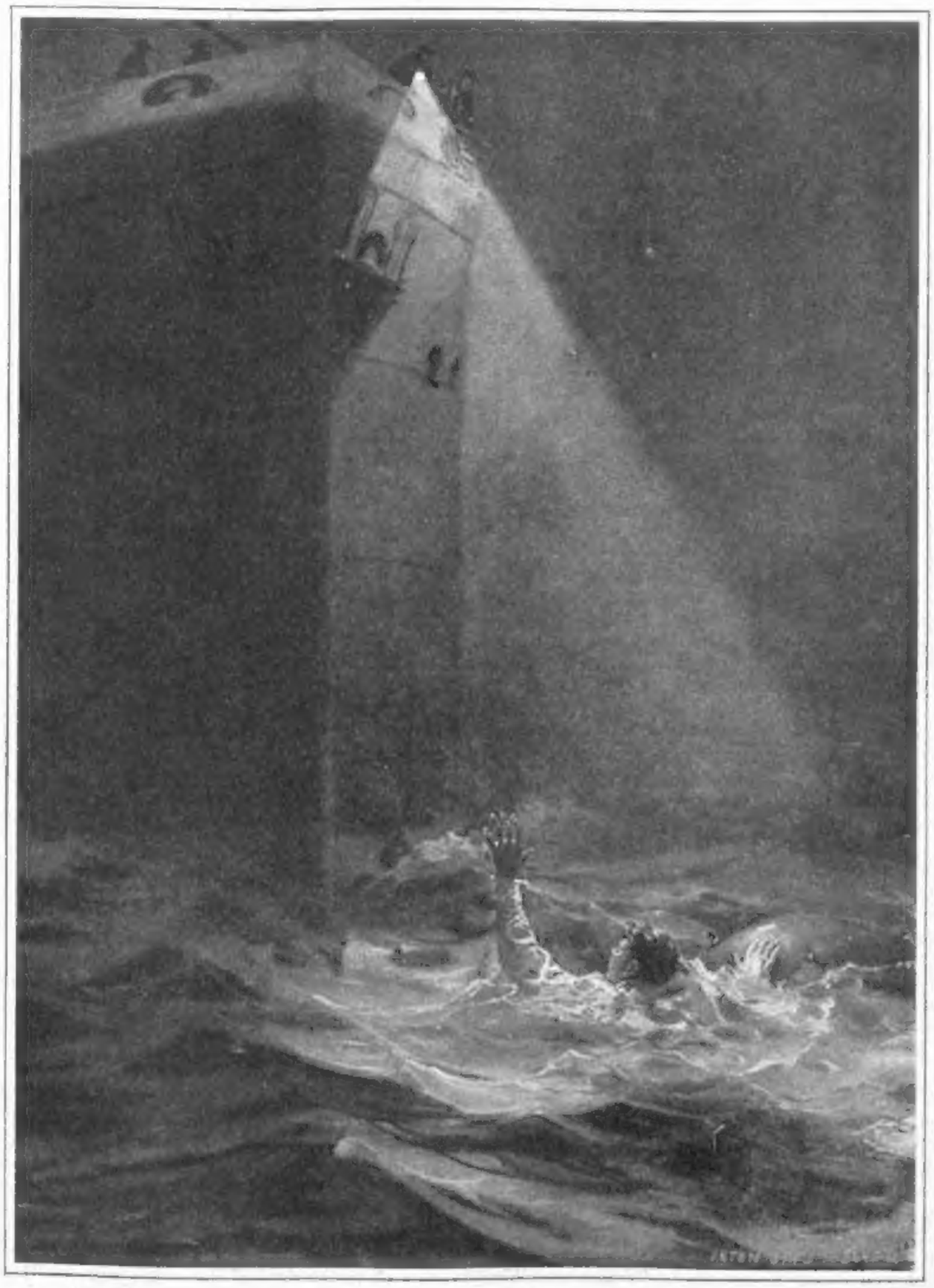
The Boston society reporters, including his name on the Explorer's lists, spoke of him simply as Tommie Standridge, a college friend of Moberly's, who would be assigned mechanical duties unconnected with the scientific object of the expedition; but everybody knew that, in college, Moberly had roomed with Standridge to reform him, and that, on account of Tommie, Moberly had never taken a drink of whisky. Everybody knew that Moberly, only partly succeeding with his altruistic efforts while at Harvard, had made it his duty to keep watch on Tommie ever since; not a few were aware that Moberly practically had shanghaied Tommie. Winthrop had found his friend sleeping off a spree and had put him into a cab and bundled him aboard.

And, like a shanghaied sailor, Tommie had endured strict discipline for the past month. Even the sight of liquor had been denied him, until now, as he had risen, he had seen to his astonishment a bottle on his washstand. It was full of whisky and the cork had been drawn and only lightly replaced. Moberly had put it in his cabin during the night to test him when he woke.

Tommie's brows drew together and his shoulders jerked as he appreciated that. He took up the bottle, drew out the cork, poured the whisky down the drain of his washbowl, and hurled the empty bottle into the sea.

As the bottle floated and caused the cry on the deck Tommie winced. He started to shut his port, when something on the surface of the sea, glinting like the glass of the bottle, but much farther off, attracted him, and he stood staring to see what was throwing the reflection. It was not the water, for that was absolutely smooth and the sun was high. Something with glass or metal in it was floating off there almost flush with the sea, and it was much too big to be merely another empty bottle. He snatched up his binocular and focused it on the object, and his lips pressed tight together. He put down the binocular, hastily dressed and hurried up to the deck.

He found Moberly, with Stevens, Grinnel and a group of the seamen, at the sounding drums, which now were turning to draw up the line from the depths. Moberly was overseeing the remeasuring of the line as it was rereeled.



And Now the Steamer's Blast, Roaring Out of the Black Fog, Was Almost on the Mine

Tommie halted as he saw this; then he advanced. Janice Rand with her aunt and uncle, was seated under the awning near by. Janice looked up, then sprang to her feet and hailed him as friend to friend:

"Mornin', Tommie!"

"Mornin', ma'm'selle," he replied. "Good morning, Mrs. Rand."

Marcia Rand returned a frigid greeting, which Anthony felt constrained to copy somewhat, as Tommie spoke to him.

Tommie returned the greetings of Stevens and the sailors, who had stopped their work as he appeared, and put out his hand to Moberly. "Winthrop, old fellow, you've done it? You've got the great deep at last? You've made the record—the Moberly Deep?"

"The Moberly Deep, Tom!" Janice replied for Winthrop as she rose and returned to the drum.

Moberly lifted his head a little at the iteration of the name; but, as he faced Tommie, he did not acknowledge his congratulation. Moberly looked deliberately down at the whisky bottle floating beside the ship, and when he took his friend's hand it was to draw Tommie close and sniff his breath. Tommie stepped back, with no sign of offense.

"How deep is the Moberly Deep, Winthrop?" Stevens and Janice together told him. Tommie whistled. "Rather a record! Sent it yet, Winthrop?"

"Sent it?"

Tommie motioned toward the aërials.

"By wireless. There may be some ship within five hundred miles even down here."

Moberly shook his head and looked at the seamen measuring the line.

"I'm making sure of no error, first."

"Error?" Tommie scoffed. "How can there be an error? What's the matter? Can't you believe it yet? Then I'll send it for you."

"Not yet, please!" Moberly protested modestly, but made no other objection as Tommie stalked to the cabin where the wireless apparatus was installed.

"Good luck, Winthrop!" he called down the deck after he had tried the spark and listened. "The Salisbury, for Buenos Aires, is a couple of hundred miles below." His spark crackled out rapidly. "She'll pick up some South American station any time now. So I'm telling her: 'Moberly Deep—greatest discovered deep; five thousand three hundred . . . by John Winthrop Moberly, of . . .'" He read his message as he sent it. "'At ——' What's our position, Grinnel?" he called to the navigating officer. "Where is the Moberly Deep? . . . Thanks! 'Now Salisbury, it's . . . Have you got it?'" He waited and listened a moment, gave a short acknowledgment and left the key.

"What was that you waited for, Tommie?" Janice asked him as he looked soberly over the water.

"Oh! Captain of the Salisbury sent his congratulations, Winthrop. He'll wireless the report to the first shore station. So it's sent now. Forget your remeasuring and come down to breakfast with me."

Tommie hesitated uncertainly as Moberly refused; then he went below to the dining saloon. When the steward who served breakfast went back to the kitchen Tommie went to the port on the side where the sounding line ran down. He pulled out his pocketknife and looked out at the line; then he shook his head. As he began breakfast the door opened and Janice entered. Tommie rose quickly, observing her with uneasiness. She closed the door behind her and, smiling, sat down opposite him.

"Sit down, Tommie. I didn't mean to interrupt you."

He dropped back into his seat and picked up his coffee cup.

"A mighty big thing Winthrop put over this morning, isn't it?" he cried.

"Tommie," she leaned impulsively across the table, "did you really get the Salisbury and send it?"

"Send it?"

"Word that he'd discovered the deep?"

"Why, of course."

She colored; and her hands, reaching across the cloth, caught his. "Yes; of course you did, Tom! I don't blame you a bit. He deserved it."

"Deserved it?" Tommie repeated with alarm.

"He did. Everybody knew he'd put that bottle in your cabin to see whether you'd drink any of it. Then the way he spoke when you threw it out empty! Then he—he positively sniffed you when you spoke to him!"

Her fingers, in her indignation, pressed tight on Tommie's. His face had become as red as hers.

"What's that to do with sending word of the sounding?"

"Oh, I saw you on deck last night, Tommie!"

"You saw me?"

"Yes; and followed you."

"When?"

"Last night, when you and Swinton—he was the sailor with you, wasn't he?—were cutting the sounding line off the drums."

Tommie drew his hand swiftly from her grasp.

"You saw that?"

"Saw you cut a whole lot of the line and then tie on the weight again? Yes."

"What time was that?" He gazed at her aghast.

"Between one and two; it took you an awfully long time—you had to be so careful. It was two when I got back to my cabin."

"Where were you?"

"Never mind! I saw you."

"Then you—you knew the line was short all the time and didn't tell him?"

"Tell him!" she exclaimed. "Tell him on you? I thought, at first, you were just going to fool him for the fun for us on board; but after he—he smelled you before us all I'm glad you sent the message to the Salisbury!"

Tommie pushed back in dismay. In spite of the cool draft from the fans, perspiration came out on his forehead.

"But, Jan—ma'm'selle, I mean ——"

"Please call me by my own name, Tom."

He disregarded that.

"But you—you shouldn't ——" he floundered.

"I shouldn't what, Tom?"

The door behind her was shoved back with a bang. Marcia Rand towered in the doorway.

"Janice, what are you doing here?"

"Talking with Tom," the girl defied.

"Come to my cabin at once!"

"Don't bother; I'm going," Tommie offered.

He rose and, not venturing another glance at Janice, went past Mrs. Rand. He ascended toward the deck far enough to see that Moberly was persisting in remeasuring the line. Tommie had not thought of that when he had made his plan; but the certainty of Moberly's discovering what had been done was distinctly subordinate to the fact that Janice had known it all the time. He retreated to his cabin and stood at the port. By the confusion and astonishment on deck he knew the line at last was reeled in. He rang the bell and sent a boy to ask Moberly to come below. In an instant Moberly hurled open the door.

"Tom, you did that?"

Tommie rose quietly and closed the door as Winthrop, furious, again flung the demand.

"Yes; I did it, Winthrop."

"I knew it! Well, what the devil did you do it for?"

"I wanted you to make the record."

Moberly choked.

"You wanted me to make the record!"

"Yes."

"So you cut six hundred fathoms off my sounding line?"

"Yes."

"And as a finishing touch to your little joke you sent the sounding as a record to the Salisbury to relay to shore stations?"

"I sent it to the Salisbury—yes; but I didn't do it for a joke. I did it so you'd be satisfied here and take the ship away. I did it so you'd take us home."

"So! I begin to see. You did it to get you back a little quicker to your favorite and unlimited brands of whisky!"

Tommie wet his lips.

"I got the first wireless warning last week, Winthrop, that, since the big fight off the Falklands, naval mines have been sighted adrift to the south of us. No one knows better than you that if anything's adrift this side of the Cape Horn current it's coming right here; but when I told you about the mines you accused me of inventing them for an excuse to get ashore and go on a spree again.

"Two days ago the Colonia, of Montevideo, wirelessed that she'd passed wreckage from the battle and had sighted drifting mines traveling this way. When I went to you again with that you told me that I'd better think up something better—I'd tried that on you before, and if there were mines adrift they must be fixed so as either to sink or become harmless in forty-eight hours. You had your sounding line down more than four thousand fathoms and you had to stay here. Last evening a life preserver from the Scharnhorst and a wooden gunplug from one of the British ships, and some more of the advance wreckage from that fight, began to arrive; but you couldn't see it—you were down forty-five hundred fathoms and were after the record. So the only thing to get you away from here was to make sure you'd have the record—and have it quick."

Moberly's chin tilted higher.

"So, besides appointing yourself Miss Rand's entertainer, you thought you'd take the direction of my ship too!"

Tommie's head also lifted quickly and his shoulders jerked; but he bit his lip and looked down again.

"I don't think I quite deserve that. I didn't exactly press myself on you for this voyage. As soon as I came to myself after leaving Boston I asked you to put back with me. I've asked you twenty times since to put me off somewhere; but you thought it was just because I wanted to get back to booze. And it wasn't anything that I did, or that she did, which started things between us, Winthrop; it was what you yourself did."

"What I did?"

"You used to tell her about me, it seems, and what a weak, hopeless fool I was; and how—how you meant to reform me. Somehow, I guess, you didn't do that quite right—I mean you didn't tell her about it quite right; for, instead of setting her against me, you got her on my side and sort of thinking about me, and 'pulling' for me before she ever saw me at all. And then you brought me aboard and left her and me with nothing to do for a month but play together while you worked."

He looked up now. Moberly had passed his first instant of furious, outraged indignation; his lips had drawn tight and his eyes were cold with disgust and hostility.

"You mean that before this you wanted to leave for fear Miss Rand would become too fascinated by you?"

Tommie's face suffused, then was very pale. He looked down at his feet.

"Winthrop," he said quietly at last, "when I went up to shorten the line last night, Janice Rand followed me on deck and saw what I did."

"What?"

"But I did not know it then—nor until she told me after I went to breakfast."

"You say she knew the line was short when we were sounding?"

"Yes. She didn't know why I shortened it, of course. She thought I meant just to play a joke on you."

"Then she knew it when you sent the message?"

"Yes."

"That is a lie!"

Tommie's hands clenched, but he made no other motion.

"You may go and ask her," he suggested quietly. "I'll wait for you here."

He turned away and stood staring out of his port to the sea. Moberly went from the cabin. Tommie stood staring out over the water while the ship's bell on deck struck the even hour. The thing that had glinted from the sea far off from the ship had disappeared; Tommie looked for it now and then, but he did not see it. The bell struck the half hour and Tommie turned and went forward to Moberly's cabin. He found the door shut; and he knocked twice and called Moberly's name before a voice replied:

"What do you want?"

"Let me in, please, Winthrop."

Moberly waited and then unlocked the door. Tommie, entering, glanced at Moberly and looked quickly away. Winthrop had seated himself in the chair before his desk and pretended to be absorbed in some occupation. Tommie picked up a dried sea anemone and studied it. He had no need to ask whether Winthrop had seen Janice and what he had learned.

"Janice Rand must not think about me again; I know that, Winthrop," Tommie said. "Besides, I know it really wasn't me she cared about; it was the position I was in that attracted her. She's been sorry for me—that's all; but she—she —— Well, when I was thinking about her last night, it just didn't seem important whether there were five or six miles of water under us compared with whether the sea about us was going to be safe for her. But, of course, I only messed things by trying to do something about it. I'm sorry, Winthrop. That's all I can say." He stopped. "I saw something floating off to the right of the ship this morning that I thought was a mine. I didn't speak about it when I saw it because I thought we'd be leaving here this noon—and afterward I couldn't find it; but I'm almost certain it was a mine I saw. Please believe that, Winthrop."

Moberly sat before his desk and made no response. Tommie put down the dried sea creature.

"As for Janice Rand's interest in me," he said as he rang a bell, "of course there's a simple way to kill that—only, before I take that way, I want you to know I'm taking it purposely."

"What's that?" Moberly turned about.

Tommie waited until the steward appeared at the door.

"That whisky you left last night in my cabin is gone, Simons," Tommie said. "Mr. Moberly wants you to bring me another bottle." The steward looked at Moberly, who started, but made no response. "Understand, Simons?" Tommie said.

"Yes, sir."

Tommie went back to his cabin. He received the whisky very soon, but he did not even pull the cork from the bottle. The yacht remained motionless; a breeze sprang up from the south, which stirred the water; the engines turned now and then, but no more than enough to maintain the ship's position. Tommie, having received no request to correct or recall the message sent to the Salisbury, understood that Moberly meant to sound in that locality again and try to establish the record as already dispatched. Tommie spent the day in his cabin, away from everybody.

The evening came on cool and mist blew up with the wind from the south; but Janice Rand and her aunt and uncle, with Moberly and one or two others, sat on the deck.

"Where's Tom?" Janice inquired insistently.

"He's been in his cabin all afternoon."

Moberly sent a steward down to call him.

"I've knocked several times; he doesn't answer, sir," the man reported.

Moberly directed the steward to try again.

"The door wasn't fastened, sir; I looked in. Mr. Standridge is sleeping—very soundly, sir. . . . I couldn't wake him. He had a bottle."

Tommie, in the bunk below, had the bottle the steward had seen in his grasp; but, though the man did not observe it, the cork was not yet drawn—the bottle was full. Tommie still feigned stupor until he was sure no one was coming to his door again. Then he sat up soberly, his face in his hands.

It was very quiet below; the slight tremor and turn of the engines was distinct and the slapping of the little waves against the side of the yacht—and now he heard the choke and sob of a girl crying. Tommie tried to tell himself, at first, that he imagined it; but Janice's cabin was the second forward of his, and she, who had shut herself in there alone, was soon crying without control. Tommie shrank as he heard her and deafened himself with his hands over his ears.

After a while the sound of the sobbing ceased; when he listened he heard only the engines, a voice and a tread on the deck, the slapping of the little waves against the hull—that was all. He listened very intently, and now something peculiar about the lapping of water caught his attention; the waves were slapping not only against the side of the ship but were sounding on something floating alongside.

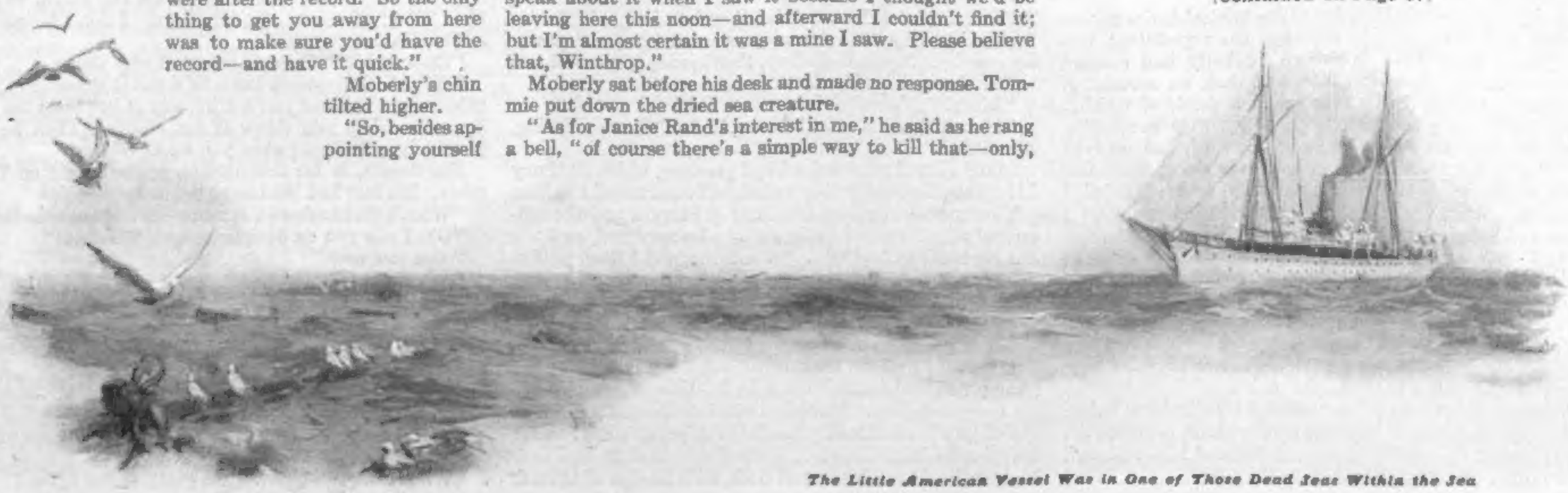
It was something big and heavy and metallic, from the sound of the waves striking it, and Tommie leaped to his port and switched on his light. The thing was floating by and only a few yards off; and as his light threw a yellow patch on the water a low, black and iron bulk—rounded, but with warlike bulbs protruding all round it—drifted into the circle of light. One of the metallic warts caught the light so as to glint it back; then the thing drifted from the glow. Tommie's throat contracted; his pulses leaped.

"A mine just away to the right! Two yards off! Moberly! Grinnel! On the right—a floating mine!" He shouted it through the port. The men on deck must hear and Moberly must heed him now. He shouted it madly again, hurling himself at his door. "Janice! Go on deck!"

Stunned and in blackness he pulled himself up from the floor.

The burst of fire, the terrible thud and shock, the throes of the little ship, had come, Tommie now realized, from the stern, where the mine must have struck. After the first crimson flare of the explosion all about was dark; the electric lights had gone out. Screams, shouts, the panic of

(Continued on Page 57)



The Little American Vessel Was in One of Those Dead Seas Within the Sea

The Unbeatable Game of Stock Speculation—By Edwin Lefèvre

BEFORE taking up what we might call typical cases of the average or small speculator it is well to consider the case of the "room traders"—that is, those members of the Stock Exchange who speculate for their own account and do no commission business. They are the nearest approach to the professional gambler in Wall Street. The room trader is a member of the Stock Exchange, does his own trading and has no commissions to pay, since he trades for himself alone. He has no interest to pay, because he does not carry stocks overnight but always goes home with an even book. There remain against him the market turn and the state and Federal taxes; so you see how much better off he is than the average outside speculator who has to trade through a commission house.

The room trader overcomes the market turn by hard work. He stands in the crowd on the floor of the stock exchanges and competes directly with other brokers so that he gets his stock at the bid price, and sells at the offer. There finally remain against him only the taxes. These he finds in practice a pretty heavy handicap. There was a great outcry against the two-dollar state tax when it was first imposed some seventeen years ago. The addition of the two-dollar Federal tax last fall was a genuine tragedy for the professional room trader. Yet both taxes aggregate only four dollars per one hundred shares, or $10,000 par value. This is only one-twenty-fifth of one per cent; and yet, small as this friction must seem to the outsider, it has proved quite large enough materially to curtail trading. From this one may gather how small must be the average profits on the total turn-over in the trader's game. Take it from me, the reason why the room trader wins when he wins is because he works very hard and takes small profits and risks. The trader, therefore, is not really beating the game of stock speculation in the way that the public tries to do. The room trader earns his money, and I doubt whether he earns enough, all things considered.

In citing the cases of some of the most famous of all our big stock speculators the only object was to show that these men, exceptionally equipped as they were by Nature, with unusual minds, unusual courage and unusual resources of all kinds, failed to beat the unbeatable game. The lesser men, the mass, the average speculator or lamb, obviously stands a smaller chance of winning. A man like John W. Gates, for example, who was a very successful business man and manufacturer, was not a professional speculator like James R. Keene or S. V. White, but for twenty years before he became the most spectacular plunger of his time he had, nevertheless, dabbled in stocks with varying success, so that he knew the game before he made the mistake of thinking that he could beat it by playing on a stupendous scale. The fact he had a score of millions for a roll did not help him. It merely made his losses larger.

What chance does a man of lesser endowments stand?

The Luck of Two Brilliant Speculators

NATURALLY you can't expect commission stockbrokers to admit blithely that their customers always lose money. They deny that this is the case, because they make the usual mental reservation. They think of Jones, who came down on May ninth, bought a thousand Manhattan at 90 and still has it; of Brown, who began in the early stages of a boom, ran $10,000 up to $230,000, and then went to Europe and has been there ever since. If they confine themselves to those customers who opened accounts at their offices with the sole intention of beating the game of stock speculation and operated on margins they will be forced to admit that their own books prove conclusively that there is no hope for the average man to beat the game.

In the course of ten years, during which by reason of my calling I went in and out of dozens of stock brokerage offices, I can assert that I have known only two men who beat the game of stock speculation as such. One of them was a man of unusual equipment, a human icicle who considered all problems so cold-bloodedly that his judgment was never vitiated by human emotions. Moreover, this man, by reason of his position, really played with marked cards, and at that he was not what you might call a daily speculator, or what Wall Street people call a "tapeworm." He waited for his chance.

The other man has for years made a living out of his trades. He also is a most unusual man; a painstaking and highly intelligent student of fundamental conditions with an amazing knowledge of technical market operations. This man retired from his business with about $200,000, went down to the Street, studied the ground, took his time

about learning, read books, newspapers, charts, dope sheets, became the friend of the better-known financial editors and of the managers of the news agencies. He began to speculate carefully and intelligently, and within three years lost $150,000. By the time he had done this he really knew the game. Since that time—that is to say during the past fifteen years—this man has made about $12,000 a year out of the stock market, year in and year out. Being a bachelor, without any family, he finds his income sufficient. He is beating the game now. Of course there is no telling that the game will not beat him in the end, though I doubt it, because he is so shrewd that I am sure he will arrange to die before he is broke.

But even this exception to the great rule, I sometimes think, would have done far better if he had merely invested his original capital in good stocks when he first went down to Wall Street. Had he done so he would be getting more than $12,000 a year without working. If he had invested his stake in Union Pacific and Atchison he would be a millionaire.

The other day I met a stockbroker of well over thirty years' experience in the business. He has been regarded for over a generation as one of the best brokers on the Board. Certainly he has been one of the continuously successful. If you wish to grasp the significance of the continuously successful get a Stock Exchange membership list of, say, 1894, and one of 1914, and compare the names of members and firms in the two lists, remembering always that successful firms do not, as a rule, change the firm name. This man has turned his thorough knowledge of the business to such account that he is a millionaire, and has been one for years. I asked him if he could remember the name of one of his regular clients who had made money on balance in margin speculation. I explained to him as earnestly as I could that I was very much interested in getting a thoroughly studied answer.

He thought hard for some moments. Then he asked me: "Do you mean people who trade off and on all the time?"

"Yes," I said.

He thought perhaps five minutes, going back to the very beginning of his business. Then he answered:

"I think one man did. Anyhow, if he didn't make money he didn't lose very much."

Then I asked him: "How about your own speculations?"

The answer to that came without a moment's delay:

"I don't speculate. I don't know enough about the game to be able to beat it."

"On the level?"

"On my word of honor."

I happen to know that his statement is true as regards his not speculating, and I believe that what he said about his customers is equally true. There was no earthly reason why he should have lied about it to me. I have at various times asked other stockbrokers similar questions. Many of the answers were much the same as my friend's. With others the answers were different, simply because the men who were speaking were making the mental reservations about occasional winners that I have alluded to. But most of them found it impossible to deny that the man who traded continuously in the effort to beat the game quit a loser. Indeed, one of the governors of the New York Stock Exchange, who is the head of a prominent commission brokerage house, thought these articles might give a wrong impression about Wall Street if the public were told that nobody ever took profits out of the Street. And then he told me that on the glass dome of the ticker in the customers' room in his own office he had pasted a slip of paper on which he had caused to be printed: "If you expect to get rich speculating on a ten-point margin you will certainly be disappointed."

Four Typical Cases

OUT of my notebooks I select four clinical cases of stock speculation. I might have taken forty, but the four will do. The others—about sixty-odd—merely repeat the general outlines.

Case Number One: A man of middle age who, by industry, energy and a certain amount of natural ability, built up for himself a thriving business and sold it at a favorable moment for a sum of practically $100,000 in cash. He went to a firm of stockbrokers to invest the money. The brokers fitted him out with a selection of perfectly good four per cent bonds and mixed in three or four perfectly good stocks. The process of collecting these securities absorbed in one way or another two or three weeks. During this time one of the stocks purchased had a sharp rise of three or four points, and the broker advised my friend to sell it and buy something else equally good which had not gone up. He did. Then another of his stocks did the same thing—it happened to be a time of rising prices—and he handled that in the same way.

It was the easiest thing imaginable. What more attractive method of turning time and money into more money could be imagined? All he had to do was to pick out something, hold it for two or three days, sell it out again and add the profits to his capital. He wasn't speculating on margin, remember, but only turning his investment and making interest. About the fourth time that he tried it, however, it didn't work, and he attempted to recoup by buying a little more than he could pay for, just in order to get his money back. Something went wrong, and in the attempt he made a loss that swept away the previous profits that he had made and a few hundred dollars besides. He determined to get those dollars back, so he pulled his chair up to the table and decided to "sit in" a little while. In less than three months he was selling a thousand shares of Steel common stock short "just for a turn," and in less than six months one-third of his capital was gone. About this time his brokers, who apparently suffered from a sort of vermiform appendix in the way of a conscience, advised him to stop trading for a while. He told me this himself. He also told me that he promised them he would stop trading—when he got his money back. About a year afterward he was broke. As a matter of fact he is now getting his money back—a long, long way from Wall Street.

The second case—a lady. I say lady advisedly, for to do her justice she behaved like a gentleman throughout the entire episode. She came into possession unexpectedly of a sum of about $1200—I ought to mention that she was a widow in a suburban town with a house of her own to live

in, three or four other small houses that gave her an income, and children more or less self-supporting, and the $1200 was a kind of windfall. She knew a broker in Wall Street and she told him she had $1200 which she didn't need, and she purposed to gamble a bit with it in the Street and double it or lose it. She averred that she didn't care which she did

He said she mustn't. To this her answer was that if he didn't advise her she would go and do it elsewhere. This broker, being in some respects an ass but desiring to prevent her losing her money, agreed to steer her against "the game" if she would obey orders. He took her money, and by a lucky little speculation in odd lots made $150, which he sent her. A few months later he tried it again and got away with nearly $200. Reflecting that this was a good deal more than thirty per cent on her capital for the period during which it had been in his possession, he thought it ought to be good enough for her, so he sent her back her capital with the $200 and closed her account.

The next time he heard from her was in the middle of the panic of 1907. She wanted to know what she ought to do. She had several hundred shares of stock open with another firm of stockbrokers, who, having received from her in the previous two years a sum total of over $18,000 cash to meet losses made by her, now wanted more margin to protect the account open. She had no more cash, and all the property left to her to mortgage was her house in the New Jersey suburb. What should she do? If she sold her stock out she would finally lose all that she had put up and would have no chance to get it back. If she mortgaged her house and gave the brokers the money they wanted she might be able to hold her stocks. It was evident that, womanlike, she wanted to take the latter course.

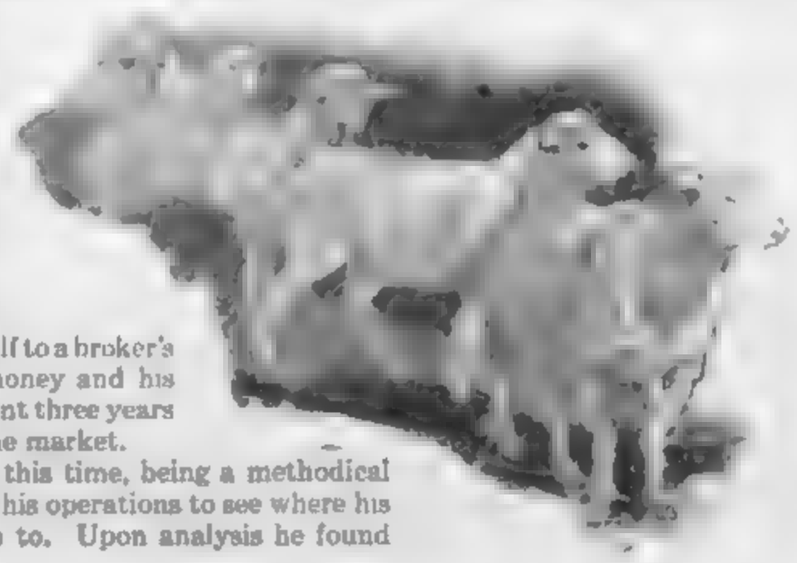
The rest of the story is of no consequence for the purpose of the present scientific investigation, but for the sake of fairness let it be said that she took her medicine, let her stocks go—also her chance—and she didn't blame anybody else for her troubles.

The third case is also a lady. It differs in no essential particular from the one just described, except that this lady started with something in the neighborhood of half a million dollars in good securities. She was also blessed with a most curious disposition, in that her income fully sufficed for her needs. The way she started in the game was through the kind offices of a friend who happened to be manager of an uptown branch office for a stockbroking firm. He was no better and no worse than the average of his kind. He wanted his customers to make money, and he believed more or less in the tips that he gave them—also he wanted commissions. This lady's monthly statements of account—I saw one of them—used to look very much like the clearing sheet of a reasonably active stockhouse. She got rid of all that part of her fortune which was subject directly to her control. There is nothing very striking about this case except that it reminds me of a friend's experience with a doctor. The doctor was a bright young man who had not had a great deal of experience. My friend was sick of a chronic disease which finally killed him. One day the doctor, after examining him carefully, murmured to himself: "A beautiful demonstration—just as it is in the textbooks!"

How the Losses Were Absorbed

MY FOURTH case is the most interesting of any, although not so picturesque in outline as the preceding three. I know a man who spent the best twenty years of his life in Wall Street in various capacities. He served apprenticeship in the usual manner in various offices, delivering tickets, making out clearing-house sheets, keeping books, and so on. Then he graduated into the customers' room and studied values and price movements in the great days of 1897 to 1902, kept track of the news sheets, railroad earnings, and so forth, and generally familiarized himself with the machinery of the game.

By habits of thrift and a couple of lucky accidents he accumulated a few thousand dollars, and then something happened to the firm with which he was associated and he was out of a regular billet. I may say that he is a steady, level-headed, patient person, not troubled with nerves—or brilliancy—and generally in good command of his own passions. Having no regular work to do he decided to tackle the game himself as an office client, and betook himself to a broker's office with his money and his statistics and spent three years trying to beat the market.



At the end of this time, being a methodical man, he studied his operations to see where his money had gone to. Upon analysis he found that his net loss was a little less than the sum total of taxes paid to the state and commissions and interest paid to his broker. If he had had neither taxes nor broker's charges to pay in the period he would actually have taken out of the market a little net money. Upon prorating this hypothetical net money over the period worked by him at the game, excluding Sundays and holidays, he found that it would have amounted to about fifty cents a day. For reasons which will later appear this result was by no means bad artistically, but it was clearly not good enough to warrant his continuing to practice the profession of stock speculation as an office client. So, being a sensible man, he abandoned the Street and is now in regular business. With his experience he would have been splendidly qualified to write financial articles for the daily press.

There is not, and I do not believe there ever has been, a stockbroker's office doing regular margin business that could not produce from its practice cases of this kind in any number.

Perhaps a better way to put it is that there is no stockbrokerage house doing a margin business that could produce much of anything but this kind of results.

If a speculator kept a diary and was honest about it, it would read something like this:

A SPECULATOR'S DIARY

Sometime in February—Met a man who had made a pot of money in Kelly-Springfield. I wonder if stocks aren't a buy for a long pull. They've been going down a long time.

Some days later—Bought myself 200 Erie 22¼, to sit on; ought to be good for 30 sometime in next six months. That's good interest on the money. The coppers look good, but they are somewhat speculative. Don't think Amalgamated in the 50s so awfully cheap.

Some days later—Sold my Erie 24¾. Quick profits are a good thing. Nobody went broke taking profits. I get it pretty straight—Amalgamated is good for 65 inside of sixty days. Bought 200 at 59 and 100 Steel at 48¼.

Two days later—Sold Amalgamated 61½ and Steel 50¾. Nobody ever went broke taking profits.

Next week—Bought 200 Union 121¾; 500 Erie 26¾. Should have kept the Erie when I knew it was going to 30.

Next day—Bought 500 Amalgamated 63¾.

Week later—Sold 200 Union 124⅛; 500 Erie 28.

Next day—Sold 500 Amalgamated at 66.

Next week—Bought 1000 Erie 28½ and 500 Southern Pacific 91¾.

Next day—Bought 1000 more Erie 28¾; 500 Union Pacific 128⅛.

Two days later—Don't like market. Reaction due. They are jacking up specialties. Bull market all right, but the rise too fast. Sold 2000 Erie 28; 500 Southern Pacific 91; 500 Union Pacific 127¾.

Two days later—Real bull market all right. Foolish to try to catch the fluctuations. Bought 2500 Erie 29½; 1000 Union Pacific 133⅝; 1000 Amalgamated 78¾; 2500 Steel 59⅝. Trend upward. Reaction won't matter much.

Two days later—Reaction comes.

Next day—(Brokers' notice pasted on diary. Reads as follows):

Sold 2500 Erie 26⅜; 1000 Union Pacific 129¼; 1000 Amalgamated 73⅞; 2500 Steel 54½.

Entries in diary cease.

These extracts show the birth, growth and culmination of a bull market, and what people say and do at the various stages. Things are dull in Wall Street. Sales on the Exchange are barely two hundred thousand shares a day. Prices fluctuate sluggishly over a small range. Brokers complain about "no business." The room traders declare they can't make enough to pay for their luncheons, the fluctuations being too narrow. Customers' rooms in most offices are practically empty. The financial paragraphers invent market gossip and fill their columns with guff. The Monday morning money articles contain nothing but abstract economics and elaborate surmises as to what may or may not happen when the cruel war is over.

Suddenly one day motor stocks begin to go up. They go up a little, but the rest of the market is so dull that everybody sits up and takes notice. A few lucky room traders get the tip and make more than lunch money. The newspapers, feeling called upon to give reasons for the slight advance, publish accounts of the war contracts taken by these companies. Figures are handed round, in the strictest confidence, of the prospective profits of the new war business. The Allies are so desperate that they will pay any old price for war material. In due course the confidential statistics are printed on the dope sheets. The stocks go up some more. Conservative brokers begin to talk about the "gambling" and deplore the bad effect it may have on the general market.

The ultraconservatives, as usual, call the speculation in these stocks a menace. Union Pacific, Steel, Reading, and other respectable securities, don't respond in the least. Their inaction corroborates the views of the conservative. Here and there in some office a reckless veteran will "take on" a hundred or two of the "dangerous gambles," just for a flyer. The other customers, however, shake their heads and say: "Not for us!" The weekly articles now severely condemn the "bidding up of war specialties."

Then the coppers begin to move a little. The talk is of war business, cartridges and fuses, made of brass; the consumption of ammunition is, of course, stupendous. The room traders take kindly to these old friends. Some of the more venturesome office customers recall that the Amalgamated is some mover when it gets going. Most people, however, feel that something else besides war contracts is needed to legitimatize their aspirations to success by way of the ticker. They thereupon begin to hear discussions about fundamental conditions; whether money will be cheap or dear after the war; whether bonds will go up or down when the huge war loans are floated; whether equities are the things to have or not; and whether business will be better or worse in this country. A few more office customers venture a little, mostly in hundred-share lots with a close "stop loss" order. The market leaders, by which Wall Street usually means Reading, Union Pacific, and so forth, begin to wabble. This greatly pleases the conservatives and the intelligent optimists, for every office has a "careful Mike."

In the meantime motors have continued to go up and up and are quite active; so are coppers. After all, war orders are no myth. Newspapers publish reports of the mushroom towns springing up about ammunition factories, and all about the resignations of army officers to take positions with those industrial concerns which, being strictly neutral, are selling war material to anybody who will buy it. Room traders are making money, some of them a great deal. You hear stories of the man who bought Bethlehem Steel under 50 and is now incarcerated by his wife or his friends. They are afraid he will not resist the temptation to cash in his paper profits of half a million.

The Wisdom of Careful Mike

THE conservative press, however, still deprecates rash gambling in specialties but also calls attention to the larger volume of transactions generally and the firmer tone shown by the reputable stocks. The news sheets begin to discuss values—of stocks like "Erie" and "Mop"—and print more inside information about named and unnamed speculators in war stocks. The wire houses report that the West is beginning to do business again. Prices creep up all round. Stocks which have been dead for months begin to put out green shoots, which leads to talk of a bull market to come—gradually, of course, and in due time. Careful Mike knows all about it, but his auditors are not quite so sure about his wisdom.

Brokers' offices begin to fill up. Long-absent customers sit down, look at the quotation board and are heard to observe: "I feel bullish for a long pull. We have had years of liquidation, and I think a man who can put 'em away now and have a little patience won't be sorry."

Or else: "Well, I'll tell you what I think. I dope it out that the market's good for a fair rise. Union Pacific ought to go to 125, and Steel to 50 or better. Of course I don't mean right off, y'understand."

Of course the important thing is that no one expects a big rise right off, and that the average speculator has not advanced beyond the egg-incubating stage—that is, "just a few to sit on."

A little later, fired by some sensational advance in a sensational specialty, the whole market takes fire and everybody ceases to sit and jumps for something. Sales on the Exchange, which have gradually increased to about half a million shares a day, surge to a million. Bigger type is needed for headlines of the newspaper reports of The Day in Wall Street. It seems as if everyone is gambling in stocks. Prices by this time are 'way beyond the most sanguine estimates of the conservative ones who saw the bull market coming. People who three or four weeks before were trying to catch a moderate profit out of a hundred shares now carry a thousand and do not limit

(Continued on Page 28)

BLUE BLAZES

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HIS father weighed two thousand pounds without his shoes, but then he never did any work and ate prodigiously; his mother, who always went barefoot and rustled hard for a living, tipped the scales at barely seven hundred and fifty. An amiable temperament goes naturally with health and bulk, and the father's noble, honest mien bespoke his disposition. On the other hand his mother was forever spoiling for a fight. Something had soured her temper at birth, so that, throughout her long and useful life and despite a strict performance of every maternal duty, she was continually hunting trouble and finding it.

There are great possibilities in such a union, and the colt fulfilled them. From the Percheron he inherited magnificent bone, powerful shoulders and an arching neck, and when the sun struck his black hide there was the identical blue sheen in it that made his father glorious. From that he got half his name—it was responsible for Blue. His mother was to blame for Blazes.

She was a small, scrawny Spanish mare with exceedingly slender legs and a coat like a brindle pup's; so wild that a fence filled her with the liveliest misgivings; and had you shoved a mess of oats under her nose she wouldn't have known their use. With the other brood mares she roamed a hundred-thousand-acre tract we called the Moon Pasture, which took in a valley and a range of lordly hills, and grass was her only food.

As I have said, she was a bit hasty—somewhat subject to brain storms. On one occasion she tore a piece out of the Percheron's shoulder that scarred him for life; and, after that the outfit called her Violet, proudly boasting that she could whip anything on four legs with one hand tied behind her back. A creature so gifted is never excessively popular with those who are obliged to live in daily contact with her. The other mares feared and hated Violet. If one ventured within gunshot of her grazing ground Violet invariably viewed it as an insult, or a plot to steal her precious progeny, and charged with squeals of rage, her lips flickering back from her teeth.

"She ain't got one kind thought," mourned Uncle Henry.

"And that rascal with her is just as mean—every bit," answered Rush Ardrey, indicating Blue Blazes. At that moment the colt was energetically trying to stave in a playmate's ribs with his heels.

I heartily concurred when it came to branding him. In this job it is possible for two men to hold a young colt with ease; one sits on the head, while the other gets back of it, draws the tail up between the hind legs and hangs on for dear life. In such position it is helpless.

When Blue Blazes was roped I had the tail. Uncle Henry ought really to have employed better judgment and hogtied him. However, I grabbed the tail, and the youngster gave a heave with the strength of a yearling, shook Rush off his neck, and kicked me in the stomach, shins and thigh with the nicest precision.

"What did I tell you?" groaned Rush, dusting his clothes. "He's just natchurly mean."

The colt lunged away and raced round the corral, to join the mares huddling in a far corner; but before he could reach them the buster flipped a rope and deftly noosed his forefeet.

"You will, hey?" he grunted, and when Blue Blazes bucked Sloan gave a jerk that flopped him in the dirt. In a trice two cowboys had pounced on him and secured the lashing heels, and then they burned in the company's brand with a red-hot iron that sent up stinging puffs of smoke. While the colt was still quivering the buster knelt with knees on his head.

"Take the rope off," he said. "I got him."

Feeling his legs free Blue Blazes began to struggle, but to no avail. The sight of one eye was suddenly shut off and he writhed with pain. A voice cried sharply from the fence:

"That'll do, Cal. What're you gouging that colt for?"

"He done tried to bite me!"

"Shucks! A li'l' ol' colt like him! Take your thumb out of his eye and turn him loose," retorted the boss. "The Turkey Track don't want any blind stuff."

The buster sullenly complied, giving the colt a vicious parting kick. And Blue Blazes fled to his mother, to whose side he stuck close for the remainder of the day. That night they were turned out, and with the Turkey Track red and raw on his left hip he went back to the range.

There he had nothing to do but eat and grow and romp with the other colts. At eating and growing he was in a class by himself, but he could not learn to play with any success. His temper was so uncertain that advances were fraught with risk. None knew at what moment Blue Blazes would resent their proximity, and in a fight he was as one possessed by a devil, filled with a berserker rage that daunted the hardiest. At one year he could clean up any

After That the Outfit Called Her Violet, Proudly Boasting That She Could Whip Anything on Four Legs

two of them near his own age and let slip no opportunity to prove it. Consequently he became "some punkins" in the younger set, but he inspired no affection.

Frequently we glimpsed the mares as we rode range and invariably Blue Blazes was stationed in front like a full-fledged leader, nose up to sniff the air, muscles taut to flee. Did a rider approach nearer than three hundred yards the colt would blare a warning and the entire band would stampede after him toward the hills.

"Look at him laig it!" cried Rush admiringly. "In three years there won't be another hoss like him in the world."

"If only he don't get too big," said the buster, watching the flight. "I'd sure like to ride him when he's growed."

He got his wish. Last fall the boss saw a chance to turn a few thousand dollars' profit by selling his surplus horses to the war buyers and ordered Sloan to break all the broncho three years old and over, to take the places of the culls.

There were thirty, and Blue Blazes was easily the pick of the lot—a big four-year-old, beautifully muscled and shy as the antelope that roved the valley. He was first to sight us when we went to drive them in, and led the band in flight toward the fastnesses of the Mules. Rush Ardrey and another headed them off, and they swept in a wide semicircle that carried the chase north of headquarters.

"They'll have to bring up at the fence there," said the boss, "and then swing round by Sauceda. We've got 'em. Close in! Watch they don't break out, but be sure not to crowd too close!"

When our maneuvering pressed the bronchos toward the open gate of the corral Blue Blazes stopped and faced about. He seemed undecided, looking from us to the wooden inclosure.

"Go easy," warned Lyford, "or he'll bust through and we'll have it to do all over again."

Somebody drove out the saddle bunch, and the bronchos mingled with them, whinnying welcome. The trained horses trooped into the corral and the others followed fearfully—all but Blue Blazes. His distrust was not allayed by the ruse, and at the very gate he whirled out of the press and made a dash for liberty. A rope whined.

"Good throw, Sloan," shouted the boss.

The buster raced his horse some distance beside Blue Blazes, lest a jerk break his neck, then swerved to halt him gradually. The pressure on his windpipe maddened the black. He plunged and kicked and squalled, but the noose held, shutting off his breath, and he desisted, legs a-sprawl, facing his captor. His nostrils flared red in the effort to get air, his eyes bulged as though they would pop from their sockets. Instead of easing up the buster deliberately tightened the noose by a steady pull. A moment, and Blue Blazes collapsed to his knees.

"Give him slack," ordered the boss. "Do you want to kill that horse, Sloan?"

"No, but I aim to learn him what this means," was the retort.

A deep intake, and the black recovered. He lurched to his feet, but he was still shaking and stepped meekly enough when Sloan led the way through the gate. Another rider moved behind to encourage him.

Thereupon we perched gleefully atop the fence to watch the buster give the first lesson. The first lesson is often a very terrible one; well taught, a horse will ever afterward so fear the rope that he will stand tied to a daisy.

The gate of the smallest corral was thrown back and, in obedience to waving arms, the black shot through it.

"Gee, I'm glad Sloan picked him first," cried Lyford's young son rapturously. He was on the post next to mine, shaking all over with eagerness.

And then the fun began. I knew what to expect of Sloan, but it struck me that he was needlessly severe with Blue Blazes. Severity is essential, but some busters minimize it to the lowest workable degree.

Time and again he let the broncho run to the end of the rope, only to toss him in the air; each time the black came down with a thud that jarred him from teeth to tail; time and again his stout heart nerved him to scramble up and try once more. At every fall Jimmy howled with delight and stuttered advice. He was still too young to talk plainly.

Then Sloan brought the horse down with such sickening force that Blue Blazes lay as one dead, whereupon the boy's smile vanished. He looked rather scared; after Blue Blazes got up Jimmy remained silent. The broncho limped a step or two and stopped.

"Hi, there," yelled Sloan, flapping the rope. "Go to it!"

Undaunted, the black made another lunge. Sloan could knock the wind out of him but never the fight.

"Make him quit it, daddy," begged the child.

Of course Lyford ignored the boy, although tingling to interfere. It soon became apparent, however, that Sloan was teasing Blue Blazes into further resistance for the sole purpose of punishing him, and the boss got down from his perch.

"Let me try my hand with him, Cal. It's been such a mighty long time since—I'd kind of like to see if I still know how."

"Maybe," suggested the buster without looking in his direction, "maybe you'd like to ride, too."

"No-o-o—not me. But you go work on the others and leave him rest awhile."

Said the buster thickly, surrendering the rope:

"All right. You're the doctor. But when a hoss is mean it ought to be tooken out of him. He ain't hurt. He's only pretendin'."

So ended the day's ordeal for the black. After some desultory trotting about the corral he was taken out and tethered to a log, there to spend the night.

The incident precipitated a hot argument among the outfit at supper.

"He's too hard on 'em," maintained Rush Ardrey. "I've saw Oscar Goodson gentle one so's a baby could tickle his laigs. And Oscar never did touch him with quirt or spur. A hoss ain't just a hoss."

After some thought Uncle Henry was moved to concede:

"That's so, Rush. Sometimes he's a mule."

The other continued in a grating voice:

"There're hosses and hosses, just the same as there're men and ol' Uncle Henery here."

"What's that you say?" demanded Uncle Henry suspiciously.

"I was sayin' that hosses, take 'em by and large, are mighty like us, only more so, and what does for one won't go for another at all. Some're as gentle and steady as a second husband, and have to be drove all the time just the same way, and then agin others'll look at you out of the whites of their eyes—they'll be terrible mean and ornery."

"All the same," asserted Uncle Henry, "I'd liefer any day own a mean one than a plain no-account."

"That goes with men too," put in the boss. "There's some hope for a mean man—the right handling'll straighten him out; but a no-account—hell, he just ain't."

"Well, anyhow," said Rush by way of conclusion, sopping up the cane molasses on his plate with a crust, "I sure want to be there when Sloan tops him. Don't you, Jimmy?"

"Gee!" breathed Lyford Junior, his eyes big with anticipation.

The Turkey Track outfit was astir for the day's work a full hour before dawn. In sleepy silence they munched steak and cold bread, gulped some biting coffee, rolled cigarettes and mounted. The mists of early morning hung low as they ambled toward the corrals and there was a tang in the air that nipped to the bone.

"I never will get enough sleep," grumbled Rush. "Holy cats, but it's cold! Hurry and start a fire going, Big Un!"

The Big Un rolled a hostile eye at him and inquired who had been his servant last year. Then Lyford placed his son on the fence, glanced over the herd that had been put in the adjacent pasture late the previous night and issued his orders:

"Rush, you can help Sloan with the broncbos. Big Un, you get on the squeezer with Tud, and for Gawd's sake act like you're alive. The rest of you boys do the same as you've been doing. Dick'll earmark and John can handle the irons. Step to it, *hombres!*"

A portion of the herd was driven into the main corral. Thence a dozen or more were hallooed into the crowding pen, where a horseman darted at them with wild whoops, scaring them into the chute. In the chute they could neither turn round nor stand still; they had to go forward, to be caught by the squeezer, held fast and branded. Some were old longhorn steers from the brakes—the boss was unloading them on the retiring partner—and they plunged up over the backs of their comrades in front and cleared the eight-foot fence.

"Look out! Go get 'em! Go get 'em!"

Riders scampered in pursuit, ropes singing for the throw. In the crowding pen was sweating tumult; at the squeezer the irons sizzled and smoked, the Big Un grunted and swore, dust welled in choking clouds.

"Shove 'em up!" bellowed the boss. "Hold him, Big Un! Bear down on him! Hot iron! Hot iron!"

Meanwhile the buster was making ready in the smaller corral for his own task. He twisted some strands into a hackamore, tested every part of his saddle, saw to the straps of his spurs.

"All right," he announced. "Let's go get him."

"Which one?"

"Ol' Blue Blazes."

They moved very leisurely toward the log to which he was tied.

"Now, now," Sloan chided gently as the black greeted them with a snort. He unfastened the rope and wrapped it round his saddlehorn. All his movements were unhurried, sure. "Get in behind him!" he said.

There was no need. Blue Blazes had learned the lesson of the rope in a night of terror and futile lunging; he trotted ahead of his captor into the corral. Thereupon the buster turned him loose and the black began to prowl round and round the inclosure, seeking an outlet. Once he tried to nose under the gate.

"He's fixing to crawl out," shrieked the exultant Jimmy. "Look at him sweat, will you?"

In a few minutes Sloan picked up the rope and halted Blue Blazes. The black stood with feet braced, watching the buster as though fascinated, while he advanced along the rope hand over hand. As he came, Sloan talked to him, holding the horse's eyes with his own. What he said was good-natured banter, the voice was low and confidential; friendly, also, was the slow, fearless approach. Blue Blazes stood perfectly still, lest he be flung into the air again and downed. He was quaking; the light touch and caressing voice did not deceive him; he knew the mastery under the one, sensed malice back of the other. For reasons of prudence, however, he permitted the buster to rub his muzzle and his ears.

"Fetch the blanket!"

Holding the hackamore at the jaw he laid the blanket gently on the black's back. Blue Blazes swerved and kicked.

"All right," murmured Sloan without resentment. "If that's the way you feel about it!"

He snubbed Blue Blazes to a post, dropped a rope back of the left hind leg and jacked it up so that he could not move. Then he took hold of the blanket again, but the gentleness had flown. He slapped it smartly across the broncho's back from side to side, crying "You will, hey? Well, then, pull your fool head off!"

Two terrific wrenches convinced the horse that resistance was hopeless and that the blanket did not really constitute a menace. He grew passive and permitted Sloan to lay it in place. That achieved, the buster rested and took a puff at a cigarette. At last he walked over to his saddle and lifted it from the ground.

"They're After Me," He Said, With Almost a Moan, and Resumed His Flight

"Ear him down. Got him? All right. Watch out he don't swing you off'n your feet, Rush."

The cowboy brought all his weight to bear on the black's head while Sloan was easing the saddle to his back. To their surprise Blue Blazes did not show a sign of fight, but waited without a move. His body was rigid and his eyes kept rolling back at Sloan that was all.

"If you want—to send any word to your kinfolks," Rush told him in gasps, "now's the—time—Cal"

The buster made no reply, but reached under the horse's belly with a pronged stick and caught the girth. Only when he had brought it up into place and was ready to cinch did he offer any comment on the symptoms. Then he said lazily:

"I reckon he's got it all framed up for me right now. Hey, Rush?"

The girth tightened and Blue Blazes humped himself, emitting a windy moan. Otherwise he did not stir, although Sloan tugged and pulled as though to cut him in two.

Stepping back, Sloan said:

"Let him go and see what he'll do."

Blue Blazes promptly lay down.

"Dadgum," said the buster, "that's one thing that makes me mad—just awful mad."

He slashed at the black's head with a quirt. The leather thong raised a wale, but the broncho did not budge. Again Sloan struck, but the black merely blinked his eyes. "You won't, hey?" He kicked him in the ribs. That also failing of result Sloan raised his foot and jabbed him in the nose with his spur; but still Blue Blazes would not rise.

"Let me try," suggested Ardrey.

"Are you breakin' this hoss, or am I?"

"I only meant ——" began Rush, and then the black cut him short by lurching upright.

"And a right good thing you did too," the buster assured him. "Else I'd have skinned you alive."

As Blue Blazes showed no disposition to lie down again Sloan adjusted his spurs, gave a hitch to his belt and made ready to mount.

"Better throw that chew away," shrilled Jimmy in genuine solicitude, "or maybe you'll swallow it, Mr. Sloan."

Lightly as thistledown Sloan settled himself in the saddle. It was done so perfectly that the black hardly realized he was there, his attention being focused on Ardrey, clinging to his ears. But when Rush let go he awoke to the fact that Sloan was on his back, felt the cautious pressure of the knee as the buster slid his feet firmly into the stirrups. Even then he did not offer to move, but only tilted the saddle at a more acute angle. Sloan flicked him with the spur; he flinched.

"Well," said Sloan, "I'm here."

The black turned his head to get a peep at him. Thinking he meant to bite, the buster swung the quirt at his snout. Instantly Blue Blazes reared straight in the air and threw himself back.

"Look out!"

The warning was superfluous. As coolly as a man vacating a chair the buster slid out of the saddle and to one side. He did it without fluster, but I was close to him when he cleared and I saw the devil gleam in his yellow eyes.

Blue Blazes hit the ground with a smash that left him inert while you could count ten. Then he clambered awkwardly to his feet; but before ever he could rise Sloan was atop him, feet in stirrups and ready.

"Come on!" he mocked. "Try that again!"

The black needed no second bidding. Again he reared, but Sloan fetched him a blow between the ears with the loaded butt of his quirt that brought him down, and while his senses were still reeling, started to ply the whip, first on one side, then on the other. A very little of this sufficed for Blue Blazes. He broke into a stiff, jarring trot.

"Here he goes now," cried the buster. And right upon his words the black leaped.

With mouth agape, squalling like an angry calf, he bounded high in air, his head sunk low between his knees. In the same instant that he hit the ground he whirled and pitched blindly across the corral toward the fence, hindquarters weaving. The buster was raking him with the spur. An instant's loss of poise and Sloan grabbed quickly at the horn, got it and righted himself; but for the moment he felt too insecure to use the whip. Blue Blazes bucked in tremendous jumps all round the corral, his tail clamped like a vise. The jar of his impact was terrific; it sent the buster's head snapping back and forth; the lump disappeared from his cheek.

"He's done swallowed it," howled Jimmy. "Ride him, Mr. Sloan. Hang 'em in to him."

Abruptly as he had begun, Blue Blazes stopped. The buster seized the opportunity to alter his position and get a firmer grip on the rope. His face was pallid.

"I never seen such ——" he began and choked, for the black got into action. With a harsh bawl he pitched straight ahead straight toward the fence.

"Jump!" yelled the boss. "He's going into it."

Apparently Sloan thought so too. He kicked one foot free for the dive, and it was his undoing. When almost in the fence the black swerved. His side actually scraped the boards and Sloan's leg was knocked backward; he let out a groan and toppled off into the dirt.

"Hi!" yelled the boss. "You devil, you!"

Blue Blazes had whirled like a snake and jumped for Sloan's middle, striking with forefeet. He missed by a fraction of an inch and the buster squirmed away. Once more the black sprang. Sloan managed to elude him and started toward the fence on hands and knees—he had no time to rise. Wholly mad now Blue Blazes seized the seat of the buster's overalls with his teeth and took a piece out of them.

"You devil, you!" cried the boss again, running at him with a red-hot branding iron that somebody had thrown through the fence.

Confronted by a new enemy the black abandoned Sloan and retreated. The boss hurled the iron at his head; it caught Blue Blazes on the neck, inflicting a long wound.

"I've seen a mule tromp a man," puffed Lyford, regaining possession of his weapon for a possible emergency, "but that's the first time I ever saw a horse that mean."

Sloan was dusting his shirt and testing his limbs for breakages. Now he remarked, in a low, unnatural voice:

"I'm going to kill him for this!"

"No-o-o. Leave him go, Cal. He wouldn't be any good and we'll get shet of him with that army bunch. He'll do fine for that lot. They don't mind 'em with some pep."

Now, it is an unwritten law in cowland that there shall be no interference between a man and his horse. The buster stopped short and stared at the boss.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded in amazement, "you ain't a-going to let me ride him?"

"Better not, Cal. He isn't worth the risk."

"Then," declared Sloan, "I'm through. You can have my job right now."

The boss answered crisply:

"Please yourself. That suits me. Let's go over here and I'll give you your time. You're too rough, Sloan."

"If you want to baby 'em get somebody else," was the contemptuous rejoinder, and Sloan followed the boss to the gate, against which Lyford wrote out a check with a stub of pencil.

"You can have Snake to get to town," he said brusquely. "Leave him in the company corral there. *Adios.* Take care of yourself."

"Same to you," said the buster sulkily.

Blue Blazes Was Easily

Without a word of farewell to the men beside whom he had worked for six years he started off. Nobody ventured to address him. It needed only a spark to explode his rage and we were not looking for trouble.

There was one exception. A child invariably exults in a row, and as a spectator of recent happenings Jimmy could not for the life of him repress a grin when Sloan rode past the post he was straddling.

"If you was my boy," the buster told him with a baleful glare, "I'd tan you good."

No one ever got the better of Jimmy at repartee; he stuck out his tongue at Sloan.

"But I ain't your boy," he jeered, "and you leave me be or I'll go tell my daddy, and then you'll get it."

With this intention he scrambled down from the post, but when he reached his father it was to find him so engrossed in argument with Rush Ardrey that he would pay no heed. Lyford merely laughed at his son's stammered recital, and said to Rush:

"Why, that horse wouldn't leave even a grease spot of you. You don't want him!"

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't. But leave me take him and see what I can do. Don't send him off to the war, Lyford. I'll pay you sixty dollars for ol' Blue Blazes—ten a month off'n my pay."

"You've bought something," returned the boss cheerfully. "But there's one thing I want to warn you about—if he busts you wide open don't come belly achin' to me."

Rush never gave Blue Blazes the chance to bust him. He kept the broncho at headquarters, in a pen that was used in bad seasons as a hospital for sick cows, and for a fortnight doled out barely enough in the way of food and water to sustain life.

The healthier an animal is the less dieting appeals to it. Blue Blazes lost weight with surprising rapidity. The first day he fought shy of a block of hay tossed at him, because he had eaten nothing but grass since babyhood and was wary of tabloid provender. Hunger soon conquered, but he discovered a vast difference between hay and succulent green shoots. A block failed to fill the void and left a yearning.

There was considerable on his mind too. To be a prisoner in a pen was bad enough, but he had an added indignity to gall him—Rush left the hackamore on his head, with about ten feet of dangling rope.

"Why don't you take it off?" inquired Jimmy, who never tired of watching the horse. "His head is all swelled up."

"Leave him alone," the cowboy admonished, "and run away to your ma. Don't you see I got to wear him out?"

Gradually Blue Blazes became reconciled to his surroundings and, with that much gained, began to evince curiosity in the source of his meals. Rush left him severely alone. Never once during the period of diet did he give him cause for suspicion. The result was that on a night the black came sniffing at the hand holding out hay to him. Next morning, although blowing like a grampus, he suffered the fingers on his nose. They were very firm digits and Blue Blazes sensed fellowship in them; in Sloan's he had detected hostility. After these relations were established he would nicker on Rush's approach and patronizingly permit him to rub his neck while he nibbled at the hay.

"Yes," jeered one of the outfit, "he'll let you do that now because he's starved and weak. But wait till he's fed up. That hoss is like a mule, I tell you. I knowed a mule what acted ladylike most two years, till she got a feller where she wanted him, and then I had to break the news to the widow."

"Don't lose any sleep on my account," urged Ardrey, unruffled. "I ain't worrying."

Not until the broncho had grown gaunt and listless on short rations did Rush enter the pen. It was about sundown when he led him out and down to a sandflat near the river. There he saddled him without assistance. Blue Blazes did not resent it; perhaps he was too weak; possibly he felt no fear.

"That wind," remarked Rush, trying to persuade himself it was the chill that caused his teeth to chatter, "cuts like a knife."

He stepped cautiously into the saddle, but the black remained quiet. To be sure, he humped a trifle, but Rush gave him time to think it over; even clucked at him and uttered endearments. Soon Blue Blazes ventured a few steps in curiosity, then got his head down and pitched about twenty yards. He did not half try, and his rider sat undisturbed, employing neither whip nor spur. Finding that nothing happened, the black gave it up as a waste of energy. He began to trot; still, nothing hurt him.

An hour later Rush made our eyes bulge by riding the dripping broncho up to the door of the bunk house.

"I've got hum broke," he declared with fine nonchalance and gave a friendly slap to Blue Blazes' neck to prove it. "In a month I'll have him eatin' out of my hand."

"Out of your laig, you mean," rejoined Uncle Henry. "He won't stay like that, Rush. One of these days he'll turn round and bite your ear off."

"He'll never act real mean with me," Rush maintained confidently. "Him and me understand each other."

It did look that way. Although Ardrey increased his feed and Blue Blazes regained some of his roundness, the horse made no serious effort to throw him. What "goating" he did seemed to spring from a conviction that it was necessary and expected.

Winter set in and he was turned out to pasture. In a week he had almost forgotten his experiences. Then one sparkling morning three horsemen surprised Blue Blazes and some companions in a draw and after adroit maneuvering cornered them against the sandstone cliff of a blind cañon. It was barely three hundred yards deep and Blue Blazes would never have entered it at all had there been any alternative. While two stood guard the other stretched a rope barrier.

"Take 'em all except the black!" said he.

"Why, he's the best of the lot, Cal."

"We don't want him," was the emphatic reply. "He'd only make trouble and, besides, I've got a li'l' score to settle with that gen'l'man on my own account."

Blue Blazes pricked up his ears on hearing the voice. It was Sloan.

"So," he said, catching the black with an overhand flip, "I've got you—now—where I want you." He gloated over Blue Blazes like a gourmand over a feast. "There ain't nobody here to play the baby, and—me—and you—can have it out."

What happened after that is best veiled. They threw Blue Blazes and hogtied him, and Sloan went to work to get even. His weapon was the limb of a stout mesquite tree, and he flailed with it on head and neck and side until his arms ached. So savagely did he go at the horse that one of his companions was moved to an oath of protest.

"You keep out of this," snarled the buster, "he's my meat. And I'll kill him—after I've ——"

"Look out!" warned the other. "Here comes somebody."

There was a distant rattle of wheels. With a scared glance at his confederates Sloan removed the ropes from the inert black and ran to his horse. They hurriedly released all the captives, scattered them by a push and galloped off.

Presently came the Turkey Track boss and his small son in a buckboard, wending homeward from a trip to a new windmill. They passed the mouth of the cañon.

"What's that, daddy?" piped the boy. "Look, beyond those trees! Ain't it a dead horse?"

Lyford peered at the object on the ground and answered: "Let's go see."

His astonishment knew no bounds when he recognized Blue Blazes.

"Whew! What the Sam Hill—I never seen anything like—who's been beating you, ol' feller? Hey? Fetch my rope, son!"

"Is he dead, daddy? Is he dead?"

"No-o-o, but he's sure tore up a fright. I never saw a worse beating. Let's see who's been round here."

"Did he have a fight, daddy?"

The boss glanced quickly from the trampled ground to his son and nodded.

"Sure, Jimmy. That's what he did. Ol' Blue Blazes got into a scrap with another horse and the other horse give him the worst of it. How does that sound? We'll tell Rush how it happened, won't we, boy?"

Such was the explanation of the black's plight that he brought to the ranch at nightfall, when his tired team crawled down the last ridge to the corrals with Blue Blazes limping painfully behind. Whatever else the boss had discovered in the cañon he kept to himself; it doesn't do to talk about a ticklish business too freely.

"Them're right queer marks for a fight," asserted Uncle Henry. "Looks to me like ——" then he caught a warning shake of the head and broke off—"but hosses shore git into re-markable jackpots," he added. "How did you manage to bring him in, Lyford?"

"Eased him along. He come alive just after I found him."

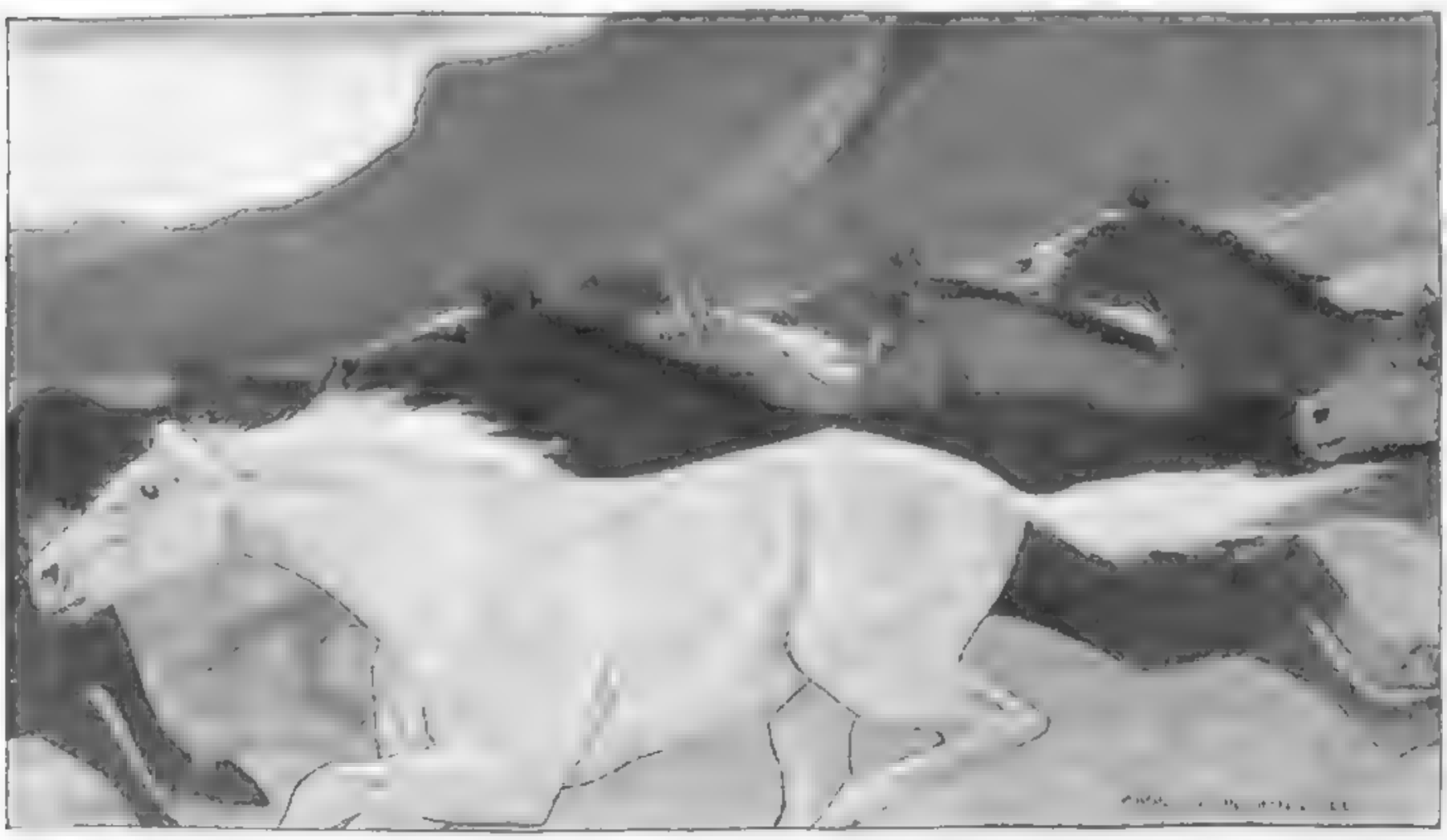
Luckily for the boss' story Rush Ardrey was wintering at a division camp a day's ride to the south and did not learn of the episode for a week. By that time the black's wounds had healed beyond betrayal. Nevertheless he was skeptical.

"A fight? Huh, there ain't a hoss on the range ol' Blue Blazes can't lick the whey out of."

"Maybe the stallion ——"

(Continued on Page 49)

As Coolly as a Man Vacating a Chair the Buster Slid Out of the Saddle and to One Side



the Pick of the Lot—a Big Four-Year-Old, Beautifully Muscled and Shy as an Antelope

The Head of Russia and the Heart

By Samuel G. Blythe

"There is Nothing Above Moscow But the Kremlin—

PETROGRAD is the head. Moscow is the heart The government is centered in Petrograd. The Czar's Winter Palace is there, and so are the great ministries and all the chiefs of departments, all the directors of Russia's complicated administrative machinery. But in Moscow is the Kremlin, and the Russians say: "There is nothing above Moscow but the Kremlin, and there is nothing above the Kremlin but heaven." The Czar reigns in Petrograd, but he must come to Moscow to be crowned, to get the insignia of his authority. The Russians cross themselves perfunctorily before the churches and shrines in Petrograd; but no man, whatever his race or religion, may go through the Spasskiya Gate, in Moscow, over which the picture of the Savior has hung for nearly three hundred years, without removing his hat.

Petrograd has French aspects. Its broad avenues remind one of Paris. Its fashionable cuisine is French, and all its cultured people speak that language. Petrograd also is remindful of Berlin, for many of its largest and best buildings are of German architecture, and many of its leading business men and houses were German before the war and, it may be, will be German again after the war. Petrograd, even under its old name of St. Petersburg, was German and strongly Teutonic in many ways. I have heard Russians say it was a half-German city.

Moscow is Russian—not to say the Germans were not there in great numbers also, for the business of Russia was done largely by Germans. The highborn Russian thinks business beneath him, and it certainly is above the lowborn ones. Still, though the Germans in Petrograd remained Germans, those in Moscow were Russianized to a degree. Petrograd is cosmopolitan in a desultory, Russian sort of way, while Moscow is Russian almost to the core. Petrograd is imitatively Continental. Moscow is rather genuinely local. One is the head. The other is the heart.

A Soldier Service in Moscow

SOME sights in these cities established the comparison. I was in Petrograd on the day Italy declared war and went into the struggle. As I walked along Morskaya I saw a crowd with flags on the other side of the square on which the great Cathedral of St. Isaac fronts. The German Embassy, a huge building of brownstone, severe and utilitarian, and so very German, stands on the corner of the street on which the crowd was gathered, with thick planks nailed across its windows and its imperial eagles taken down—a most desolate and deserted-looking affair. A man was on a balcony, half a block down that street, fluttering a handkerchief up and down, up and down, as though he was bored to extinction by the effort. I joined the crowd.

"Who is the man on the balcony?" I asked.

"The Italian Ambassador," said a bystander. "These are Italians, celebrating the declaration of war by their country; and there are many Russians, too, in the company."

Presently the ambassador bowed and escaped through a window, and the crowd formed itself into a procession and started toward the Winter Palace. In the front rank there were two flags of Italy and two flags of Russia, and one man bore aloft a colored picture of the Czar. Some boys began to sing. The procession took up the song and marched along. There were a few women. All the men were bareheaded, carrying their hats and their caps in their hands. As the picture of the Czar went by, those on the sidewalks uncovered also, rather dutifully, looked for a moment and passed on.

More Russians joined. As the procession reached the cobbled square in front of the Winter Palace it held perhaps five hundred men and boys. They stood for half an hour singing and cheering; but no response came from the palace. A few curtains were pushed aside in the upper windows by men who seemed to be in uniform, and I noticed that the soldiers about the gates increased silently in numbers. That was all. The pedestrians took a look and went by. The demonstration excited no particular interest and caused no particular excitement. There were few accessions to the ranks. Petrograd had its own affairs to look after.

The flags moved forward, and the picture of the Czar went up the Nevskii Prospekt and back again, and, finding little encouragement, returned to the Italian Embassy and called the diplomatist there interned out on his balcony again, to pump his handkerchief up and down. They marched about for several hours, and Petrograd took it all complacently and as a matter of course. That night, in the restaurants, the orchestras played the Italian national air and the Russian national air at frequent intervals. We all stood up. This gave the waiters opportunity to snatch away the food, and there must have been many *patés* and much *mousse* and *émincé* of this and that on the luncheon cards next day. Certainly it was extremely difficult to finish what one had to eat, because the orchestras were so patriotic in their playing.

A week or so later I went to the Red Square, in Moscow, at five o'clock of an afternoon. The day had been misty and rainy; but just as I entered the square the sun shone out. The gold domes of the Kremlin and the fantastic spires of St. Basil glittered in its friendly light. There were many thousands of people there, standing massed about the Place of a Skull, which is a circular stone rostrum surrounded by a stone coping, and is where the False Demetrius was formally received three centuries ago, and where his murdered body was dragged a year later. Czars were formerly proclaimed from this rostrum and here the Strelzi were executed. Much of the bloody history of Moscow was made here, but on this afternoon the Place of a Skull was the center of a most peaceful ceremonial.

The people stood with bared heads in the space between the Place of a Skull and the Spasskiya Gate of the Kremlin. Closest to the rostrum itself were hundreds and hundreds of soldiers—wounded soldiers—men with bandaged heads and bandaged arms and bandaged legs—men with crutches and men with canes—men with arms in slings—men with parts of their faces gone—men who had been sent back from the slaughter to the hospitals in Moscow. They wore the rough tunic of the Russian soldier—belted in and of a brownish yellow—enormous boots and baggy trousers. As they stood there in this yellowish-brownish mass, the white of their bandages formed a sharp contrast against that dull background, and the bright sun picked out each individual bandage and made it appear even whiter than it was.

Back of the soldiers there were thousands on thousands of men and women, all the men uncovered and reverently bowed. The rostrum held a choir and a dozen priests—men with long beards and with long hair, and wearing glaring yellow robes. As though to make amends for its long sulking behind the clouds, the sun shone splendidly on the yellow robes, the golden crosses and other religious paraphernalia of the priests. People came from all the centering streets and joined the assemblage. The chief priest, a tall, patriarchal man, whose beard swept low on his jewel-crusted, yellow robe, and whose hair streamed out in the breeze, went through the ceremony, presenting the cross and other symbols to the bowed people, turning from side to side, and chanting in a deep, resonant bass voice—shining in the sun like something newly gilded.

The great bells of St. Basil and the greater bells of the Tower of Ivan Valeki, in the Kremlin, began to clamor the hour. Hundreds of pigeons, startled from the eaves and crannies of the churches and the towers, flew out and swept in wide circles above the intoning priests and the reverent worshipers. The choir took up the chant and the melody of it echoed from the walls on every side. The sun shone brilliantly. Every person there, as the chief priest made his final presentation of the Host to them, crossed himself time and time again. Their quickly moving hands gave a curious waving effect to the multitude, as though a breeze had moved them as a breeze moves a field of standing grain. There was a final burst of song from the choir and a long, wailing "Amen." Then the people made a lane, and the gorgeous yellow priests, preceded by men carrying the symbols, marched slowly into the Cathedral

And Nothing Above the Kremlin But Heaven"

of St. Basil. No one moved until the procession had entered the church. No one put on his hat. Then the wounded soldiers, marshaled into little companies by white-hooded nurses, went their ways to their lazarets, and Moscow took up its mundane affairs.

Every driver had stopped his cab. Every motor car had come to a halt. The trams were motionless. There was no traffic on the sidewalks. Moscow stopped for the moment to take part in the service for the wounded soldiers, and took part in it with exceeding reverence and with exceeding patriotism; for the people cheered the wounded soldiers as they marched or hobbled or limped away, and gave them little gifts of flowers and cakes and cigarettes. And this was nearly a year after the war began, and wounded soldiers had been common enough in Moscow, and everywhere else in Russia, heaven knows! But Moscow has a heart. There the broad nature of the Russian is best exemplified.

Where Every Day is Tag Day

NEXT to the number of lazarets or hospitals, the hundreds on hundreds of wounded soldiers, and—in Petrograd—the vast number of officers who apparently have nothing to do but walk up and down the streets, the thing that impresses one most in the big cities of Russia is the continuous, persistent effort to get funds for relief of the wounded—to collect money. Every street corner has its delegation of young women and old women and children, with little badges for sale, and locked tin boxes into which you are expected to drop your coin in return for a badge. Every day is tag day in Russia and each day has a different tag; so there must be a contribution every morning or every afternoon if one is to walk in peace or dine in peace, or do anything in peace except stay closeted in a room.

These alert and expert taggers stand at the doors of the hotels. They come into the restaurants. They are at every theater, every picture show, on each bridge, in each park and garden, and in every store. Usually they are in couples. One young woman pins on a badge—ordinarily a little paper emblem, but sometimes an artificial flower—and the other shakes the tin box in front of you, waiting for the contribution. It is the wise person who secures his badge early in the day and pins it tightly to his coat. Once you have a badge they do not press you to buy another. One badge a day is all that is expected, but that is expected; and it is a callous person, indeed, who can walk about the streets of any city in Russia without a badge. The Russian young women say mean things about you and the Russian men look at you askance.

The difference between Petrograd and Moscow, however, is shown in the badge-buying too. In Petrograd a young woman who has the badges or the artificial flowers, accompanied by a young man who has the tin cash box, comes through the restaurant and smiles and begs for a contribution. Sometimes there are musicians or dancers or parties of gypsies who do the collecting. In Petrograd it is all a sort of cut-and-dried affair. The Petrograd person contributes with an air of Oh-well-I-suppose-I-must-do-this-and-I-might-as-well-get-it-over-with! But in Moscow—in Moscow it is different.

I was at luncheon in one of the great restaurants in Moscow. The place was full. There were six young women—pretty young women—at the door of that restaurant, and more in the garden outside. It made no difference whether you had bought a badge at the hotel door or

at the corner of the street. These had another kind of badge for persons taking luncheon; and they would not be denied. The Moscow men bought willingly. They were glad to buy and their coins rattled in the tin boxes.

Presently there was the sound of a hand organ outside, and there came into the main dining hall three young men dressed as gypsies—one with the hand organ, another with a tambourine and a third with a fiddle. They played and sang, and passed their boxes, sealed and locked and bearing the official stamp. The diners laughed and applauded and gave them many coins. They went away to another place. Not a quarter of an hour later a band of real gypsies came in—a dozen of them, men and women, dressed in true gypsy fashion, in reds and yellows. The women were young and pretty. The men, with the exception of a gray-mustached chap, were young, too, and quite as gaudy as the women. One had a stringed instrument. They ranged up at one side and the old man sang a gypsy song in a fine barytone—sang it with much skill and spirit—and the others joined in the chorus. One of the girls sang too. And then the musician twanged a lively tune and another of the girls and one of the young men danced a gypsy dance.

While this was going on everybody stood up and applauded and clapped his hands and some of those present joined in the singing that accompanied the dance. Then the gypsy girls came round with their tin boxes, also official, and every Moscow man in the place gave more money to them. That was three times in half an hour that most of those present had contributed, and they were all good-natured and eager to do it. One officer I saw put in a ten-ruble note each time. And that was not a special event. It happened every day and it is happening every day yet. The collections are daily affairs. The need is great, and the Moscow people give with a greater free-handedness and a greater spirit of willingness than any I have ever seen—quite differently from the Petrograd folks, who do their giving as though they were afraid not to do it.

Men in uniform run about nine to the block on the Nevskii Prospekt and the Morskaya in Petrograd on ordinary days, but the percentage is somewhat higher on holidays and at week-ends. The proportion of generals is quite liberal; and the hotel lobbies—particularly one hotel lobby, along about teatime—are literally jammed with warriors of all sorts, some of them exceedingly gaudy. Inasmuch as every officer must salute every other officer, and every private must salute also, the impression one gets on the Nevskii of a sunny afternoon is that of a mass of gold-laced men, in gray or brown overcoats, automatically lifting their right hands to their foreheads at every second step. I walked behind an officer one afternoon and he saluted thirty-two times in three blocks. The private, when an officer above a certain rank comes by, must come to attention, click his heels together, and stand rigidly at salute until the officer gets by and has given his indifferent wave of the hand at the bloused and booted chap, who is petrified there along the curb.

Old Gentlemen Who Collect Salutes

OF COURSE this predominance of uniforms does not mean that all the generals and colonels and majors come up to Petrograd for the week-end. Uniforms, even in peace times, are common enough in Petrograd, and in every other Russian city, owing to the multiplicity of government officials, and to the fact that a Russian never really has any standing until he gets a uniform; so almost everybody wears them, even the students at the university and the doormen, and so forth. Also, every clerk in the War Department and in the Navy Department has a uniform, according to his rank. It takes an expert to distinguish between the peace officers and the war officers; but there is a way, they tell me, of distinguishing them by width of shoulder straps and by colors and by other details.

I reckon there are more swords worn in Russia than in any other country, not excluding Germany. It is a very low and humble Russian who cannot wear a sword, or at least a dagger. The policemen are arsenals. They wear swords and have big revolvers and two billies and daggers. I should not be surprised if some of them toted machine guns too.

The Moscow Gate at Petrograd

As I understand it, the color of the sword knot on an army or naval officer tells whether that officer has been at the front or out in the hostile waters, or has merely been loafing about the cafés. Which colors mean which I do not dare to say—there are so many colors and so many swords.

Also, every retired fuddy-duddy of an old general or an old colonel has on his full regalia and struts about the streets in order to get his share of the salutes. There was one old chap, with a pair of number sixty-four mustachios, who chose for his strutting place the edge of the Marsovo Pole, which is a sort of parade ground, and near which there are barracks. He was there every afternoon, with all his medals on, never overlooked a salute, but put himself in the way of as many as possible. If he saw a little bunch of soldiers or observed some officers coming his way he veered round so he would meet them face to face; and he accepted their salutes with the most condescending air and jingled his medals as he saluted in turn. The Nevskii is a favorite parade of these old persons, too, and they never miss a trick. They are warriors of a past day and they demand their meed of military recognition.

He must be a mighty new and raw soldier in Russia who has not a cross or a medal of some kind. The older ones are weighted down with them, and the policemen—why, I counted nineteen medals in one row and seven more in a supplemental row on one burly chap down by the Foreign Office, and was stricken with great awe over his thus-bebadged heroism until I discovered that the Czar rarely moves about without giving out a few tons of medals, and that you can buy as many as you like for a few kopecks each in forty stores or more.

It is in the lobbies of the hotels, however, that the officers cut their most particular dashes. It is there they shine. Also, the nurses—of a certain sort—not the nurses who are really working in the hospitals, and there are hundreds and thousands of those brave, devoted, heroic women; but the play nurses—the society nurses—the Ministering Angels, and so forth. Do not overlook the fact—which these nurses have not overlooked—that the white headdress the Russian nurse wears makes almost any kind of face look sweet and pretty; and what it does to a face that is already right sweet and pretty is paralyzing to the male of the species. I do not suppose that any headdress in any country, so far as my rather extensive observations go, is as becoming to any and every style of beauty as this Russian headdress—a simple cowl of white linen that comes down to the shoulders. They certainly are fetching, those nurses in their headdresses and with their white uniforms with the red cross on the bosom—white uniforms that, when designed for restaurant wear, look to be as expensively made as ball gowns.

When you get the full spectacle of a Cossack de luxe, or a Tartar prince, or a young potentate from the Caucasus, with a dragoon or two, and some of these de-luxe nurses, also, you see something that, though it may not be war, is none the less magnificent. And do not be under any misapprehension as to whether the nurses know how pretty they are, and the Cossacks, *et al.*, how stunning; for if they do not get enough attention as they smoke their minute cigarettes and drink their red kvass, they see to it that they do get recognition by getting up and strolling about the place. Petrograd is liberally supplied with nurses—the restaurant and café and hotel and society kinds, and the real kind. The women are doing their part, either really or vicariously.

Every city—especially Petrograd, Moscow, Warsaw, Kieff and the cities farther south—is filled with hospitals, and all the hospitals are filled with wounded soldiers. Upper stories of business buildings, parts of apartment houses, private houses, factories, lodging houses—every place where a wounded man can be sheltered and cared for—is a hospital. There was a big one across the street from my hotel, extemporized out of the second and third floors of some big business blocks; and they were everywhere I went—hospitals—hospitals—hospitals—Red Cross hospitals—English hospitals—American hospitals—Russian hospitals—church hospitals—organization hospitals—lodge hospitals—hospitals—hospitals!

When the Wounded Take the Air

AND there were wounded soldiers—groups of them—squads of them—battalions of them—processions of them, when they were able to move about—bandaged, with arms in slings and heads bound up—and not wounded at all, but convalescent from sickness—big, blue-eyed blond chaps, good-natured, even merry, out for the air. And you see them in pale groups at the windows of the lazarets and in eager gatherings in the wards, listening to somebody reading to them—usually a nurse—or with childish delight listening to a talking machine, or sitting on the balconies in long rows, leaning on the railings with their arms on the top and their chins on their arms, looking down in perpetual amazement at the ceaseless traffic and bustle and movement in the streets. These are peasants from the steppes, from Siberia, from the south, from the villages and farms and the outlying domains, who went to war and were shot, and have been sent back to recover here among the marvels of the cities.

Of course the men in the hospitals in Petrograd and in Moscow, and in the other cities at distances from the front, are those who were shot in the legs or in the arms or hit in the head. The poor chaps with the body wounds, the perforations of the abdomen and the chest wounds, are in the hospitals nearer the fighting line—in Warsaw, for example, and in other cities in Poland and Galicia.

They are as simple as children—intensely interested in the progress of a tramcar that moves itself about without the aid of horses, and wide-eyed at the music that comes out of a talking machine.

When they have recovered sufficiently to go out they are taken for the air by a nurse. It is one of the fine sights of Russia to see a pretty nurse—and most of them are pretty—a slip of a girl, with her white headdress, marshaling these great, blond, hulking fellows along the street. Usually one girl takes out about ten or twelve, though I have seen forty marching in twos under the direction of one wee woman. She directs them with pretty authority, scolds them if they stop when she wants them to go on, points out the sights to them, shares in their wonder and their open-mouthed admiration, fusses them if they do not mind, and generally is obeyed as though she was a field marshal.

They are big chaps, most of these Russians—big and broad-shouldered; and they clump along in their monster boots, swathed in their great coats, and meekly do as the little nurse tells them.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, N.Y. NEW YORK CITY

Petrograd Has French Aspects. Its Broad Avenues Remind One of Paris

(Continued on Page 41)

THE POOR SIMP

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MY HEAD ain't so heavy with brains that I walk stooped over. But I do claim to have more sense than the most o' them that's gettin' by in this league, and when I get the can it won't be because I don't know what I'm doin' out there. Ask anybody in the business what kind of a ball player I am. Some o' them will say I'm pretty fair, and some o' them may say I'm rotten; but they'll all say I'm smart.

I've made my share of errors and I've hit many a perpendicular home run in the pinch, but I never lost a game by peggin' to the wrong base or by not knowin' how many was out. They ain't many can claim a record like that without gettin' called on it.

Well, that record won't buy me no round steaks when I get through here, and when I think o' the things that's happened to me and the things that's happened to fellas that didn't hardly know which was right field, I feel like I'd been better off if I'd just been born from my neck down.

Look at Jack Andrews! Bill Garwood, that batted right ahead of him, told me onct that the calves of his legs was all spike wounds, where Jack had slid into him from behind. It got so finally that every time Bill was on second and Jack on first Bill'd steal third to keep from bein' cut down. And Bill'd try to stretch every hit he made into a double so's to be two bases ahead o' Jack. And now Jack's runnin' a halfway house outside o' Chicago and it's a dull night when he don't take in a hundred bucks!

Then look at Red Burns!

Red never knowed how the game come out till he seen the paper next mornin', and they had to page him when it was his turn to bit. And now he's in the contractin' business in Cleveland and the hardest work he does is addin' up the month's profits.

And then look at me! S'posed to be one o' these here brainy ball players that never pulls a bone. Playin' my seventh year in fast company. Only gettin' forty-five hundred right now, because I never jumped a contract or spiked an umpire. And when they're through with me I can starve to death or pick up some nice, soft snap in a foundry.

I read the other day where some doctor says everybody should ought to have their appendixes and their tonsils and their adenoids cut out when they're still a baby yet. Well, them things didn't never give me no trouble. But I wisht I'd of had my brains removed before I ever learned to use 'em. They're the worst handicap a man can have in this business.

The less a guy knows, so much the sooner he can retire and live on his income.

You think I'm just talkin' against time? No, sir; you're listenin' to the truth now. And if you don't believe me ask Carey. Ask him to tell you about Skull Scoville. Or if you ain't too sleepy I'll tell you about him myself.

"He Had a Big Brawl With the Chauffeur"

II

IT TAKES Carey to spot these boobs, and Carey wasn't with us on the spring trip last year. If you'll remember he was coachin' a college team down in Ohio and got permission to report late. Skull was with us all the wile, but I was too busy gettin' myself in shape to pay much attention to the new ones. All as I noticed about him was that he done a lot of struttin' and acted like he was more anxious to look pretty than to make good.

But Carey hadn't been round more'n a day when he braced me about Skull.

"When did we sign Francis X. Bushman?" he says.

"That's Scoville," I told him. "Skull Scoville."

"Some jealous cat must of gave him that nickname," says Carey.

"It's what they called him last year in the Carolina League," I says.

"Is he goin' back there?" ast Carey.

"I haven't been watchin' him much," I says.

"I hope he sticks," says Carey. "All our club needs is looks."

"You don't care nothin' about his looks," I says. "You're scoutin' for somebody to pick on."

"Maybe you're right," says Carey. "I wisht I could stay with them college boys all year. A couple o' them fell for all the old junk I could remember. I run out o' stale stuff finally and was goin' to write to you."

"Thanks," I says.

"But this here Skull does look promisin'," says Carey, "and I guess we'll have to try him out."

So Carey went over to where the kid was warmin' up and started in on him. After a wile he come back.

"I guess I can't pick 'em," he says. "When they get waivers on me I'm goin' scoutin'—not for no ball club, but for some circus that's shy o' clowns."

"What did you pull on him?" I ast.

"Just a couple o' feelers," says Carey. "I ast him what league he come from and he says the Carolina League. I says: 'Oh, yes. Milwaukee won the pennant, didn't they?' 'No,' he says; 'Columbia.' 'Oh, yes,' I says. 'I got it mixed up with the Utah League, where the women manages the teams.' 'Where's that league at?' he says. 'The Utah League?' I says. 'You take a westbound Hodiamont car in St. Louis and transfer twict, and then walk a block down to the wharf and get on the steamer goin' to Michigan City, only you get off when they come to Shreveport, and you can see it from there.'"

"You're goin' to have a good season," I says.

"No, it can't last," says Carey. "Some day Cap'll stick him in there and then it'll be back to the Carolina you love."

But Carey had it doped wrong. Cap give Skull a chance the second serious with the Cardinals, up home, and he got by nice. He was a little wild, but it helped him, because his fast one was fast enough to have 'em scared. They was swingin' with one foot in the bucket. Bill handled him good and Cap was tickled to death with his showin'.

"What do you think of him?" Cap ast Carey.

"Best young pitcher I've looked at in a long wile," says Carey. "You'll make a big mistake if you leave him go."

"I ain't goin' to leave him go," says Cap.

"You'd be a sucker if you did," says Carey. "But if I was you I wouldn't work him too of'en for a wile. He's nothin' but a kid and you ought to give him time to get his bearin's."

You see Carey was afraid that Skull wouldn't look as good the next time out, and he was crazy to have him stick on the club so's we could enjoy him. They wasn't no need of him bein' afraid, though, because Skull kept right on mowin' 'em down. He had everything but a noodle, and a man don't need to know nothin' about pitchin' with Bill behind that bat.

III

IT COME along May and we was goin' East. Brooklyn was the first place we was scheduled and we was leavin' home on the five-thirty, right after a game.

Well, the first thing Carey done when we got on the train was to tell the dinge to make up two berths. Then he took off his coat and collar like he was gettin' ready to undress. Some o' the boys went right into the diner and Skull was goin' to follow 'em when Carey nailed him.

"Where are you goin', kid?" he says.

"To get my supper," says Skull.

"Take a tip from me and stay where you are," says Carey. "Them other fellas ain't goin' to have nothin' to eat. They're tryin' to stall you."

"What's the idear?" says Skull.

"It's old stuff," says Carey, "but I'll explain it to you. This car ain't only got twelve lowers and they's twenty-four of us on the trip. That means they can't only twelve of

"Can a Man Get a Sandwich There?"

us have lowers and the rest gets uppers. But the first twelve in bed gets the lowers."

"Yes," says Skull, "but the secretary give me a piece o' paper that says I'm to have a lower."

"Well," says Carey, "can you knock somebody out o' bed with that piece of paper? I'm tellin' you, kid. The paper don't make no difference; it's the fellas that gets there first."

"Are you goin' to bed yourself?" says Skull.

"You bet I am," says Carey.

"But you won't get no supper," says Skull.

"Supper!" says Carey. "I'd rather go without twenty suppers than ride in a upper through them Indiana mountains. These other birds is tryin' to put somethin' over. They'll wait till the dinge gets a couple o' berths made up and then they'll race fer 'em. He's makin' up two right now and you can bet that one is goin' to be mine."

Pretty soon Skull was peelin' his coat.

"Keep some loose change under your pillow," says Carey. "You're liable to be awake when we go through Fall River and you can send the porter out for a sandwich."

Well, Carey hid behind the curtains of his berth and waited till Skull was all set for the night. Then he put his collar and coat back on and come into the diner and told us about it. Only o' course he didn't tell Cap.

I was back in our car when Cap come in. He seen the two berths made up and got curious. First he peeked into the one Carey's been settin' in and they wasn't nobody there. Then he looked in at Skull.

"What's the matter?" he says. "Sick?"

"No, I ain't sick," says Skull.

"Been drinkin' somethin'?" says Cap.

"No," says Skull.

"Well," says Cap, "you go to bed nights after this and you won't be all in in the middle o' the afternoon."

I snuck down to Skull's berth.

"Just lay low in there," I says. "He was tryin' to get you out because he wants that berth. It's the best spot in the car—right over the front wheels. You hold on to it."

Along about nine o'clock all the berths was made up but one, the seat where the boys was playin' cards. I and Carey was up in the buffet car, but Smitty told us what come off.

Skull stuck his head out between the curtains and seen the card game. Smitty seen him lookin'.

"Ain't you goin' to bed?" says Skull.

"We can't," says Smitty. "All the lowers is gone."

"I'll set up a wile if you want to lay here," says Skull.

"Off o' that noise!" says Smitty. "Cap would fine us a hundred apiece if he catched us tradin' berths."

So Skull laid back, but pretty soon he peeked out again and ast for the porter.

"He got sore and quit at South Bend," says Smitty.

"Have we came to Fall River yet?" ast Skull.

"No, and we ain't goin' to," says Smitty.

"Why not?" says Skull.

"They's a big storm there," says Smitty. "So we're goin' round the other way, through Evanston."

"Can a man get a sandwich there?"

"Not a sandwich," says Smitty. "But they's a old lady meets this train every night with a basket o' fried chicken and mashed potatoes four bits a throw."

"What time do we get to Evanston?"

"Can't tell; it ain't on the regular schedule," says Smitty. "But you'll know when we're pullin' in—the engine'll give one long whistle."

"They done that a wile ago," says Skull.

"Yes," says Smitty. "The engineer thought it was Evanston, but it wasn't. His mistake."

"Here," I Says, "You Can't Go Callin' in Your Nightgown"

Smitty come up afterward and joined us in the buffet car. We was all back and undressin' when we slowed up for Toledo. Carey spoke up loud.

"This must be Evanston," he says.

Skull popped out of his berth.

"Where'll I find that woman?" he says to Smitty.

"Up at the head end," says Smitty. "She's the fireman's mother-in-law."

Skull started up the aisle.

"Here," I says, "you can't go callin' in your nightgown."

"You won't have time to dress," says Smitty. "We're only here two minutes."

"You better forget eatin'," says Carey. "I got hungry at Elkhart and wile I was scoutin' I lost my berth."

Skull turned to me.

"Go out and find her for me, will you?" he says. "Get two orders, one for you and one for me, and I'll pay you for the both."

"I ain't hungry," I says. "I had a pretty good dinner—soup and lake trout and a porterhouse with mushrooms and hashed brown potatoes and poached eggs and salad and apple pie and coffee."

"I'll go out for you," says Carey; "but if I get left you'll have to pay my fare from here to New York."

So Carey went out in the vestibule and stalled round till the train started up again. Then he come back, pantin' like he'd ran a mile.

"That's fine luck!" he says. "She'd just gave me the stuff when the train began to pull out. If I hadn't ran clear back here I'd of got left; they wasn't no other door open. And wile I was runnin' I dropped your supper."

Well, I don't know how much more sleep Skull got that night, but I'll bet he was No. 1 in the diner next mornin'. And I'll bet when the chef seen the order he wondered where Jess Willard got on at.

IV

IT RAINED the first two days we was East. The sun was out the third mornin' and I and Carey was standin' in front o' the hotel when Skull showed up.

"Swell day," he says.

"Yes," says Carey, "and you know what it means, don't you? It means we'll have to beat it for Brooklyn as soon as we digest our breakfast. Three games."

"Three games," says Skull. "They won't play 'em all to-day, will they?"

"They're liable to," says Carey. "You can't never tell about Brooklyn."

"I ain't had no breakfast yet," says Skull.

"You better hurry it up, then," says Carey. "We was just goin' to start."

"Wait for me, will you?" says Skull.

"Not a chancet," says Carey. "I got to be there early to help direct the practice."

"You'll have to go alone," I says. "All the rest o' the boys will be gone before you're through your breakfast."

"How do I get there?" says Skull.

"They'll be a taxi to take you," says Carey. "You just come out here and look round and when you see a driver lookin' at you, hop in his car and tell him where you want to go. The club'll settle for it."

Well, as soon as Skull had went in to breakfast, Carey tipped off the rest o' the gang to keep out o' sight for a wile. I and him went over in the park acrost the street and watched for Skull to come out. Finally he come and they was two taxis standin' there. He hopped into the nearest one, told the driver to take him to the Brooklyn ball park, and off they went. It wasn't much of a trip—only from Eighty-first and Columbus to hellangone.

I s'pose he landed there about ten or ten-thirty. When we come, at a quarter to two, he was out in a suit, practicin' with the Brooklyn bunch.

Robbie seen us and came over.

"What are you fellas pullin'?" he says. "Tryin' to get our signs? This bird's been here all day; landed in a taxi this mornin'. And he had a big brawl with the chauffeur about who was goin' to settle. Finally the chauffeur said he'd have him pinched and then the guy come acrost. But he told me that your club was payin' for the rig and he'd collect back from your secretary. Then he ast me if we was goin' to play three games to-day and I says, No, the first two had been called off. So he's been out monkeyin' with my crowd ever since. I thought at first he was lit up, but afterward I seen he wasn't."

"We was tryin' to do you a favor," says Carey. "A fella that's managin' a club in Brooklyn deserves a treat oncet in a wile. We're doin' the best we can for you, and we'll call it square if you don't pitch Rucker against us."

"But what's this bird's name?" says Robbie.

"That's Scoville," I says, "the boy that's been doin' all our winnin'."

"I'm too old to be kidded," says Robbie. "That fella's too handsome to be a good pitcher."

"If you think he can't pitch, you ain't too old to make a mistake," I says.

"It's a part of his system," says Carey, "to visit all mornin' with the club he's goin' to work against. He figures he'll do better if he knows the batters."

Well, sir, Skull pitched the game and Rucker pitched against him. Rucker outpitched him about two to one, but Skull copped.

"What do you think o' the visitin' system?" I says to Robbie, goin' out.

But he didn't have no comeback.

I and Carey and Skull rode back to the hotel together.

"Too bad you went over this mornin' for nothin'," says Carey. "As soon as we got there and found out they wasn't only goin' to play one game, we called you up to tell you about it, but you'd already left."

"I didn't go over for nothin'," says Skull. "It was eight dollars and seventy-five cents. But o' course the club'll give it back to me."

Carey seen where he was liable to get into trouble.

"Don't say nothin' to them about it," he says. "I'll go to the front for you. I know the sec. better'n you do and I can handle him."

So after supper, Carey found Skull again and broke the news to him.

"I seen the sec.," he says, "but they was nothin' doin'. If you'll remember, two taxis was settin' out there when you got ready to go, and you took the wrong one. The other one was already paid for. So you'll have to stand for it. That's what you get for bein' with a cheap club."

Skull swallowed his medicine without a whimper. But after that you couldn't get him into a taxi, not if he seen you pay for it in advance.

V

THE mornin' o' the first day o' the New York serious he set with us at breakfast.

"You want to get up to the Polo Grounds early," says Carey. "Maybe you'll see part o' the polo game."

"Are you fellas goin' early?" he says.

"No," says Carey, "we've saw polo played already, and they won't let a man in twicet. They're afraid he'd learn the secrets o' the game."

"How do you get there without goin' in no taxi?" ast Skull.

I guess I already told you where we was stoppin'—Eighty-first and Columbus. I was just goin' to tell him to jump on the Elevated and stay on to the end o' the line, but Carey flagged me.

"Go out here on the corner," he says, "and take a car goin' south. If the motorman don't make no mistake, it'll keep goin' till it gets way down to the Battery—that's where the pitchers and catchers all starts from. But if you don't see no pitchers and catchers that you know, ask a policeman where the Sixth Avenue Elevated is, and then get on a Harlem train. Ride forward and hold on round the curves. Set near a window if you can, only don't catch cold in your arm. Better be readin' a paper, if you can find one in the train; then they won't no girls talk to you. They's a couple o' girls here in New York that'd pick your pockets if they got a chancet. Your looks wouldn't save you. And get off when you get to the Polo Grounds."

"How'll I know when I'm there?" ast Skull.

"You'll hear a lot o' yellin'," says Carey, "the Giants practicin' what they're goin' to say to Klem."

Skull got lost somewheres, 'way down town; he couldn't tell us just where. It was afternoon when he finally got to the Polo Grounds, and o' course the polo game was all over.

"You seen the town, though, didn't you?" says Carey.

"What town?" says Skull.

"Ishpeming," says Carey.

"No," says Skull, "I was right here in New York all the wile."

He made earlier starts the next two mornin's, but he never did manage to get there in time for polo. He was to pitch the third game and he was restin' in the club house when I and Carey come in.

"You work to-day, don't you?" says Carey.

"Yes," he says.

"I got a message for you from Cap," says Carey. "He had to go back to the hotel after the bag o' close decisions, and he wanted me to be sure and tell you to have a long talk with McGraw before the game."

"What should I talk to him about?" says Skull.

"Ask him a lot o' questions," says Carey. "He's a grand fella for a young pitcher to talk to. He'll help you a lot. Ask him what his men can hit and what they can't hit, and who's goin' to work for them. Ask him anything you can think of, and try and remember everything he tells you."

Skull got right up and went out to look for McGraw. When we was dressed and come on the field, he was over by their bench, obeyin' instructions. I don't know what Mac thought of him; probably didn't think much of anything. Mac's saw so many nuts that they don't excite him no more.

Pretty soon Skull come struttin' back to where we was.

"What'd you learn?" I ast him.

"He told me Mathewson or Marquard or Tesreau was goin' to pitch," says Skull. "Then I ast him what his men could hit and he says they can't hit nothin'. So I ast him what they couldn't hit and he says everythin'. Then he ast me what I done for my complexion and I told him I didn't do nothin' for it. And I couldn't think o' nothin' more to ask him, so I come away."

Cap Had to Send Me Over to Drag Him Away When the Game Started

Well, after a wile, Cap showed up and Carey stuck round to change the subject if Skull begun tellin' about his interview with McGraw. They wasn't nothin' said till it was time for their fieldin' practice.

"You work, Scoville," says Cap.

"All right," says Skull.

"Well, warm up with somebody," says Cap.

"I won't need much warmin' up," says Skull.

"Why not?" says Cap.

"These fellas can't hit nothin'," says Skull.

"Who told you so?" ast Cap.

"McGraw," says Skull. "He's their manager."

"Is he?" says Cap. "I thought it was George Cohan."

"No," says Skull. "It's McGraw."

"When was you talkin' with him?" ast Cap.

Then Carey horned in. "Mac was kiddin' you," he says. "He's got a good hittin' club."

"You bet he has!" says Cap. "You get that other idear out o' your head."

"What would he kid me for?" says Skull.

"Get out there and warm up!" says Cap. "McGraw's got three of 'em doin' it."

"Yes," says Skull. "He's goin' to work Mathewson or Marquard or Tesreau "

"I don't see how you can guess so good," says Cap.

"No," says Skull. "It's one o' them three."

Well, McGraw'd either been kiddin' him or he was mistaken about his own ball club. Skull didn't know which. But he knowed before he went to the shower that they could hit.

VI

SKULL pitched a one-hit game over in Philly. But he wasn't in there a whole innin'. He pitched to six men and the other five got bases on balls.

He went better up in Boston. He had two men out before Cap yanked him.

"What time can you get a train for Carolina?" says Carey.

"You goin' down there?" ast Skull.

"No," says Carey. "I thought maybe you was goin' "

"Oh, no," says Skull. "I'm gettin' more money up here."

"Did you get your pockets picked in New York?" says Carey.

"I guess not," says Skull.

"Just plain lost it, huh?" says Carey.

"Lost what?" asts Skull.

"Your control," says Carey.

"What's that?" says Skull.

"You had swell control in New York," says Carey. "You was hittin' their bats right in the middle. But the way you've went the last two games, you've got us all guessin'. We don't know whether you're goin' to hit the coacher at third base or kill a reporter. Pretty soon you'll have the field umpire wearin' a mask and protector. Is your arm sore?"

"No," says Skull.

"I didn't think it could be," says Carey, "on account o' the distance you get. But if your arm ain't sore, what's the matter?"

"Matter with who?" says Skull.

"You," says Carey. "You don't think the umpire's missin' 'em all, do you?"

"I'm wild," says Skull.

"Oh, that's it!" says Carey. "I've been puzzlin' my brains to find out what it was. But I see now; you're wild. And what do you s'pose makes you wild?"

"I can't pitch where I'm aimin'," says Skull. "I can't pitch no strikes. I keep givin' bases on balls."

"Funny I didn't think of that," says Carey. "I knowed they was somethin' the matter, but I couldn't put my finger right on it. I'll tell Cap and maybe we can get them to enlarge the plate."

"They wouldn't do that, would they?" says Skull.

"Well," says Carey, "they probably wouldn't in most o' the towns. But they can't stop us from doin' it on our own grounds. It's our own plate there, and I guess we can have any size we want to."

"But if I kept pitchin' too high or too low, the size o' the plate wouldn't make no difference," says Skull.

When we was through at Boston we made the cute little jump to St. Louis, and Carey was ridin' him all the way.

"This line," he told him, "is the one the James Boys works on. You see one o' the Jameses pitches for Boston and another pitches for St. Louis in the other league. And the ones that ain't ball players works back and forth between the two towns. Somebody has to set up all night and keep watch. I've been picked to set up the first night because I can shoot so good. To-morrow mornin' we'll draw lots to see who sets up to-morrow night. But if you got somethin' you don't want to lose you better sleep with one eye open and keep your suitcase right in the berth with you. O' course it's too late for 'em to steal your control, but they might get your fast ball and then you wouldn't have nothin' but your complexion."

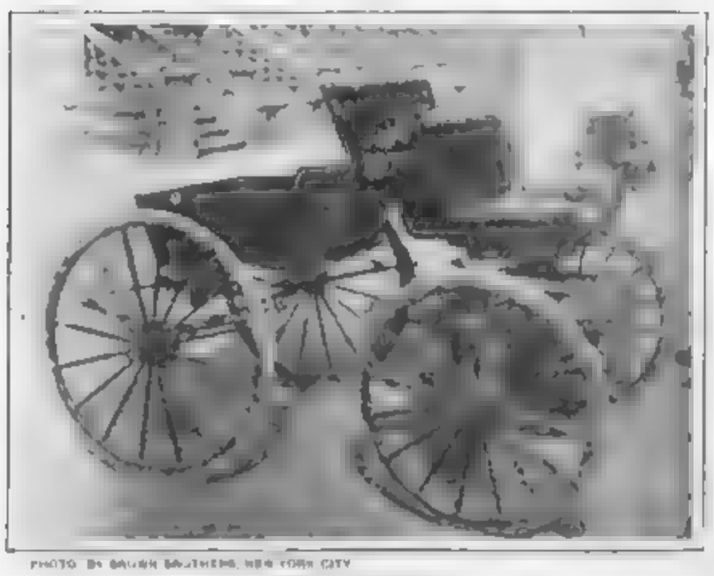
"Oh, yes, I would," says Skull. "I got a little money and a watch and some clo'es."

"Shut up!" says Carey. "Don't be boastin' o' what you got. Maybe one o' them Jameses is right in this car now. You can't never tell where they're hidin'."

Well, the next mornin' we all ast Carey what kind of a night he had and did he see anything suspicious, and

(Continued on Page 61)

Why the Auto Bubble Doesn't Burst—By James H. Collins



The Selden Car

DETROIT needed a new downtown club. Some of the business men got together to plan one. They started with the idea that three or four hundred thousand dollars would finance building and equipment; but careful reading of the future showed that the investment called for a cool million and a half.

The committee went round to other cities to see what was latest and best in clubs. The other cities ventured a word of caution when the scope of the project was explained.

"Too big for a town like Detroit to swing!" said wise counselors. "If one of your automobile kings endowed it you might get along for a while; but, remember, Detroit's present prosperity is based on a boom business. When the automobile craze dies out you'll have an elephant on your hands."

Now, if you want to get action from a Detroiter just assure him that the automobile industry is a bubble—that some day it must collapse like the bicycle business of a generation ago. That committee was made up largely of men who manufacture motor cars and motor-car parts. They went back home and got busy.

Two issues of bonds had been made to finance the new clubhouse—first mortgage and second. The half million dollars' worth of firsts could be sold to the banks; but some other way had to be found to float the six hundred thousand dollars' worth of seconds. The original idea was that the auto kings would take the seconds—the biggest auto king turned out fully one hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of cars last year. Finally, however, the committee decided that it would be better to sell this issue to the rank and file of Detroit business men in small lots, and particularly to men who would use the club. By a carefully planned campaign the whole issue was sold in a single evening; and business men of wide experience in selling declare that they have never seen anything else just like that sale.

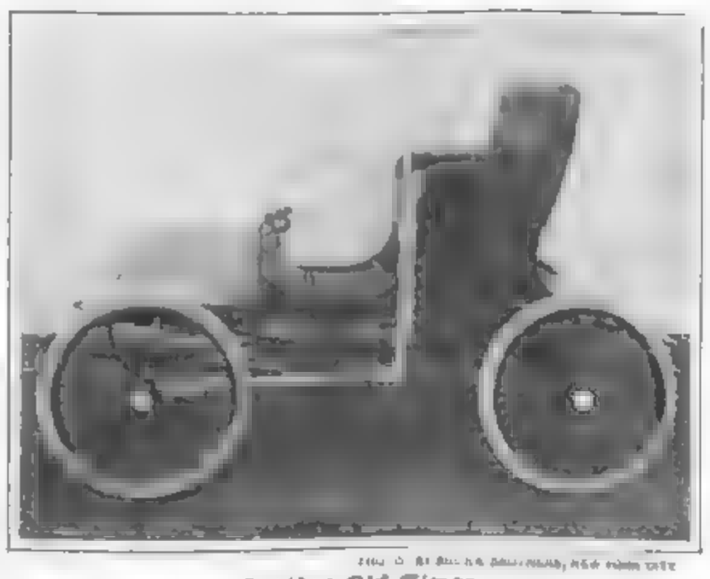
The committee wanted first to be sure the thing was feasible; so its members made a quiet canvass of the city and sold two hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds in lots of from five hundred to five thousand dollars. There were a couple of ten-thousand-dollar purchasers, but the average was one thousand. Then a big meeting of club members was called. About a thousand business men came. Ostensibly they gathered to see the plans for the new clubhouse, not a word being said about the real purpose in the minds of the committee. The architect exhibited his drawings and explained them, and everybody warmed up over the beauty, size and conveniences of the building.

The man selected to do the selling was a Detroit manufacturer who was a traveling salesman before he got into business for himself. He was not the Hurrah! type of salesman, but rather the quiet, earnest style, who is apt to make the strongest impression on a credit man or a conservative board of directors. There was no attempt to hypnotize the audience or rush it off its feet by excitement. Those bonds had not merely to be sold but to stay sold for a long term of years.

The salesman began his story in an easy tone. He outlined the committee's travels; told what had been learned about club buildings and management; showed why Detroit needed a clubhouse costing so much money; and explained the second-mortgage bond issue. He repeated what men in other cities had said about the transitory nature of the automobile business, also about philanthropic automobile kings; and he made it plain why it was necessary for club members to carry the financial burden and themselves have a money investment in their building.

Gradually the audience grew enthusiastic, and at the right moment a dozen big painted signs were brought in and ranged before the speaker. These bore the names of business men who had already bought bonds, with the amounts taken by each purchaser.

There the actual selling began. It went a bit slow at the outset, for most of the men present were either proprietors of businesses that kept their money working, or salaried men in the employ of others; but one by one they rose and took lots of from five hundred to two thousand, and as each man gave in his subscription he turned canvasser, circulating through the crowd to persuade others.



Another Old-Timer

The salesman talked steadily for three hours, holding the interest and announcing totals as new subscriptions were made. Before midnight the committee had carried out its purpose, and the meeting had become almost a revival. A thousand men, called together to look at some drawings, had without warning dug up four hundred thousand dollars. This selling feat is characteristic of Detroit, happily reflecting both the energetic swing of the auto business and the quiet confidence automobile men have in their industry.

A great many very good people are still nervous about the automobile. Sometimes a banker scolds about the vast sums of money spent yearly for gasoline buggies. Here and there an economist declares that automobiles are responsible for the present cost of living. Smith knows it is all right when he buys a car, because in his case it is a necessity; but he considers that it is pure extravagance when Jones—next door—buys one.

There is almost a perversity in automobile sales, for the public seems bound to have this new toy, or luxury, or convenience—or whatever it is to be called—in hard times as well as in prosperous. Despite the depression of last year, sales of pleasure cars showed a falling off only in the anticipated expansion, and even that loss was fully made up by larger sales of motor trucks.

The island of Porto Rico was rather poor last winter. Its sugar industry had suffered heavy tariff losses; its coffee, tobacco and fruit were hurt by war disturbances of markets; and people generally were pinched for money. Yet, for some strange reason, the people of Porto Rico went

right on buying automobiles, and this same situation existed in a thousand other American communities.

To the average man such things naturally seem paradoxical and unreasonable. They have bred a profound wonder about the automobile business. The average man does not understand it at all, but believes that some day this industry must surely blow up; so he stands back at a safe distance from it, out of range of the flying pieces.

The Detroiter, however, knows that in fifteen years the automobile business has grown from an output of a few thousand cars, worth a few hundred thousand dollars, to a production of half a million yearly, sold for four hundred million dollars. He asks why, if it be merely a transitory boom based on extravagance, the auto industry has grown right through two panics? Why it has never, as a whole, taken a backward step? When the collapse is coming anyway? How people are going to get along without automobiles?

The average man has no answers to these questions; but he doggedly repeats: "A craze! A bubble!" And the Detroiter, to express the silent depth of his belief that the auto business is real, finances a new club in one evening.

The auto business grows because the automobile has made possible one of the biggest transportation developments ever undertaken. Popular opinion still associates the automobile with the spectacular racing events that were its early advertising, and thinks of the industry chiefly in connection with the big, costly pleasure car. But the great automobile business of to-day has branched out into wholly different channels.

Porto Rico furnishes a very good illustration of present conditions. It is a mountain range thrust up out of the sea. A level coral shelf round the edge of the island makes a narrow-gauge railroad possible; but even if it prove possible to build railroads to the interior, with its great peaks and valleys, the traffic available would never yield a return on the huge investment. Travel through the interior, therefore, is wholly by highways, and the Porto Ricans keep on buying automobiles in bad times and good, because they need them to get round in their business.

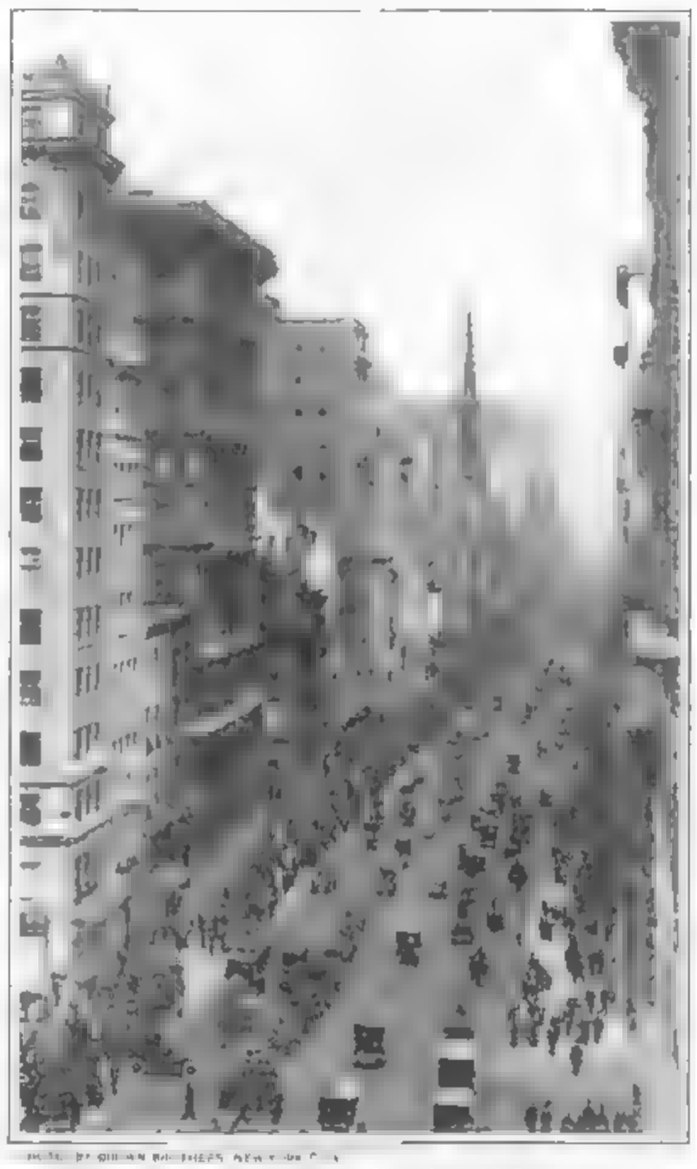
At the lowest estimate, expenditure for automobiles and accessories last year in the United States ran to four hundred million dollars. Two hundred millions more was spent for better roads. Against this outlay the financing of our first transcontinental railroads after the Civil War was a small transportation job. Congress gave a subsidy of twelve thousand eight hundred acres of land and from sixteen thousand to forty-eight thousand dollars in money for every mile of the Union Pacific. Last year's expenditure for automobiles and roads would have built the Union Pacific several times over.

We are now building between three thousand and four thousand miles of new railroad yearly, and the present capitalization of our railroads is about fifty thousand dollars a mile. The yearly investment in automobiles and highways would build twelve thousand miles of railroad.

Iowa the Motor Salesman's Paradise

WHEN auto sales are followed up, to see who really buys the cars and what is done with them, one soon discovers that the typical buyer is not a millionaire, not a bank cashier mortgaging his home to speed to bankruptcy, nor any figure of American life commonly thought of in connection with the automobile. The typical buyer is a farmer, and his purchase of a buzz wagon represents the most serious financial operation he has undertaken since he bought his farm; and he is making the investment because better transportation is vitally necessary to his business and his family.

New York State leads in the sheer number of cars owned; but when the number of cars in proportion to



New York Leads in Sheer Number of Cars Owned

population is considered the leading states are all farming states—California, Iowa, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Washington, Oregon, Kansas. Iowa is the standing wonder of the automobile business, for one car out of every ten made last year was sold there—fifty thousand cars!

Figures lately gathered in Minnesota show that, of the twenty-two thousand new cars purchased there last year, sixty-three per cent went to towns of less than three thousand population and, therefore, largely to farmers; while sales of the lowest-priced cars traced directly to farmers were fully seventy-five per cent.

All this does not represent extravagance on the part of the farmer, but the best kind of modern economy and efficiency. A five-passenger auto can now be bought for what a good team of road horses would cost plus a family surrey and harness; while the motor industry is steadily working to produce a gasoline runabout, carrying two persons, for the price of a single horse and buggy.

The horse that can be driven fifteen miles a day on the road, day after day, is a pretty good horse. It takes about three hours of a farmer's time to get that much travel out of such a means of transportation. It is slow and tedious. The horse eats as much when he is idle as when he is working, and depreciates more, if anything. A farmer's range, with horse travel, cannot be much more than five miles, and is limited practically to trips that cannot be avoided.

With an automobile, on the other hand, his range is instantly increased to at least twenty-five miles. Running round on five-mile errands can be done quickly and cheaply. A hundred loose ends in his daily work can be gathered up by automobile; he can attend demonstrations that give him better farming methods, meet his neighbors to organize for better marketing, give his family a wider range, get more social pleasure and amusement, keep his children on the farm, and broaden out in every direction. The cost is lower than by horse travel, for a dollar a day is all too little to feed and shoe one buggy horse and maintain vehicle and harness; whereas a dollar a day spent in the running of a moderate-priced auto will give thousands of miles of travel yearly.

That the farmer is finding this out for himself is shown by the proportion of our auto output he buys, and the tremendous energy and liberality with which he is building better roads. While city theorists vaguely wonder where the auto madness is going to end, the farmer is taking to gasoline as a duckling takes to water, because he knows a good thing when he sees it.

How Motors Speed Up Selling

EVEN more interesting is the way the salesman is putting his day's work on a gasoline basis. We still sell goods largely on the system devised during pioneer days, when railroads were few, merchants far from manufacturer and wholesaler, and stocks had to be laid in for several months on long credits. The salesman covering territory had to spend most of his time on trains and in country hotels. To reach customers off the railroad he did much traveling by team. Some merchants were too far away or too small to be visited at all. He saw his biggest customers perhaps three or four times a year, and his family and boss not much oftener.

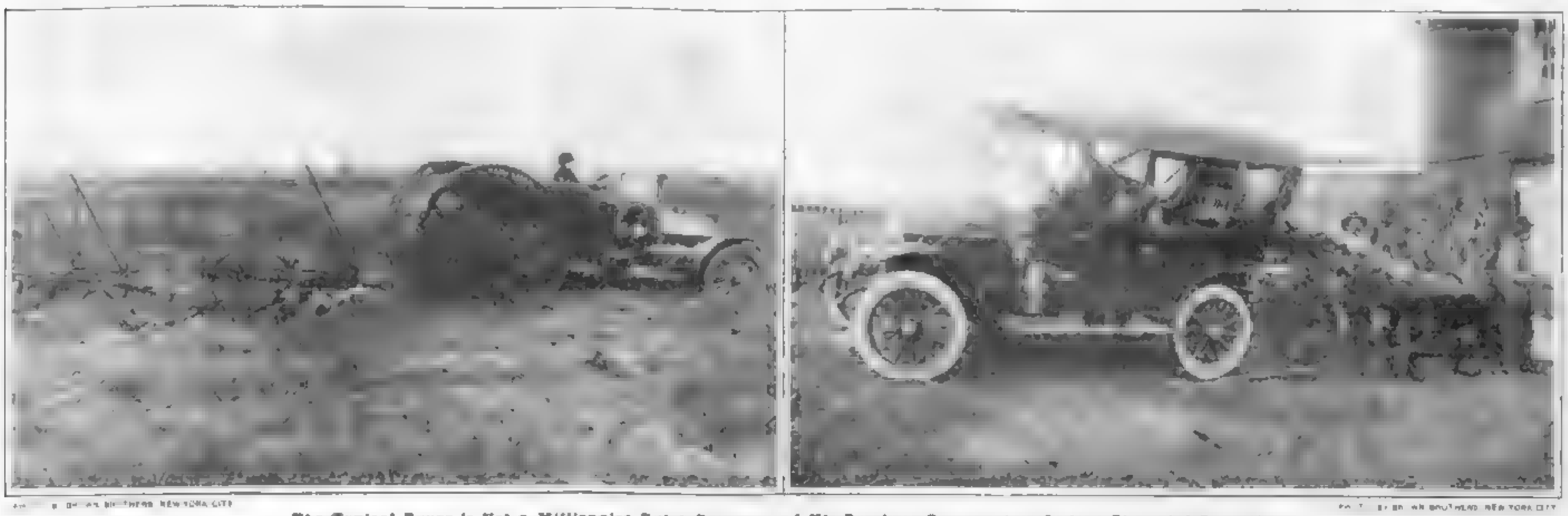
The automobile, however, is rapidly bringing about a new basis of selling and distribution. The merchant nowadays, nearer his supplies, aims to carry smaller stocks of newer goods, to be turned over more quickly. He wants better service from manufacturer, jobber and salesman; so they are getting closer and closer to the retailer. A profound reorganization of selling is now going on.

The salesman who worked territory by train and team could cover perhaps three or four large towns in a day or visit from six to a dozen country merchants. His sale was often hurried by reason of train schedules; or, after a sale had been closed, he might lose several hours in waiting to get a train to the next town.

To-day there are many large concerns with such comprehensive branch organizations that sales territory can be grouped in a new way. Instead of traveling over several states, the salesman is located in some city with a branch, or even in an interior city without one, and covers several counties by auto. He can be home with his family every night, with a little planning—or at least for week-ends. He can visit twice as many customers, stay as long as he needs to with each, leave when he is done, travel on his own schedule, carry his own sample cases, and make those close, frequent contacts with his trade that are the very life of present-day selling. And even if the organization of his house does not permit such work from a center, he can with an automobile do a great deal more work in a much larger territory than he could without one.

Not long ago a salesman compiled some figures for his territory, comparing the old way and the new. By train and team it took him twelve weeks to visit one hundred and four towns, and cost five hundred and eight dollars for fares, teams, excess baggage and cartage. In a little runabout auto, with his three-hundred-pound trunk behind him, he covered the same territory in six weeks—half the time; and the expense for running and depreciation was three hundred and seventy-eight dollars—a saving of one hundred and thirty dollars, plus six weeks' salary and hotel expenses. By auto the service given his customers was so much better that he increased his sales fifteen per cent.

In cities the auto is being used to even greater advantage for sales work and collections. The man who handles shoe

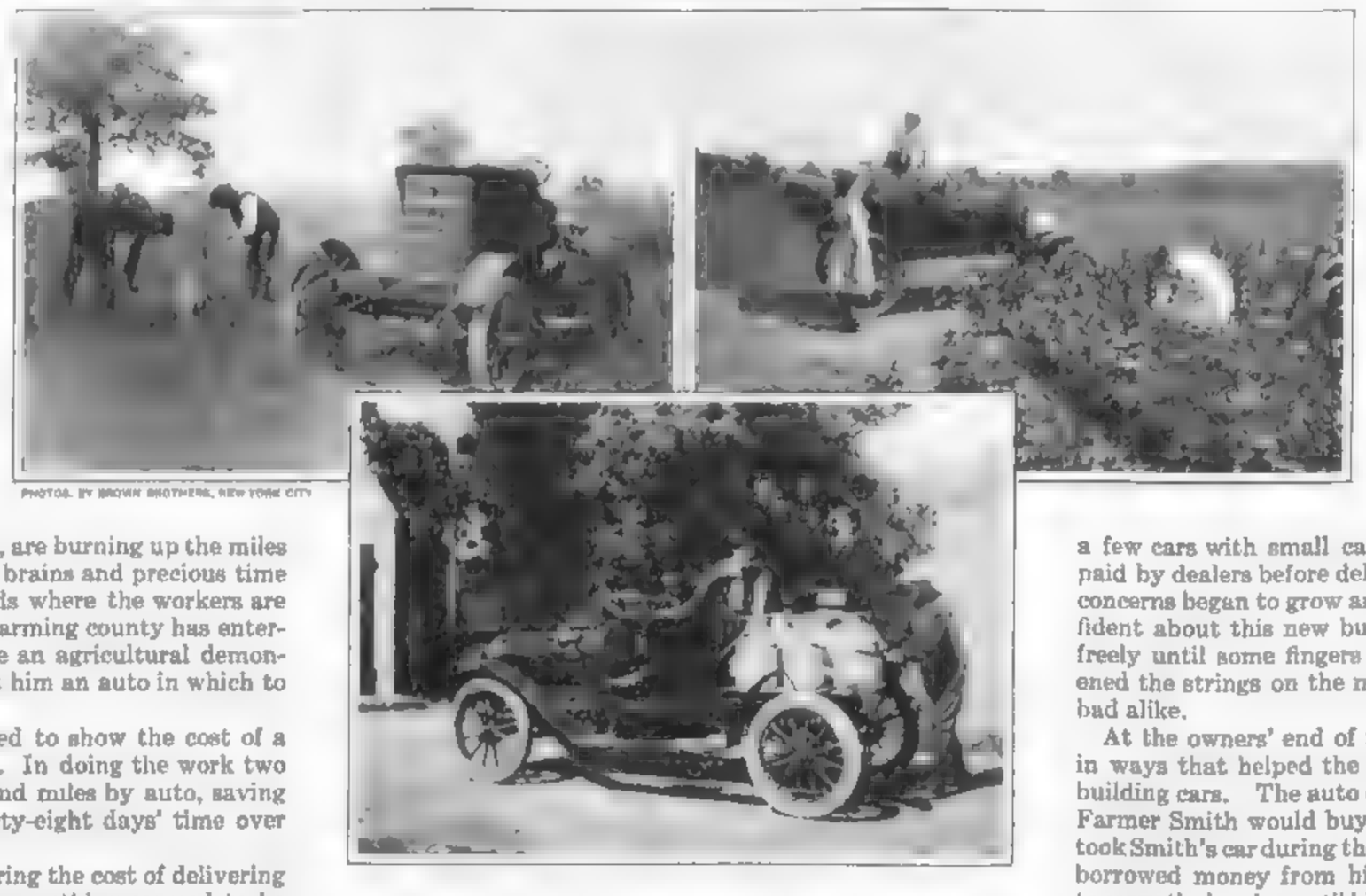


The Typical Buyer is Not a Millionaire But a Farmer, and His Purchase Represents a Serious Financial Operation

supplies over a section like that round Boston, for example, can visit twenty scattered customers in a day, covering five or six towns and from seventy-five to one hundred miles, where he could hardly do a third of the distance and work by train and trolley. There is a saving in walking and waiting, too, which means much to the salesman. As for the collector, a little gasoline runabout enables him to make from seventy-five to a hundred calls a day against about forty where he walks; and the cost of gasoline calls is less than five cents apiece—cheaper than a collection letter.

And so it goes in every line of work. The doctor's use of the automobile is commonplace now—it enables him to make more calls, earn more fees, and often save human life. The preacher is coming to a gasoline basis a little more slowly, perhaps, but just as certainly. A bishop declared recently that, of the forty-eight preachers in his territory who serve country churches, he had persuaded ten to get autos and was praying over the rest—especially one of his best young preachers, who jogs round to four meeting houses every Sunday behind an old horse. The teacher, the college professor, engineer, city and state official, and every other sort of high-class worker, are burning up the miles with gasoline; so that trained brains and precious time will yield more service in fields where the workers are too few for the demand. If a farming county has enterprise enough nowadays to hire an agricultural demonstrator, the next step is to get him an auto in which to ride round.

A Hundred Loose Ends in the Farmer's Daily Work Can be Gathered Up by Automobile



PHOTOS. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Figures were lately compiled to show the cost of a soil survey made in the West. In doing the work two scientists traveled ten thousand miles by auto, saving four hundred dollars and thirty-eight days' time over the cost of horse travel.

Figures were compiled covering the cost of delivering gas ranges in a big city, and something seemed to be wrong, because the time and travel necessary to distribute half a dozen ranges to as many different customers on a motor truck ran far above horse deliveries. This situation called for another form of gasoline vehicle—not a return to horses; for when a small, light truck was put on those deliveries, whisking the ranges to customers quickly, one at a time, costs became nominal.

Figures are being compiled everywhere, in fact, and this startling growth of the automobile industry is grounded on the most careful study of costs by men who are not in the habit of burning money for fun. They are men of a kind who can be safely trusted with the country's destinies—for the most part, men who run the country anyway. And their figures show them that gasoline multiplies their ability, strength and time. Gasoline is power, and no development in the modern world built on bigger power has ever led men astray, for that has always meant lower costs and greater earnings.

Gasoline Competing With Electricity

THEY know what they are about, and a beginning has hardly been made in farm uses of gasoline power alone. Three hundred thousand farmers bought autos last year; but there are six million farmers in the United States. Long before the industry has equipped them all with road vehicles it will have successfully opened up the vast field of the gasoline tractor for fieldwork. The possibilities in this direction offer a field for the play of imagination.

Gasoline has begun to play pranks with our city transportation. Two years ago the trolley men in one Western city saw something of this kind developing, for a private census of street traffic showed that a remarkably high percentage of all the people passing a given point were riding in autos or on motorcycles. During the past year the jitney sprang into sudden fame as a competitor of the street car, materializing first as almost any automobile that could be pressed into service to carry people moderate distances for a nickel or dime. The original jitney vehicle is probably not so serious a competitor as scared trolley men now imagine; for it is a small unit, with a very slender margin of profit to the owner, which will in time undoubtedly grow into a larger unit, like the gasoline motor omnibus.

Two things, however, promise to make gasoline a permanent competitor in city traffic:

First—The motor omnibus has the advantage in capital outlay over the trolley car, because, where the trolley company must build tracks, the omnibus company uses only the public streets. One thousand motor busses in London carry two hundred million passengers yearly—or more than all the trolley lines. Where the trolley lines cost twenty-five million dollars, however, the motor busses cost only five million.

Second There is a strong demand in this country for a better quality of street-car ride. In the city of New York new motor-bus routes are being laid out as a result of the traffic developed by one line that charges a ten-cent fare but provides a seat for every passenger. In all trolley management the development has been the other way. Public pressure for lower fares and longer rides has inevitably brought about a kind of service that really seems to be about the best the trolley man can give for the price, but that does not by any means satisfy everybody. A large portion of the public now wants to pay more fare and ride in more comfort; and in going after this new quality traffic the trolley man ought to be on a fairly even footing with gasoline.

Another big factor in gas transportation is the motor truck. It promises to keep both the auto makers and road builders busy for years.

Smith buys a touring car. Immediately he becomes clamorous for good roads. The activity of automobile owners and makers in road promotion has led to a popular notion that the demand is for motor speedways for passenger travel; but the real demand is for highways over which freight can be hauled by gasoline vehicles, and the modern road builder is bending every energy to have roads financed and constructed on a heavy-freight basis.

As an illustration, citrus fruit comes long distances by rail and sea to the New York produce market. Dealers in Newark, only a few miles over in Jersey, find railroad freight service slow and costly on such a short haul; and if the railroad alone were depended on for hauling Newark would consume a limited amount of fruit. Where, however, oranges and lemons can be loaded on five-ton motor trucks in New York almost as soon as the auctioneer knocks the fruit down to a Newark bidder, and hurried across the river and meadows, Newark gets fruit more cheaply and in better condition, saves two teamhauls to and from the railroad, and has so much more flexibility all round that consumption of fruit is greatly increased.

Back in the groves of Florida and California there will be found the same demand for freight roads and motor hauling to get fruit from tree to railroad. Gasoline cuts the hauling costs, saves delay and handling that cause spoiling in transit, and opens up new growing districts farther back in the country.

In England the motor truck has become a serious competitor of the railroads for short-haul traffic, and the same tendency is apparent here. The railroad man who remembers the trolley car as a competitor for passengers—and, later, freight—will be apt not to lose much sleep over this new competitor; for he knows that gasoline is distinctly a short-haul rival for both freight and passengers, and that its short-haul business is steadily creating new long-haul traffic for him.

There are fully two million automobiles in the United States to-day, and there will be two and a half million by the end of this year. All the rest of the world put together has less than three-quarters of a million. One manufacturer of small cars in Detroit is said to be figuring on an output of at least half a million next year, and may boost his output to three-quarters of a million, just for luck.

This involves some interesting finance, both for the manufacturer who makes the car and the man who buys it. Five thousand cars a year is not a very large output as the industry goes nowadays, and one thousand dollars is a fair average price for an average car. If the auto business ran at an even level the year round it would be easy to build five million dollars' worth of cars on moderate capital; but the auto business is one with a very high seasonal peak. Most of the sales are made in the spring and summer months, and the manufacturer must build cars through the winter and finance them in some way against May demand. Add the yearly growth of his business, which may be five thousand cars more, and it will be seen that the auto industry requires lots of capital.

This capital has to come from the bankers. At the outset of the business bankers were disposed to hold off and round Detroit all sorts of automobile companies were financed in all sorts of ways. Two or three men would organize an automobile company and float it on a set of blueprints.

Most of them blew up, of course; but some succeeded—there are stories of now-prosperous concerns that started building a few cars with small capital and the advance money paid by dealers before delivery. The really sound auto concerns began to grow amazingly. Bankers grew confident about this new business and put money into it freely until some fingers were burnt; then they tightened the strings on the moneybags again to good and bad alike.

At the owners' end of the line finance was managed in ways that helped the manufacturer find capital for building cars. The auto dealer in Jonesboro knew that Farmer Smith would buy a car from him in April. He took Smith's car during the winter, partly paid for it, and borrowed money from his local bank on unsold stock to carry the burden until his selling season opened. When Smith took the car perhaps he could not pay for it wholly in cash; so he gave his note for half the price, running until harvest, and this note was discounted at the local bank.

Motor-Car Financing

NATURALLY there were both sheep and goats at this end of the line too. Some dealers developed as solid business men, but others did not. Some cars gave satisfaction and were sound collateral for loans, while others lasted hardly one season.

Makers of parts and accessories have played an important part in financing the industry; for they have sold axles, engines, bodies and every sort of unit to manufacturers on credit. The accessory man has in some ways the best credit information on the auto business, for no maker of cars buys more bodies or rear axles than he really needs; and so the accessory man knows exactly what everybody is turning out.

To-day the capital investment in automobiles of many a farming community is so large that the manufacturers are working with country bankers to ease the burden. Farmer Smith's purchase of an auto in April brings in notes that send the banker's cash speeding to the big automobile king in Detroit. The banker now has the credit situation well in hand. He lends money on a good automobile and a good note. The dealer and Farmer Smith are both responsible men. The amount of the loan is conservative. He knows that Smith needs a car—that it will make a better farmer of him, increase real-estate values in the neighborhood, and crops. In short, Smith's automobile is another necessary public improvement, like schools or roads, and must be financed; yet the investment involves a strain on banking resources.

In the spring the banker finds his balance taking wings and speeding away to Detroit and other cities where the automobiles come from; so he is learning to make arrangements with the automobile manufacturers to have some of this money come back in the form of deposits. Some of the automobile kings of Detroit are now placing money with country banks at three and four per cent to ease the burden of finance while the community is rising to a gasoline-power basis, and thus stabilize their industry and facilitate sales.

That the automobile is not a passing craze may be shown in one more concrete illustration: Figured as power to do work, it can be compared with the horse power of our factories. To-day the total primary horse power in our factories is about twenty million. The yearly increase is about one million. As against this the total horse power of

(Continued on Page 44)

THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"Good for Me! Who Cares if I Go to the Dogs!"

XXII

MRS. SHERWOOD was completely right. Keith had seen Mrs. Morrell. The glamour had fallen from her at a touch. He did not in the least understand how this had happened, and considered that it was his own fault. Mrs. Morrell had not changed in the least; but he had somehow. He looked upon himself as fickle, disloyal, altogether despicable. Yet for the life of him he could not breathe up the slightest spark of enthusiasm for musical evenings, Sunday-night suppers, or week-end excursions into the country. They had fallen dead to his taste; and with the sudden revolt to which such temperaments as his are subject, he could not bear even the thought of them without a feeling of incipient boredom. The blow administered to his self-respect put him quite out of conceit with himself and the world in general. If he had followed his natural instinct he would have instanter thrown all the Morrell episode overboard, bag and baggage.

But that was, of course, impossible. Keith felt his obligations. He was a man of honor. He had respect for the feelings of others. He could not make friendly people the victims of his own outrageous freaks. That was out of the question.

Mrs. Morrell sent for him. She had been puzzled by the episode of the evening before. It would have been absolutely incredible to her that a hundred words from a woman who was not her rival could have destroyed her influence over this man. She had considerable knowledge of men, and she had played her cards carefully. But she realized that something was the matter; and she thought that the time had come to use the power she had gained. A note dispatched by the Chinaman would do.

Keith obeyed the summons. He knew himself well enough to realize that the intimacy, such as it was, must come to a pretty abrupt termination. Otherwise he would shortly get very bored; and when he got very bored he became, in spite of himself, reserved and self-contained to the point of rudeness. For the very reason that he saw thus clearly his conscience was smiting him hard. Mrs. Morrell had done nothing to deserve this treatment. He was a dastard, a coward, ashamed of himself. If she wanted to see him it was her due that he obey her summons promptly. He went with the vague idea of making amends by doing whatever she seemed to require—for this once.

She entered the dim sitting room clad in a flowing silken negligee, which she excused on the ground of laziness.

"I'm still a little tired from last night," she said with a laugh.

The soft material and informal cut clung to and defined the lines of her figure, showing to special advantage the long sweep of her hips, the pliancy of her waist, the swell of her fine bust. A soft lilac color set off the glint of her fair hair. She was, in fact, feeling a little languid from the reaction of the ball, and in a sudden rush of emotion she admired Keith's crisp freshness. Her eyes swam a little and her breast heaved.

But the preliminary conversation went by jerks. Keith answered her advances with an effort toward ease and cordiality, but with a guarded, unnatural manner that sent a sudden premonitory chill to the woman's heart. Her instinct warned her. As the minutes passed her uneasiness grew to the point of fear. Was she losing him? Why? This was no time for ordinary methods.

She arose and went to sit by his side.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Why are you acting in this manner? What have I done?"

"I'm not. You haven't done anything, of course."

She suddenly leaned forward, looking into his eyes, projecting all the force of her magnetism. She had before seen him respond to her tentative, mischievous advances.

"Kiss me," she breathed.

Poor Keith was having a miserable enough time. He clung to his first thought, that this evening was her due, that he was in some way bound, in ending everything, to pay whatever coin he had left. He obeyed her, touching her lips lightly and coldly with his own. Never was chaster caress bestowed on melting mood!

She flung him violently aside, her face writhing and contorted with fury. She was enlightened completely, as she could have been enlightened in no other manner.

"You can go!" she cried hoarsely. "Get out! Don't dare enter this house again!"

He made some sort of spiritless, feeble protest, trying his best to put some convincing quality into it. But she did not even listen. The ungoverned tiger-cat part of her nature was in the ascendant, the fierce pride of the woman living near the edge of the half-world. She would gladly have killed him. The conversation was abruptly terminated by the unexpected entrance of Morrell. He sauntered in, apparently unconcerned, but his eye held a queer gleam. Shortly Keith left, very confused, bewildered, miserable. Morrell turned upon his wife.

"I saw, you know," he told her.

"Saw what?" she snapped.

"Him kiss you," rejoined Morrell coolly.

"Much I care—or you, for that matter," she rejoined.

Keith had left behind him two enemies, one bitter, the other cold.

XXIII

INCOMPLETE revulsion Keith scuttled the frivolous world of women. As he expressed it, he was sick of women; they made him tired. Too much fuss trying to keep even with their vagaries. A man liked something he could bite on. He plunged with all the enthusiasm and energy of his vivid personality into his business deal of the water lots and into the fascinating downtown life of the pioneer city.

The mere fact that he had ended that asinine Morrell affair somehow made him think he had made it all up to Nan, and he settled back tacitly and without further preliminaries into what his mood considered a most satisfactory domestic basis. That is, he took his home and his home life for granted. It was there when he needed it. He admired Nan greatly, supplied her with plenty of money, and took her to places when he could get the time. Some day, when things were not quite so lively, they would go somewhere together. In the meantime he never failed to ask her every evening if she had enjoyed herself that day, and she never failed to reply that she had. Everything was most comfortable.

After the Firemen's Ball, Nan, somehow relieved of any definite uneasiness, felt that she should be made much of, should be a little wooed, that Keith should make up a little for having been somewhat of a naughty boy. When, instead, she was left more alone than before, she was hurt and depressed. Of course Milton did not realize, but what was there for her? Wing Sam ran the house; she worked a good deal in the garden, assisted by Gringo. Probably at no time in modern history have wives been left so much alone and so free as during this period. The man's world was so absorbing; the woman's so empty.

Ben Sansome dropped in quite often. He was always amusing, always agreeable, interested in all sorts of things; ready to give his undivided attention to any sort of a problem, no matter how trivial; to consider it attentively; and to find for it a fair-and-square, deliberate solution. This is exceedingly comforting to the feminine mind. He taught Gringo not to "jump up"; he found out what was the matter with the Gold of Ophir cutting; he discovered and took her to see just the shade of hangings she had long sought for the blue room. Within a very short time he had established himself on the footing of the casual old-times caller, happening by, dropping in, commenting and advising detachedly, drifting on again before his little visit had assumed rememberable proportions. He had always the air of just leaning over the fence for a moment's chat, yet he contrived to spend the most of an afternoon. He spoke of Keith often, always in affectionate terms, as of a sort of pal, much as though he and Nan both owned him, he of course in a lesser degree.

One afternoon, after he had actually been digging away at a bulb bed for half an hour, Nan suggested that he come in for refreshment. Gradually this became a habit. Sansome and Nan sat cozily either side of the little Chinese tea table. He visibly luxuriated.

"You don't know what a privilege this is for me, for any lonesome bachelor in this crude city, to have a home like this to come to occasionally."

He hinted at his situation, but made of its details a dark mystery. The final impression was one of surface lightness and gayety, but of inner sadness.

"It is a terrible city for a man without an anchor!" he said. "Keith is a lucky fellow! If I only had someone, as he has, I might amount to something." A gesture implied what a discouraged butterfly he really was.

"You ought to marry," said Nan.

"Marry!" he cried. "Dear lady, whom? Where in this awful mixture they call society could one find a woman to marry?"

"There are plenty of nice women here," chided Nan.

"Yes, and all of them taken by luckier fellows! You wouldn't have me marry Sally Warner, would you, or any of the other half-dozen Sally Warners? I might as well marry a gas chandelier, a grand piano and a code of immorals—but the standard of such women is so different from the standard of women like yourself."

Nan might pertinently have inquired what Ben Sansome did in this galley anyhow; but so cold-blooded and direct an attack would have required a cool detachment incompatible with his dark good looks, his winning, appealing manners, his thoughtfulness in little things, his almost helpless reliance on her sympathy. In other words, it presupposed a rather cynical, elderly person. And Nan was young, romantic, easily stirred.

"All you need is to believe in yourself a little more," she said earnestly and prettily. "Why don't you undertake something instead of drifting? Some of the people you go with are not especially good for you, do you think so?"

"Good for me!" He laughed bitterly. "Who cares if I go to the dogs! They'd rather like me to; it would keep them company! And I don't know that I care much myself!" he muttered in a lower tone.

She leaned forward distressed, her eyes shining with expostulation. "You mustn't hold yourself so low," she told him vehemently; "you mustn't! There are a great many people who believe in you. For their sakes you should try. If you would only be just a little bit serious—in regard to yourself, I mean. A guy life is all very well ——"

"Gay!" he interrupted, then caught himself. "Yes, I suppose I do seem gay—I try not to cry out—but really sometimes I'm near to ending it all ——"

She was excited to a panic of negation.

"Oh, no, no!" she expostulated vehemently.

"Egad, she's stunning when she's aroused!" thought Sansome.

"You mustn't talk like that! It isn't fair to yourself; it isn't fair to your manhood! Oh, how you do need someone to pull you up! If I could only help!"

He raised his head and looked directly at her, his dark, melancholy eyes lighting slowly.

"You have helped, you are helping," he murmured. "I suppose I have been weak and a coward. I will try."

"That's right; I am so glad," she said, glowing with sweetness and a desire to aid. "Now you must turn over a new leaf"—she hesitated—"every way, I mean," she added with a little blush.

"I know I drink more than I ought," he supplied in accents of regret.

"Don't you suppose you could do without?" she begged very gently.

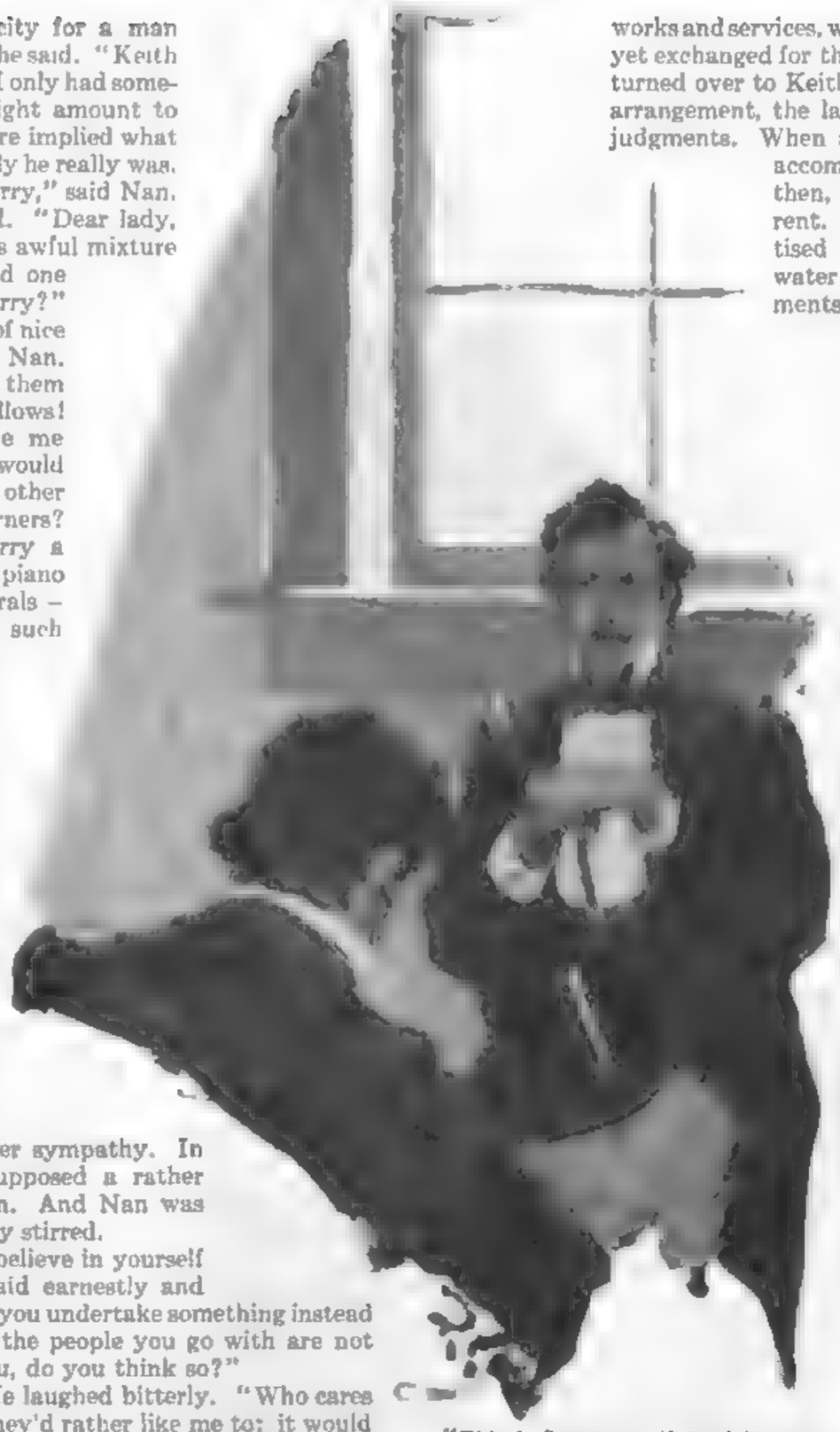
"Will you help me?" He turned on her quickly; then, his delicate instincts perceiving a faint, instinctive recoil at his advance, he added: "Just let me come here occasionally into this quiet atmosphere, when it gets too hard and I can see no light, just to get your help—the strength I shall need to tide me over."

He looked very handsome and romantic and young. He was apparently very deeply in earnest. Nan experienced a rush of pity, of protective, maternal emotion.

"Yes, do come," she assented softly.

XXIV

ALL this time Keith was busy every minute of the day. The water-lot matter was absorbing all his attention. By means of skillful and secret agents Neil had acquired a great deal of scrip issued by the city for various public works and services, which the holders had not yet exchanged for the new bonds. These he turned over to Keith. Very quietly, by prearrangement, the latter sued and obtained judgments. When all this had been fully accomplished, and not before then, the veil of secrecy was rent. Rowlee's paper advertised a forthcoming sale of water lots to satisfy the judgments against the city.



"This is Blackmail," Said Keith Without Excitement

Then followed for Keith an anxious period of three days. But at the end of that time the commissioners issued a signed warning that the titles conveyed by this sale would not be considered legal. On seeing this Keith at once rushed round to Neil's office.

"Here it is," he announced jubilantly. "They held off so long that I began to be afraid they did not intend to play our game for us. But it's all right."

The matter was widely discussed; but next morning placards bearing the text of the commissioners' warning were posted on every blank wall in town and distributed as dodgers. These were attributed by the public to zeal on the part of those officials; but the commissioners knew nothing about it.

"Some anonymous friend of the city must have done it," Hooper told his friends; and added: "We are delighted!"

The unknown friend was Malcolm Neil himself.

This warning had its effect. As Keith had predicted, nobody cared to put good money into what was officially and authoritatively announced as a bad title. At the sheriff's sale there were no bona-fide bidders except the secret agents of Malcolm Neil. The sheriff's titles, such as they were, went for a song. Immediately the ostensible purchasers were personally warned by the commission; but they seemed satisfied.

So matters rested until a little later the commissioners inserted in all the papers the customary legal advertisements, setting forth a sale by them, under the state law, of these same water lots to satisfy the interest and fill the sinking fund for the bonds. The next morning appeared a statement signed by all the ostensible purchasers under the sheriff's sale. This stated clearly and succinctly the intention to contest any titles given by the commissioners, even to the highest courts. This was marked "advt," to indicate the newspapers' neutrality in the matter.

Rowlee commented on the situation editorially. He took the righteous and indignant attitude, expressing extreme journalistic horror that such a hold-up should be possible in a modern, civilized community, hurling editorial contempt on the dastardly robbers who were thus intending to shake down the innocent purchasers, and so on. In fact he laid it on thick. But he managed to insinuate a doubt. Between the lines the least astute reader could read Rowlee's belief that perhaps these first purchasers might have a case, iniquitous but legal. He hammered away at this for a week. By the end of that time he had by the most effective indirect methods—purporting all the time to be attacking the signers of the warning—succeeded in instilling into the public mind a substantial distrust of the stability of the titles to be conveyed at the commissioners' sale.

Malcolm Neil complimented him highly at their final and secret interview.

Again Keith's predictions were fulfilled to the letter. Nobody wanted to buy a lawsuit. There were a few bidders, it is true, but they were faint-hearted. Another set of Malcolm's secret agents bid all the lots in at a nominal figure. That very afternoon they all met in Neil's stuffy little back office. Keith had the deeds prepared. All that was necessary was to affix the signatures. The purchasers under both sales conveyed their rights to Neil and Keith. The latter now possessed uncontested and incontestable title.

XXV

HAVING personally delivered the deeds to the recorder's office Keith went home. In the relief from pressure, the triumph and the exaltation, his instinct carried him to the real background of his life, his deep but preoccupied affection for Nan. The constraint, that had been so real to her, had never been anything but nebulous to him.

He burst into the house, capered about the room boyishly, seized her and waltzed her gayly about. Quite taken by surprise, Nan's first thought was that he had been drinking too much; so quite naturally she failed to rise instantly to the occasion.

"Stop it, Milton!" she cried. "What has got into you! You're tearing me to ribbons!"

He laughed heartily.

"You must think I'm crazy," he acknowledged. "Sit down here and learn what a great man your husband is."

He poured out the story of the transaction, omitting no details of the clever schemes by which it had been worked. He was above all proud of his legal address and acumen—there was something in Eastern training after all. This opportunity lay right under their noses, but none of them saw it until he came along and picked it up.

"And there are some pretty smart men out here, too, let me tell you that," he added. "They're from all parts of the world, and they've had a hard, practical education; their eye-teeth are cut!"

His egotism over being keener than the acknowledged big men was very fresh and charming. The money gained he mentioned as an afterthought, only when the other aspect of the situation had been exhausted.

"The cold, hard dollars are pretty welcome just now," he told her. "There's about a quarter of a million in those lots, and we can realize on all or part of them at any time. All came out of here!" He tapped his forehead, and paused in his rapid pacing to and fro to look down at her in the easy-chair. "We are well off now. We needn't scrimp and save." It did not for the moment occur to him that they had not been doing so. "I'm going to get you eight new gowns, and twelve new hats, and a bushel of diamonds ——"

"I'm glad, very glad!" she cried, catching his enthusiasm, her mind for the first time occupying itself seriously with the mechanism of the deal. At first when he had been explaining she had not thrown off the impression that he had been drinking, and so had paid little attention to his explanations. "It sounds like magic. Tell me again—how you did it."

Nothing loath he went over it again, making clear the double clouding of the titles.

But Nan, being much alone, had the habit, shared with few women of that time, of reading the newspapers. She had followed Rowlee's campaign and she had taken seriously the editor's diatribes. Rowlee had been talking for effect. The ideals of ultimate civic honesty were yet fifty years in the future, but in his expediences he had stumbled on their principle. Nan's mind, untrained in any business ethics, caught them; and her sure natural instincts had accepted their essential justice. In recognizing Milton's connection as promoter with just this deal, she was suddenly called upon to make adjustments for which there was no time. She knew Milton would do nothing wrong; and yet—he was waiting in triumph for her response.

"It was very clever. And yet somehow it doesn't sound right," she puzzled. "Are you sure it's honest?"

"Honest!" he snorted, halted in mid-career. "Of course it's honest! Why isn't it honest?"

Confronted with the direct question she really did not know. She groped, proffering tentatively some of the arguments, half-remembered, from Rowlee's editorial columns. But she confronted now a lawyer sure of himself. Keith explosively and contemptuously demolished her contentions. Everything was absolutely legal, every step of it. If a man hadn't a right to buy in property at any sale and sell it again where he wanted, where in thunder was our boasted liberty? Just the kind of fool notion women get! Keith in his honest pride and triumph had come for sympathy and admiration. Turned back on himself he became vaguely resentful, and shortly left the house.

Hardly had the front door closed after him than Nan burst into tears. She had not meant it to come out that way at all. Of course she had had no real thought that Milton would do anything dishonest; how absurd of him to take it that way! She had simply expressed a queer, instinctive thought that had flashed across her mind; and now she could not for the life of her guess how she had come to do so. Miserably and passionately she realized that she had bungled it.

XXVI

BUT if Keith missed the appreciation of his triumph at home, he received full meed of it downtown. In a corner of the Empire a dozen of the biggest men in town were gathered. There were Sam Brannan; Palmer, of Palmer,

Cook & Co.; Colonel E. D. Baker, the original "silver-tongued orator"; Dick Blatchford, the contractor; Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court; oily, coarse Ned McGowan; Nugent and Rowlee, editors, and some others. They were doing an exceedingly important part of their daily business, sipping their late-afternoon cocktails. Calhoun Bennett joined them.

"Little item of news to interest you fellows," drawled the Southerner. "I've just come down from the recorder's office. The deeds for the water lots have just been recorded."

He paused.

"Have a drink, Cal," urged Dick Blatchford, "and sit down. What of it?"

"They were recorded in the names of Malcolm Neil and young Keith. I'll have a cocktail."

"That so? Pretty shaky title. Which sale did they record under?"

"Both!" said Bennett.

He stood until he saw that the significance of this had soaked in, then he drew out a chair and sat down.

"Pretty slick!" said Ned McGowan. "Wonder some of us didn't think of that! I suppose they went round and scared the purchasers until they got them pretty cheap. Trust old Neil to drive a bargain!"

But Palmer, the banker, who had been thinking, here spoke up: "The purchasers were undoubtedly their agents," he surmised quietly.

"By gad, you're right!" cried Terry. "Old Malcolm is certainly the devil without a tail!"

"Speak of him and you get him," remarked Colonel Baker, pointing out Neil, who had just entered.

They raised a shout at him, until finally the old man reluctantly and crabbedly sidled over to join them.

"Kiss Me," She Breathed

"You're discovered, old fox!" cried Terry. "And the outraged dignity of the law demands a drink."

They plied him with half-facetious, half-envious congratulations. But Neil would have none of them.

"Not my scheme," he growled. "Entirely Keith's. I'm a sleeping partner only. He engineered it all, thought of it all, dragged me in."

"You must have made a good thing out of it, Mr. Neil," suggested Palmer respectfully.

The formidable old man eyed the speaker grumpily for a moment.

"About a quarter million, cool, between us," he vouchsafed finally. He was for some reason willing to brag a bit.

This statement was received in admiring silence by all but Terry. Everybody but that devil-may-care and lawless pillar of the law was afraid of Neil. But Terry would joke with anybody.

"I hope you're going to let him have a little of it, Neil," he laughed.

The old man shifted his eyes from Palmer to Terry, with much the air of restraining heavy guns. Terry met the impact untroubled.

"Judge," grunted the financier at last, "that young man will get his due share. He has tied me up in a contract that even your honored court would find difficulty in breaking."

With this parting shot he arose and stumped out.

"If Malcolm Neil acknowledges he is tied up," observed Terry, who had not been in the slightest degree disturbed, "he is certainly tied up!"

"Consider the man who tied him," begged Colonel Baker. "He must, in the language of the poets, be a lallapaloozer."

"He's worth getting hold of," said Dick Blatchford.

Therefore, when a little later Keith appeared, he was hailed jovially and invited to drink. Everybody was very cordial. Within five minutes he was on hail terms with them all, joking with the most august of them on a footing of equality. Judge Terry, in whose court he had stood abushed, plied him with cocktails; Colonel Baker told several stories, one of which was new; Sam Brannan, with the mixture of coarseness, overbearing manners and fascination that made him personally attractive to men and some women, called him "my boy," and the rest of the party had whole-heartedly taken him in and were treating him as one of themselves.

Keith had known all these men, of course, but they had been several cuts above him in importance, and his relations with most of them had been formal. His whole being glowed and expanded. After the first cocktail or two, and after a little of this grateful petting, he had a little difficulty not to get too expansive, to hold himself down to becoming modesty, not to talk too much. He quite realized the meaning of this sudden cordiality; but he welcomed it as another indorsement, from the highest, most unimpeachable sources, of his cleverness and legal acumen.

They drank and talked until twilight; then Keith began to make his excuses. They shouted him down.

"You're going to dinner with us, my son," stated Brannan. "They've opened an oyster palace down the street and we're going to sample it."

"But my wife ——" began Keith.

"Permit me," interrupted Terry. "I am about to dispatch a messenger to Mrs. Terry, and shall be pleased to instruct him to call at your mansion also."

It was so arranged. Immediately they adjourned to the new oyster palace, a very gaudy white-and-gilt monstrosity, with mirrors and negro minstrels. There were small private rooms, it seemed, and one of these was bespoken from the smiling manager, flattered at the patronage of these substantial men.

San Francisco lived high in those days. It could pay, and for pay the best will go anywhere. The dinner was quite perfect. There were more cocktails and champagne. Under the influence of good fellowship and drinks Keith was finally prevailed upon to give the details of the whole transaction. Perhaps this was a little indiscreet, but he was carried away by the occasion. The noisy crowd suddenly became quiet and listened with the deepest attention. When Keith had finished there ensued a short silence. Then Judge Terry delivered his opinion.

"Sound as a dollar," he pronounced at last. "Not a hole in it. Is that your opinion, Colonel Baker?"

"Clever piece of work," nodded the orator gravely.

After this interim of sobriety the dinner proceeded more and more noisily. The drink affected the different men in different ways. A flush appeared high on the cheekbones of Terry's lean face, and an added dignity in his courtly manner. Brannan became louder and more positive. On Blatchford his potations had no appreciable effect, except that his round face grew redder. Ned McGowan dropped even his veneer of good breeding, became foul-mouthed and profane, full of unpublishable reminiscences to which nobody paid any particular attention. Calhoun Bennett's speech became softer, more deliberate, more consciously Southern. Keith, who was really most unaccustomed to the heavy drinking then in vogue, was filled with a warm and friendly feeling toward everybody. His thoughts were a bit vague and he had difficulty in focusing his mind. The lights were very bright and the room warm.

"Hullo, Milt!"

Suddenly they were all in the open air under the stars. There seemed to have been an unexplained interim. Everybody was smoking a cigar. Keith was tugging at his pocket and expostulating something about payment, something to do with the dinner. Evidently some part of him had gone on talking and thinking. The fresh air brought him back to the command. Various suggestions were being proffered. Blatchford was for hiring rigs and driving out to the Mission; Calhoun Bennett suggested the El Dorado; but Sam Brannan's bull voice decided them.

"I'm going to Belle's!" he roared, and at once started off up the street. The idea was received with acclamation. They straggled up the street toward the residential portion of town, while Keith turned toward home.

XXVII

NEXT morning Keith confessed to himself that he had a bit of a head, and that perhaps he had made somewhat of a fool of himself.

In this frame of mind he started downtown rather late. On the street he met many of his friends. A good many of them chaffed him good-naturedly about the night before. By the time he reached his office he was feeling much better. Things were assuming more of an everyday, comfortable aspect. He had not been seated ten minutes before Dick Blatchford drifted in, smoking a black cigar that gave Keith a slight qualmish feeling. Dick seemed quite unaffected by the evening before.

"Hullo, Milt!" he boomed, rolling his heavy form into a chair, his round red face beaming. "How's the wild Injin this morning? Say, you're a peach when you get started! No, you needn't deny it, wasn't I there?" He shook his head, chuckling fatly. "Look here," he went on, "I'm busy this morning—got to get down to North Beach to see Harry Meigs—and I guess you are." He tossed over a package of papers that he produced from an inside pocket. "Look those over at your leisure. I think we better sue the sons of guns. Let me know what you think." He fished about in a tight-drawn waistcoat pocket with a chubby thumb and forefinger, pulled out a strip of paper, and flipped it to Keith as casually as though it were a cigarette paper. "There's a little something as a retainer," said he. "Well, be good!"

After he had lumbered out Keith examined the check. It was for one thousand dollars. If anything were needed to restore his entire confidence in himself this retainer would have sufficed. The little spree was regrettable, of course, but it had brought him a client, and a good one.

Two days later Keith, who now had reason to spend more time in his office, received another and less welcome visitor. This was Morrell. The young Englishman, his clean-cut face composed to wooden immobility, his too-close-set eyes squinting watchfully, came in as though on a social call.

"Just dropped round to look at your diggin's," he told the surprised Keith. "Not badly fixed here; good light and all."

He accepted a cigar and sat for some moments, his hat and stick carefully disposed on his knees.

"Look here, Keith," he broke into a desultory chat, after a few minutes, "deucedly awkward and all that, of course, but I've been wondering whether you would be willing to tide me over—remittances late, and all that sort of thing. Stony for the moment. Everything lovely when the mails arrive. Neighbors—see a lot of each other—and that sort, you know."

Keith was totally unprepared for this, and floundered. Morrell, watching him calmly, went on:

"Of course I wouldn't think of coming to you, old chap—plenty of people glad to bank for me temporarily—but I wanted you to know just how we stand—Mrs. Morrell and I—that we feel friendly to you, and all that sort of thing, you know. You can rely on us—no uneasiness, you know."

"Why, that's very kind of you," returned Keith, puzzled.

(Continued on Page 53)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada: By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union: Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

How War Costs

DIRECT cost of the first year of war exceeded fifteen billion dollars. A second year will quite certainly cost more. Reading of such enormous figures, we commonly think of war as making great inroads on the accumulated wealth of the past and levying prodigally on wealth to be created in the future; but, broadly speaking, war does neither.

More than a year of fighting has destroyed comparatively little wealth that existed prior to August, 1914. Louvain and Rheims have been mostly ruined; some ships have been sunk; some villages burned. But this destruction of real property, considering that the burden is spread over nearly all Europe, is perhaps not a greater loss than the San Francisco fire was to the United States.

Whatever else war consumes is produced during the course of the war. All the food, clothing, ammunition, and so on, that the armies are now using was produced in the last year and a half. Almost everything the armies use in the second year of war will have been produced since hostilities began.

Nor, literally speaking, can war live on the future. A government may borrow money on thirty-year bonds, but it cannot feed an army on next year's wheat or clothe it on next year's output of the factories. Whatever an extended war consumes must be produced while the war goes on.

The big loss, of course, is in human life and in the diversion of capital and labor, for the time being, from productive ends.

The Control of the Crops

HOW little war interfered with agriculture is indicated by the London estimate that Europe, this year, is harvesting two hundred million bushels more wheat than last year—while production in North America and other important wheat regions increased three hundred million bushels. So, even with Russia's surplus bottled up behind the Dardanelles, there should be an abundance of the staff of life. Moreover, wheat is now controlled to an extent that would have made any of Chicago's famous adventurers in that line gasp with amazement. In Germany, of course, government control is absolute.

The other day there was a spasm in the pit on cancellation of engagements of American wheat for export, because the Italian Government had intimated that expectations of speculative profits on wheat exported to that country were going to be disappointed. In France and England the market is in the shadow of the government's hand. As the business of war is more and more systematized, and as the principle of government control coincidentally extends, it would not be surprising if this year should see a little combination in restraint of trade among the allied governments for the purpose of holding a brake on the price of various imports.

In the same line the Allies have decided that cotton is contraband, and there is already an extensive demand that the British Government shall buy up a large part of our exportable surplus of that commodity—thereby most effectually preventing Germany from getting any of it, and at the same time avoiding the friction with the United States that would be likely to result from confiscating shipments which might have an ultimate German destination.

With another year of war, one may see solemn diplomatic congresses for the purpose of fixing the price of soda crackers and tenpenny nails.

European Patriotism

IF YOU should pick up fifty good average American citizens and set them down at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, some of them would want to go north and some south, some east and some west; some would want to do one thing and some another. And they would at once go their several ways. Put the same fifty on a raft in mid-Atlantic and each would immediately submit himself to whatever discipline the safety of all demanded.

This explains the difference between European and American patriotism. The European's brand is a product of their unfortunate situation. Everybody is remarking nowadays that the German, the Frenchman, the Swiss, the Italian, and so on, is deeply devoted to his country, freely offering it his services and life; whereas the only sentiment the American has for his country is expressed by swearing at the Government when he pays his income tax. Switzerland particularly, with its citizen soldiery and universal military training, is held up as an example for us; but that is simply an effect of Switzerland's perilous position—a result of the common danger that constantly presses on every Swiss.

The Swiss, the Frenchman, the German, and so on, thinks of his government, first of all, as the agency on which he must rely for protection from a very real and imminent menace to his liberty, life and property. Naturally he is devoted to it.

Three generations have passed away since citizens of the United States seriously thought of their political compact as a means of protection. The history of our army and navy shows that plainly enough. The notion that we are dependent on the people of Alabama and Indiana and Minnesota, acting in unison with ourselves, for protection against anything more serious than an interruption of the postal service does not come home to us, because for a hundred years there has been nothing in our experience to bring it home.

In the face of a common and ever pressing danger the passionate will to stand shoulder to shoulder and fight and die naturally becomes habitual; but no amount of editorial eloquence can inculcate a passionate will to stand shoulder to shoulder and fight and die in order that there may be an internal revenue collector at Peoria or Detroit.

Being in danger of a big war we might adopt the Swiss system of universal military training; but it probably would not last five years after we again felt secure.

The Sailor's Case

MERCHANT ships are operated largely by sweated labor. Pay is low; working conditions are onerous. It ought to be different. We sympathize heartily with the native-born sailor who writes: "Why are there so few American sailors? Why should I be ashamed of my calling? Why should I be surrounded by the scum of the earth?" But sweated labor gives a low operating cost, and this appears to be one of the exceptional cases in which a higher wage scale is not compensated by greater efficiency.

All the testimony we have seen points to the conclusion that a ship owner whose wages and living conditions came up to the theoretical American standard—only theoretical, for a great deal of American labor in other fields by no means gets that standard—would be seriously handicapped in competing with rivals who got their labor cheaper. The La Follette Act proposes to surmount this obstacle to better conditions on American ships by compelling virtually all foreign ships to come up to our standard.

Obviously that would be a fine thing to do; but can it possibly be done? In view of the very small fraction of world's shipping under the American flag, can we fix the conditions for the world's shipping? It looks exceedingly doubtful. In view of many instances of our inability to secure tolerable conditions in cases that are wholly within our own jurisdiction, going over to England, France, Germany and Holland and telling them how they shall treat their labor in the merchant service seems to us a very dubious undertaking.

It is not that we enjoy low wages and poor working conditions for sailors, but that we question the efficacy of the proposed remedy.

On Making Mistakes

ALMOST any aged person would tell you that to throw up a good life job for the purpose of experimenting with an invention which a fortnight's investigation showed to be utterly impractical signified an ill-balanced mind and character from which no considerable measure of success in life could reasonably be expected. But, having committed that folly, and coming to review it more than fifty years later, a man who was probably as little liable to be misled about himself as any man that ever lived—namely, Herbert Spencer—pronounced this judgment on it:

"Had there not been this seemingly foolish act, I should have passed a humdrum and not very prosperous life as a civil engineer. That which has since been done would never have been done."

Naturally the aged person is afraid of mistakes, because he stands to lose what he has, but not to gain anything more—in which respect his position is the opposite of that of youth. From pinafores to whiskers, much of the advice one gets resolves itself into inculcating a fear of mistakes; but in nothing else is age less competent to instruct youth. Liberty to make mistakes is one of youth's most precious possessions. The young man who cannot make twenty mistakes can never make one success.

No doubt the fact was that young Spencer simply had a "hunch" to get out of civil engineering. With his prosperous start and good connections, any elderly friend might have told him that was folly. For the elderly friend it would have been folly; but the young man followed his hunch and presently came into his own.

Teaching a fear of mistakes tends to make young people distrust the intuitions and leadings that are often better guides than experienced advice.

If we could not overcome many mistakes, being alive at all would be the most egregious of mistakes.

Railroad Hostages

THE New Haven, the Frisco and the Rock Island roads were scandalously mismanaged. Probably the culpable persons can never be sufficiently reprobated, though a lot of people, first and last, have tried hard to do the job justice. About the heaviest charge against them is that they supplied professional railroad baiters with enough fourteen-inch ammunition to last many years. They gave ground for suspicion of railroad intelligence and integrity that makes fair treatment of the rail-transportation system distinctly more difficult. Whatever anybody wants to do to them has our approval.

But treating all other railroads as hostages after the fact, and shooting them up because of the misdeeds of a few, is not an expedient policy. No view of the business situation in this country is sound that overlooks the unsatisfactory state of the immensely important transportation system.

A year ago railroad receipts were smaller than in 1913. They are now smaller than a year ago. Net earnings have risen comparatively this year through rigid retrenchments that affect labor and many businesses.

True, with big crops and improving general business gross receipts will expand; but government control as now exercised is a greased pole. Ascent is tremendously slow and difficult. Descent is swift and easy. After an investigation that took many months and wandered all over the premises, the Interstate Commerce Commission granted Western roads a rate increase that figures out about one-quarter of one per cent, or one million six hundred thousand dollars.

At nearly the same time, as it happened, the Commission, by another decision, lopped off several millions from the revenues of another group of roads. Probably this decrease was justified, yet it illustrates the tendency that clouds railroad investments.

By all means, take the wicked directors out before a firing party—but take the railroad baiters along too.

Wartime Economy

IN A FAMOUS British journal we read an eloquent plea for individual economy. At best, it is urged, the cost of the war is staggering, and every pound that an individual spends for an unnecessary imported article simply adds a pound to the bill which the country must foot; every waste at home increases by that much the difficulty of supplying the army with munitions; extravagance at home finally exposes the lives of the men in the trenches. It is a convincing plea.

In the same journal we find a statement of British imports for the first half of this year as compared with the first half of last year, when the country was at peace. Leaving out the prime foodstuffs this statement shows that, with the country at war, imports of cheese increased, roughly, twenty per cent; of apples, seventy per cent; of oranges, twenty-five per cent; of coffee, twenty per cent; of currants, forty per cent; of chocolate, eighteen per cent; of tea, seven per cent; of cocoa, fifty per cent; of tobacco, eight per cent; of spirits, thirty-five per cent.

This may mean, in some cases, that large stores of the imported articles have been accumulated; but in any plausible view it does not look much like individual economy. A British cartoon shows a noble lady giving a reporter an interview on the crying need of economy, with about a dozen uniformed flunkies standing in a row behind her.

SORTING THE WOUNDED

By Reginald Earle Looker

American Driver of a Motor Ambulance in the Field

"RIGHT-O!" said the sergeant major.

"'Ell! Now maike it slow!" whispered the man in the ambulance. His blue lips gave him the right to dictate.

"Wait a bit!" called the sergeant major sharply. "Now a slow pull, lads!"

The three hundred and fifty-ninth case of the morning slid gently out of the motor ambulance and was lowered even more gently to the ground—as tenderly as man-hands could do it.

The throbbing of his wound, as at last he lay still, was ecstasy itself compared with the torture of the eleven-kilometer ride from the field ambulance. It was no circumstance to the agony of swinging and the racking torture when the stretcher started the backward-and-forward jerking movement in its grooves, added to the jolting over *pavé* roads and the ruts made by heavy artillery; but now the pain was delightful. He snapped his fingers.

Three-fifty-nine had his first glimpse of the brick courtyard of the hospital and the stone cross above the gate. He had seen something like that in Somerset. Yes; it was in Somerset. Then he saw the sergeant major bending over him.

"W'ere's Bill?" asked Three-fifty-nine.

"Bill 'oo?"

"The knocker in C Company"—the drummer.

"'Im? Oh, 'e's in Blitey!"—in England—possibly the Cockney-Hindustani for it.

"Did 'e work 'is ticket?"—off on sick leave?

"'Im? Well, rather!" answered the sergeant major, smiling. "And wot's yer regiment?"

"Grenadiers, sir," said Three-fifty-nine.

"And company?"

"There's no companies left, you fool; we're all together now with th' Seaforths. Our old cove"—he meant the major—"got th' wind up"—got in a panic—"not 'arf, b'cause of it. Oh, Blitey! Blitey! Blitey!"

The Surgical Routine

"WOT'S the use us talkin' 'is naime?" said the sergeant major. "Outer ward—careful though!" And he passed on to the next stretcher.

Thus was Three-fifty-nine sorted out as a hopeless case by the Medical Corps sergeant major of the clearing hospital.

The sergeant major is a warrant officer and holds in a way as responsible a position as does the colonel commanding. His training during peacetime gives him about as definite knowledge of diagnosis and treatment as have the medical officers of the hospital. He is the man who forces through the daily routine of the work. The sergeant major in the Medical Corps is a man of quick judgment, force and much tact.

An abdominal wound was Three-fifty-nine's; the condition in which he lay on the stretcher was so obvious that the surgeon was not called, as usual, to verify judgment. Nobody lifted him. Nobody spoke to him except an orderly, who said, "There you are!" and gave him a little slip of paper with blue pencilings on it. He was gone before Three-fifty-nine could thank him.

He played with his strip of paper a while; then he started snapping his fingers again—five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty times.

"W'y don't th' blighters taike me away?" thought he. "Th' bad-off blokes is goin' first," he reassured himself.

Twenty minutes later they came back for him.

"'Ello!" said the sergeant major.

"'Ello yourself!" said Three-fifty-nine. "Now taike me widout movin' me. . . . Moved me, yer did!" said he, trying to laugh when they set him down in the ward.

"Poot 'im in 'ere," said the orderly in charge of the room, pointing to a gap midway in the row of stretchers placed side by side from the door to the opposite wall—eleven on one side and nineteen on the other.

"'Arf out 'e is," was the orderly's comment to the stretcher bearers as they moved him once more.

Marked N-D—no dressings—and sorted out into the death ward, to be left there, was Three-fifty-nine.

Sorting the wounded is the basis for all Medical Corps work in the great war. The influx of serious cases of wounds and illness from the fighting lines is at times so overwhelming that the selection of work becomes increasingly difficult, and the qualifications admitting to medical attention are made correspondingly higher.

When a clearing hospital mobilized to care for one army division in the field, with a staff sufficient to admit, attend to and discharge two hundred surgical cases a day, is suddenly called on to admit, attend to and discharge a daily average of nearly one thousand, the eight medical officers and eighty-six men of other ranks of the Medical Corps cannot be expected to accomplish, for prolonged periods, more than double the volume of work for which they were mobilized—though they do it constantly.

Sorting in these emergencies becomes a question of deciding which cases must be handled at once and which may safely be left to receive treatment at some other hospital, hospital train or base.

Such a hospital and such a situation came under my personal observation in October, at Béthune, in the north of France.

It was the Royal Army Medical Corps Clearing Hospital, Number Five, of the Fourth Division of the Fourth British Army in the Field, fighting along the famous La Bassée Road and west of Neuve Chapelle.

I know of the work of this hospital because I was attached to it with a motor-ambulance section transporting the wounded from the field ambulances to it. On the second of November, Béthune was seriously shelled for the first time, and the Medical Corps evacuated—the motor-ambulance section carrying more than a hundred wounded to Hazebrouck, twenty-seven kilometers away.

In a single day, the twenty-third of October, this hospital and staff, organized to care for two hundred, passed on nine hundred and eighty-two cases; on the twenty-fifth, two days later, it cared for one thousand and twenty-seven—and so continued until shelled out of its building, a convent, on the second of November.

How was all this tremendously fluctuating work accomplished with a small and non-elastic staff of surgeons and attendants? It was not all accomplished. Just how much of it could be done was always the problem—and sorting was the only solution.

Sorting starts at the very first step, the dressing point, or the D-P, as it is called in the vernacular—a point as close as practicable to the trenches, according to disposition of natural shelter from rifle and shell fire. At this point are stationed a surgeon and his two assistants, who dress only those cases absolutely demanding it and perform only imperative operations. A heavily timbered bombproof dugout is considered luxurious for the operating room.

The test here is: "Will he stand the half mile back to the field ambulance in the wagon without dressings now?" It is possible, of course, that his wound may have received attention from the medical officer attached to the fighting unit in the trench; but this is a help which cannot always be counted on when there are many being wounded at a time, and it is unlikely that he has had the luck to be one of those few within the surgeon's reach.

British Motor Ambulance With Stretcher Cases

Then, too, many of the men passing through the D-P already wear the first-aid dressing that every soldier carries in his breast pocket. It is a little tin box about the size of the American pipe-tobacco tin, containing a bottle of iodine crystals and a bottle of alcohol wrapped up in a roll of aseptic bandage gauze. He himself puts it on, or is aided by his neighbor. Then he walks, crawls or is carried from the fighting trench back along the communication trench by his regimental stretcher bearers—or, more usually, by men of the regular Medical Corps bearer section.

The Organization of the Field Ambulance

THE second step, the field ambulance, is where the real sorting starts. The ambulance is composed of a bearer and a tent section. The work of the bearer section of three medical officers, three sergeants and eighteen men is collecting wounded from the trenches and carrying them back to the D-P. They are assisted by the stretcher bearers, who always stay with the fighting units. The work of the tent section of seven medical officers, seventeen noncommissioned officers and forty-one men is the treatment of the wounded at the dressing points, the transportation of them to the field ambulances, and their treatment there. The tent section has two distinct functions—medical treatment at the dressing point and field ambulance. The bearer section has but one function—transporting the wounded.

One of the officers of the tent section is the surgeon at the D-P. He has an equipment of ten horse-drawn ambulance wagons to carry the wounded back across country to the field ambulance. Each wagon carries twelve sitting cases or four stretcher cases. There are forty-two drivers for this work and for the transportation of hospital equipment and medical supplies. Their driving of these great, clumsy wagons across the plowed fields is not the form for Rotten Row. "Thank God for that!" said a Medical Corps major. It is a privilege to see them handling their teams under fire.

These tent and bearer sections are so organized that each can be divided into three units or further extended into six if the necessity arises. It is in this way that one original field ambulance may be divided into six smaller ambulances, quartered in available cottages and barns. I knew of one British field ambulance of the Fourth Army that was quartered in four cottages, a church and a haystack.

At the field ambulance all but a few of the slight injuries receive treatment; but how much attention can be given them depends largely on the number of serious cases at hand. The most serious wounds are, as far as possible, dressed first, and operations are performed that were not

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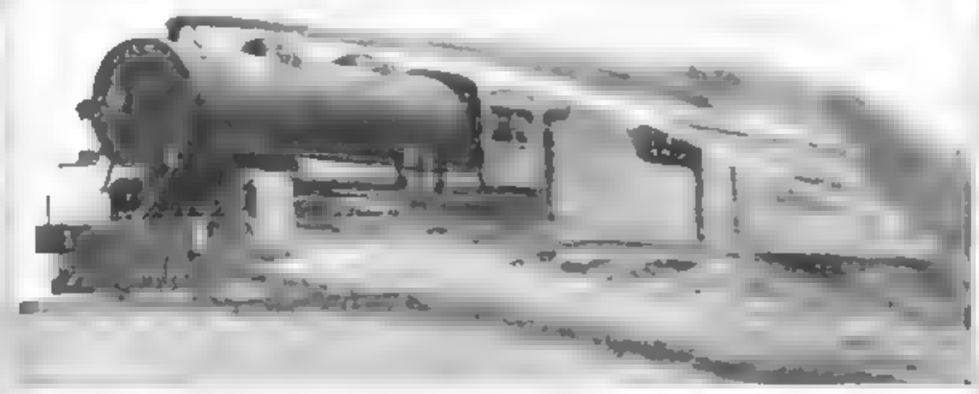

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Thursday—"Tell Mr. Smith to 'phone me at 5 o'clock." At 5 by my watch I was in. At 5 by his watch I was out.

Friday—"The Cleveland mail closed 5 minutes ago." Letter that should have reached there Saturday won't get there until Monday—watch was slow.

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deemed immediately necessary at the dressing point, but that must be done before the men can be passed on farther. The officers of the field ambulance weed out the serious cases as they arrive in the wagons and dress and operate at once. Then they are sent back by motor ambulance to the clearing hospital—sometimes five miles away, at the head of railroad communication.

The men who are only slightly wounded are sorted aside and have to wait patiently until the other serious cases can be sent back. Then they receive attention or not, as the moment decides. Many times there is a wait of hours before the motor ambulance convoy comes to the field ambulance, depending on whether attacks at some other point in the line make a rush of work, on weather conditions, or on the state of the roads, which may be impassable on account of the enemy's shells.

The clearing hospital keeps in touch with the field ambulances, relieving them of their wounded and sick with all possible speed, to save either the field ambulances or the clearing hospital from congestion.

The field ambulance passes on the wounded as quickly as possible to the clearing hospital, giving the minimum of medical attention. The clearing hospital passes them on in the same way to the hospital train and base hospital. Even here there are but few beds, the wounded being left on the stretchers as they come in.

Two of the eight medical officers are assigned by their colonel to the work of sorting. These officers, with lists in hand, are to be found at all hours of the day and night in the crowded corridors comparing, arranging and correcting the order in which men are to receive treatment, selecting those who are to be passed on without attention. When the ambulance convoys come in they are to be seen out in the courtyard kneeling at the side of some silent stretcher case or, with their sergeants, taking the particulars of a column of standing men, all wounded but able to march.

All those cases marked "Urgent" are attended to almost immediately; those not so serious, afterward. Certain wards are used like pigeonholes, and the medical officers thereby learn to know where the serious cases are to be found and in just what part of the room are the head cases, and in what part are the "nasty" body cases. Those cases, called "'oppers" by the hospital orderlies—men who can hop or walk along—have also their regularly designated wards. The men beyond hope are put aside to die together in the same ward, the one to which they carried Three-fifty-nine.

Since, however, there is a natural limit to the number of cases possible for any staff to handle, there is always a certain amount of work that has to be left absolutely and entirely undone. Here is where sorting plays so important a part. It determines what work can be done and what must be left undone.

Losses Heavy in the Medical Corps

A particular example of this is bathing—a part of the routine of every hospital. The men, when they reach the clearing hospital, are sometimes crawling with vermin and filthy to an indescribable degree; yet, because there is no time, they cannot be touched except so far as it affects directly the condition of their wounds. The same principle applies to the men who—as did Three-fifty-nine—are surely going to die. It is a waste of time, labor and space to attempt the transport of these men if they must die. Such block the way of men who are suffering and yet may live.

The clearing hospital is the barometer of battle. Its number of cases fluctuates with the engagements on the line, and it always has to be prepared for quick movements forward or backward.

Every fighting movement has its cost in men killed and wounded. A retreat may cost as much in wounded as an advance.

When the lines are being pushed back the work of the tent and bearer sections is a rush. Much must be done—fast. A wounded man left between the lines dies unless skillful rescue succeeds. Attempted rescues often cost many lives and are rarely permitted. If the wounded can be removed before the enemy advances over them, four-fifths are saved from death by trampling and useless savagery; the other fifth may, perhaps, be saved from capture. The medical sections often find themselves under cross fire between their friends and the enemy, and many units are killed or captured.

In the British Army the losses among the Medical Corps have been heavy and stand third in the service list of casualties. The order is: Infantry, cavalry, medical corps, and artillery. The men carry no arms and, as one of the English orderlies cheerfully puts it, have no way of "'ittin' back w'en th' Kaiser starts 'ellin'."

In Arduis Fidelis—Faithful in Danger—is the motto on the bronze badge of the laurel wreath round the rod of Æsculapius, with entwined serpents, which every officer and man of the Royal Army Medical Corps wears on his cap. *In Arduis Fidelis* is the only description of the work these men have had to do and how they have done it since the retreat from Mons.

In a retreat, hospital equipment is moved back, but patients must many times be left for capture. The advance chokes up ambulances and railhead with wounded. "We have begun our glorious offensive" in the communiqué means heartbreaking work for the men of the Medical Corps. "Hoping for the advance? Not much!"

Field ambulances and clearing hospitals move with the armies. Close and well-trained organization is necessary to dismantle a great hospital, pack it up, and start the motor transport and wagon train along the road within an hour after the order is given. It is a great task irrespective of the wounded. Change of base is a disorganizing move. That is why the officers in command are traffic-manager colonels in the transportation of wounded. They are "jolly keen" in this respect.

Hospitals at Railheads

In addition to the colonel or lieutenant colonel in command of the hospital, who in the British Army is of the Medical Corps and therefore a noncombatant, there is a military and combatant officer, usually a captain, in charge of the motor transport that feeds and disgorges the clearing hospital every twenty-four hours.

Cases where serious attention is unnecessary at the clearing hospital are, most of them, sent, with a partial dressing, to a hospital train waiting in the yards of the station. The question is not, "Is he suffering?" but, "Can he stand the journey back in the hospital train without further attention here?"

In the French lines the clearing hospital—*hôpital d'évacuation*—has often been stationed in a warehouse and freight station of the railroad yards—a convenient arrangement that much facilitates the train transport of wounded, but a distressing element in this war of "Cut off or destroy the enemy's railroad base!" The destruction of a railhead—head of the railroad communication and the base of supplies for troops, ammunition and food—can seriously cripple the movements of an army division in the field.

Not only the German General Staff but the French and British consider themselves justified in the continuous shelling of a village that is a railhead. That the village is also the center for Medical Corps work for the wounded of the army division must be disregarded. The British in some way overcome this danger by housing their clearing hospitals on the outskirts of the railhead village, as far as possible from the railroad station. This complicates transport, of course, and necessitates one more step—from the clearing hospital to the station.

At Dunkirk there was a clearing hospital of six hundred beds in warehouses in the center of a network of railroad tracks. While I was there, stationed with an ambulance section, four air raids were made by the German aviators. In one attack eighty bombs were dropped on the town. Three of the raids were attempts to destroy the railhead station and yards. That a great hospital was quartered in the center of the yards made no difference. It was the railhead of a division of the Eighth French Army Corps; *Hôpital d'Evacuation Numéro Dix* ought not to have been there if wounded were to be protected.

Every officer in Dunkirk understood the ethical point—if, indeed, this war has any ethics.

It is to facilitate transportation of wounded that railroad stations in France are, in general, hospitals. The operating room still bears *Chef de Gare* over the door; and the *Salle des Bagages* has become the mortuary.

In the British lines the bandages are rarely touched at the railroad station; and if there are men who require slight attention the work is done aboard the hospital

train in the station or while on the journey back to the base.

When "nuthin's doin'" along the lines there is one hospital train a day, carrying wounded back from the railhead to the base. When fighting is more severe there are two and sometimes three trains a day. A British sanitary train carries, on the average, four hundred and sixty men with all sorts of wounds.

When necessity requires, these trains carry more, but uncomfortably. Men are compelled to sit up who really need the rest of the stretchers. One coach is used as a dressing room, where most of the dressings are done while the train is in the station, the swinging of the cars in motion making the more difficult operations impossible. Another is the kitchen car, always clean and apparently ready for inspection; and in the other cars have been built the wooden stretcher racks to slip the stretcher cases into with the least possible motion.

All British hospital trains are made up of day-coach compartment cars, some enamel lined; but the French many times have been compelled to use box cars. The box cars are not all thoroughly cleaned when they are converted with the stretcher racks, and they are difficult to keep clean when once in service. In the last few months of the war most of the cases I have seen of bad infection from dirt were originally slight wounds, aggravated in such ways.

During a great overflow of wounded the passing on and sorting out, without attention, of the slight cases, all the way from the dressing point to the hospital train, where the surgeons are so busy with serious cases that they cannot attend to minor wounds, seem to cause a vastly increased amount of needless suffering. Sorting necessarily implies neglected wounds and oftentimes death.

At the base hospital, at last, everybody can receive treatment. Even the "slights" are generally very tired by the time they reach there. To the wounded Tommy the base hospital is on the way home. It is the hospital at Boulogne or Havre, which cares for him until he is able to cross the Channel and go to another hospital in England, where he either recovers slowly or dies. Sometimes he is sorted out as a dangerous case and lies for months in the base hospital before he can be safely moved. The slight cases are retained here, also, until they are cured and fit again for field service. Here the wounded man receives the first full hospital treatment after he is wounded and leaves the trenches.

"Baths—with warm water, and cigarettes with the surgeon's permission," was the way a wounded motorcyclist described the clearing hospital at Boulogne. Every care and attention is given that the nurses and doctors can devise. "It's jolly good to be wounded!" says he when the pain eases down, thinking of the day they ripped off his underclothes with shears and let him splash weakly round in the tub—afterward presenting him with a whole box of cigarettes. After much thought and calculation he reaches over to the stand by his bedside and secures the box. After a third stealthy counting he finds there are eight more smokes—one after the other if "Sister" will let him. It is the height of wounded happiness.

Where Rank Brings No Favors

The wounded Frenchman is sent back to the base hospital and then "distributed." If he is lucky he goes to some old château in the south of France, where, even though the hospital arrangements may not be particularly good, sympathetic care and kindness do much to hasten his recovery.

There is more actual suffering in England and in the south of France than there is in the zone of the armies. In the lines the wounds are fresh and consequently not so painful. Wounds a day old begin to get sore and ache. The long process of sorting as practiced in the British armies takes two or even three days, and is exhausting in itself.

The French method of sorting, on the other hand, is simplicity itself, and is governed by the condition and character of the wounds. An alert American doctor could probably sort the wounded in a French field ambulance as quickly as, if not more quickly than, the military doctor, because of an inborn sense of system that the French do not seem to possess.

In the French Army the sorting of the wounded throughout all its stages is as impartial as the organization can make it, whether the wounded be officers or *simple soldats*, as the French love to call them. France and the United States are both republics and our ideas of democracy are the same in spirit. A French colonel of the line, with a split hand, comes after Jacques, a sapper of the reserves, with a compound fracture of the knee.

A French major of a line regiment of the Eighth French Army Corps, with a shattered foot, was being lifted into an ambulance at Dunkirk when he saw a more serious case waiting, because of him, for the next motor. "*Mais non!*—But no—but no! I will not be put in!" he protested.

When the two Americans who were lifting him, misunderstanding his desire and soothingly saying, "*Oui, Monsieur mon Commandant!*" tried to slip the stretcher onto the grooved floor of the car instead of lowering him to the ground again, he snatched his sword out of his blankets and, scabbard and all, tangled up with map case and field glasses, jammed it so fiercely across the central partition at the back of the car that he could not be put in. He was lowered to the ground and the other *blessé* put in his place. It was a bit dramatic, as things wholly French are; nevertheless, it is the true spirit of the French Army.

Handling of English Wounded

The routine of the usual French military hospital is, however, generally somewhat unsatisfactory. The ambulance arrives and *le caporal* comes dashing out.

"I have two stretcher cases, monsieur," say I.

"Ah—two stretcher cases?" he repeats and disappears. Two minutes and he comes back with another underofficer of the Service de la Santé Militaire.

"You are not empty, m'sieur?" pleasantly asks the second one.

"Two stretcher cases," I repeat.

"Ah—two stretcher cases?" he inquires. "And are they themselves on stretchers? *Voilà!* It is indeed true," says he, peering into the back of the car. "I will tell *le médecin major*."

Both vanish. A few minutes more and three of the service appear. In the center is *Monsieur le Médecin Major*.

"Have you any cases?" he questions, putting on his glasses. "Ah—and they are two!" says he after the inspection. "Oh, such an *affaire* is this ambulance—men coming in and men going out! I have eighteen places and here you bring me two wounded! I tell you it is infamous! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* It will drive us all mad."

"*Brancardier!*"—calling the stretcher bearers. "Here is one. Where is the other?"

More minutes pass and at last the two bearers are found.

Halfway out of the ambulance with the first case, "Halt!" commands *Monsieur le Médecin Major*. "It is a serious case—have a care!" The helping hands let go and the stretcher is left teetering half in and half out of the car. A scream from the case, who is wounded in the back, and a high-pitched torrent of Midi curses because he is resting on his wound, add to the confusion.

And so it is day after day and month after month. The French will never learn to be gentle with their wounded. It is not lack of sympathy, but sheer clumsiness.

The English are much more careful with their wounded than the French, especially in the handling of the stretchers and the carrying and lifting of dangerous cases, which require both gentleness and speed. Stretchers must be handled according to the peculiar needs of each case, and an injured man must be lifted and moved with consideration for the nature of the wound and his position on the stretcher.

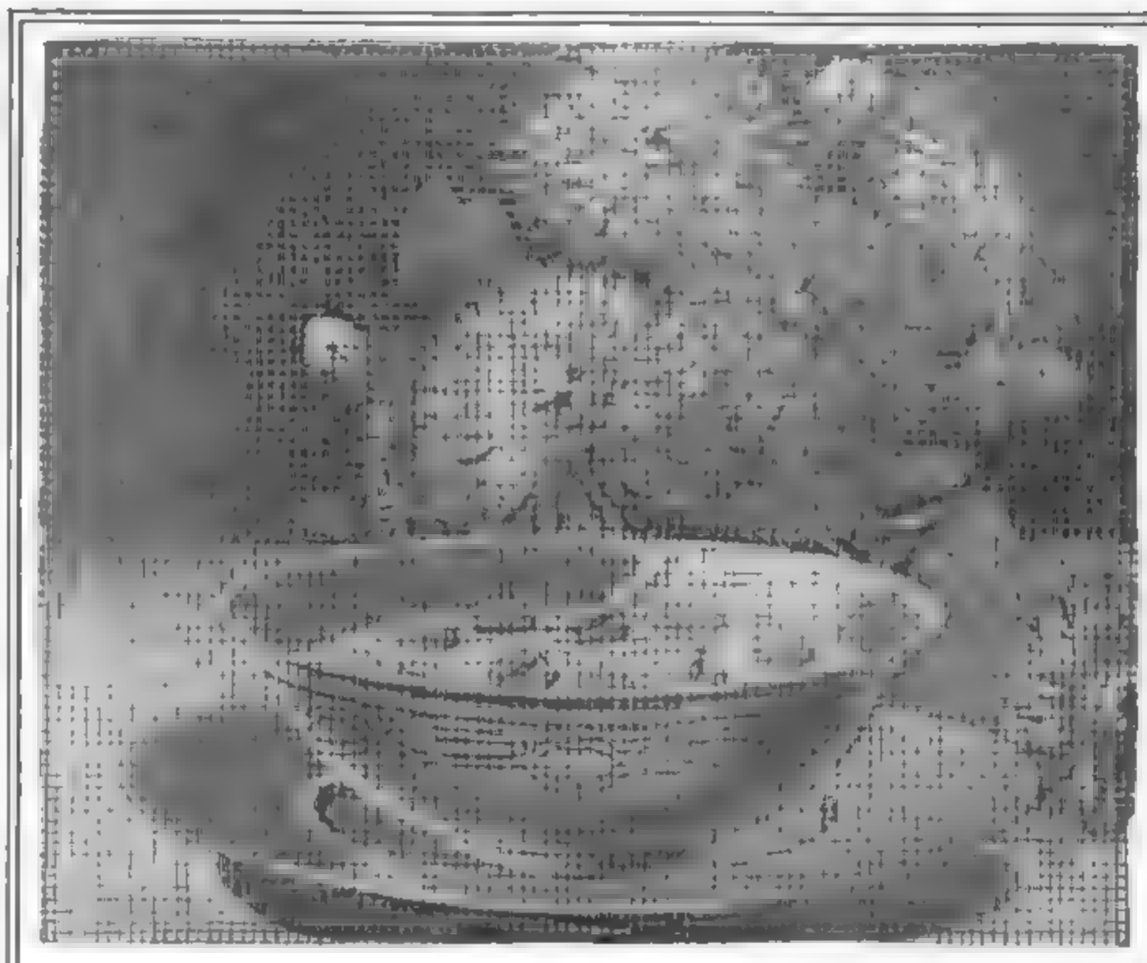
Arriving at a British hospital, I say:

"I have two stretcher cases—on the right side a dirty head case and on the left a smashed leg."

"Right-o!" is all the sergeant says.

Two orderlies standing back of him slide out the stretcher, on which lies the head case, with a deft, quick and steady pull that has no jerk to it. This kind of handling is almost as satisfactory to watch as it must be to the wounded man who is being moved.

The British rules of sorting are complex, involving a close study of Burke's Peerage and the Army Gazette, and the nature of the wounds. However, what has been always will be! Everybody concerned is so absolutely satisfied with the justice of the arrangement that, like everything else that is impractical and happens to be British, it works—and works well.



It's a Thin Wall

That Bars You from These Dainties —These Bubbles of Wheat and Rice

Remember that. The desires we awake here are easily gratified. Your grocer has at least a shelf-full of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

A mere call brings them to you.

Then you will have for breakfast toasted bubbles of grain puffed to eight times normal size.

You will have for supper crisp and flimsy whole-grain morsels to float in bowls of milk.

You will have for all times grain-made bonbons, with a taste like toasted nuts.

All Food Cells Blasted

In these foods, and these only, all food cells are blasted. In each grain we create, by Prof. Anderson's process, a hundred million steam explosions.

That means easy, complete digestion.

It means the best-cooked cereals known.

It means that every food atom in the whole grain—in the coat and the center—has been fitted to feed.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

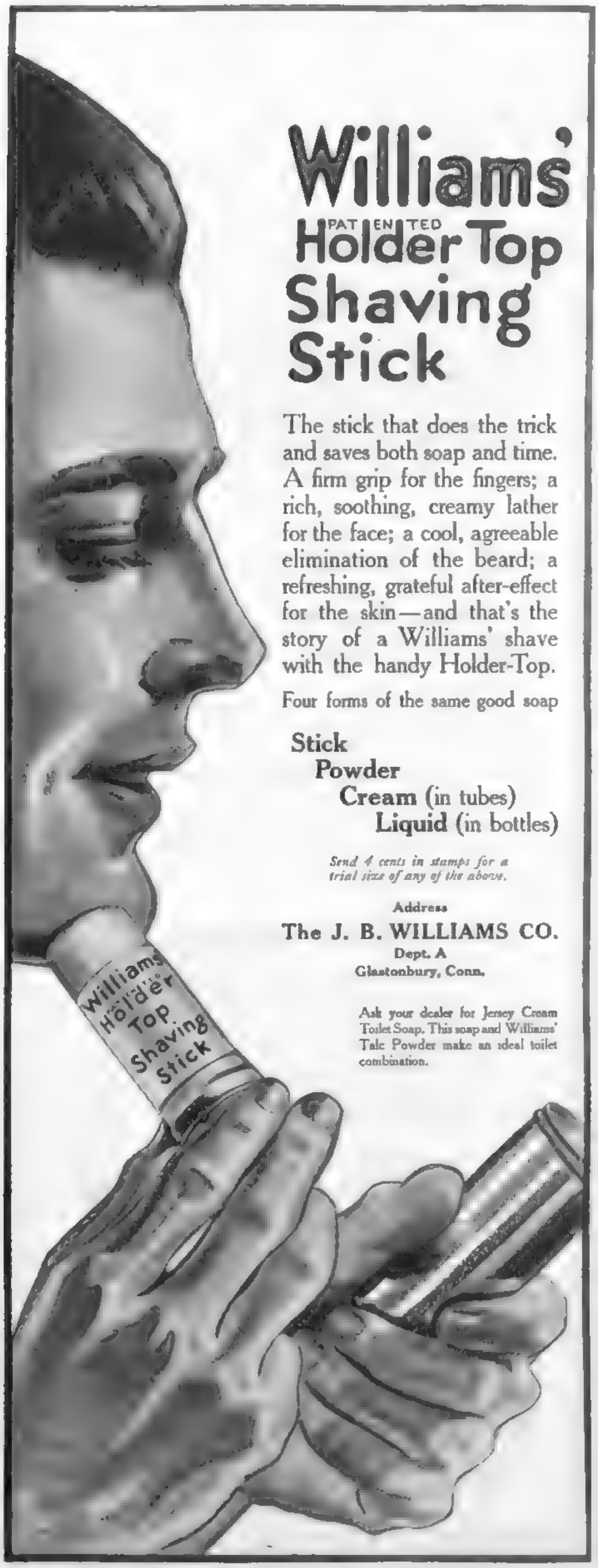
Every month the housewives of America are adopting Puffed Grains in a larger way. Some because doctors advise them. Some because they know these as scientific foods.

But mostly because children delight in them.

If they are not in the pantry order them now. Join the millions who enjoy them, morning, noon and night.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

1066



Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

The stick that does the trick and saves both soap and time. A firm grip for the fingers; a rich, soothing, creamy lather for the face; a cool, agreeable elimination of the beard; a refreshing, grateful after-effect for the skin—and that's the story of a Williams' shave with the handy Holder-Top.

Four forms of the same good soap

Stick
Powder
Cream (in tubes)
Liquid (in bottles)

Send 4 cents in stamps for a trial size of any of the above.

Address

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept. A
Glastonbury, Conn.

Ask your dealer for Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. This soap and Williams' Talc Powder make an ideal toilet combination.

I remember waiting forty minutes at a British hospital in Estaires while a pillow, which had been through the campaign with a young "Leftenaunt" and "The Honourable," could be dug out from under a two days' pile of cast-off equipment and "fetched"; thereby making it necessary to keep two other wounded men waiting forty minutes longer for my ambulance to return—one having a compound fracture of the right leg and the other an elbow shot away.

The tragic comedy was this:

"Oh, I say, orderly! My kit—have you got the field glasses and my stick? And where's my pillow?"

Meantime I had started the motor in order to get off quickly.

"Oh, I say, drivah—stop your motor; I'm not all heah!"

Which I did, with the regular-army:

"Right you are, sir!"

"Oh, come heah!"—beckoning to me. "Go get my orderly and bring him heah." And because I stared at him a bit too long he exclaimed: "Buck up now! Buck up now!" in a most irritable voice.

The orderly was found; I found him. And then:

"Have you seen my pillow? No? And why not? Orderly, go get the surgeon."

"Have you seen my pillow, sir?" No; the surgeon had not, but he would look for it.

So off they went and searched, while I did a sentry walk up and down and thawed out my hands on the radiator of the car. At last the pillow came, escorted by the sergeant major.

"Well," said my lieutenant, "that'll do. Drivah, you may go."

Which I did, driving none too carefully where the ruts lay—badly wounded, too, he was; but I thought at the time that he deserved it for the sake of the other men—better men—he had kept waiting. I have been a little sorry every since.

The Unbeatable Game of Stock Speculation

(Continued from Page 10)

their profits on paper. The traders are tossing about thousand-share lots where they had considered themselves reckless while piking with a hundred or two.

The bull market is on. There is no more talk about cheap money or business conditions, or of the obvious fundamental facts. All that you hear is what the next move is going to be and the name of some stock that will turn out to be a second Bethlehem Steel.

The oldest of all the old friends comes in now—to wit, the confident assertions about what "They" are going to do with this or the other stock. The estimated profits for war orders soar in the papers. You get the size of the contracts just booked by the Locomotive, how much money there is in Copper, how Amalgamated is good for par and Utah for 125. And then, of course, dear friends tell you that you had better buy yourself a little Inter-Met., and don't forget that you're going to hear from Can and, above all things, for the love of Mike, don't be without some Steel.

In the train ninety per cent of the commuters now read the financial page on the way home. Finally comes the million-and-a-half-share day and a column on the front page.

By this time everyone who tries to beat the game is carrying from two to twenty times as much stock as he had two months before, when prices were ten to twenty points lower.

The market boils over.

A submarine sinks a passenger steamer. American lives are lost. This means war! Slump!

The man who would have beaten the game if it hadn't been for the dastardly submarine, becomes an open partisan of the enemies of the dreadful country that not only murdered helpless women and children, but also busted him. But the pyramid would have toppled anyhow.

The average speculator will not believe this. He blames his losses on chance, on bad luck, on some hoodoo that pursued someone else who was carrying the same stocks.

He does not analyze the disaster calmly. He does not acknowledge that what has happened to him was inevitable. He endeavors to find explanations.

All inventions are sold first on their novelty. As time goes on they are reduced to the competition of efficiency.

First it was any motor car. Now the best motor car for the money.

First it was any piano player. Now the piano player that is the nearest approach to the human artist.

First it was any camera. Now the camera that with the least trouble produces the most artistic pictures.

So with safety razors.

First it was the idea of safety. Now it is the question of efficiency.

Out of the numerous safety razors offered there rises one which, by a very simple device, prolongs from day to day the efficiency which every safety razor gives the first day.

That one is the

Auto Strop SAFETY RAZOR

the razor which sharpens itself.

Auto Strop Safety Razor Co.
345 Fifth Avenue, New York
Toronto London

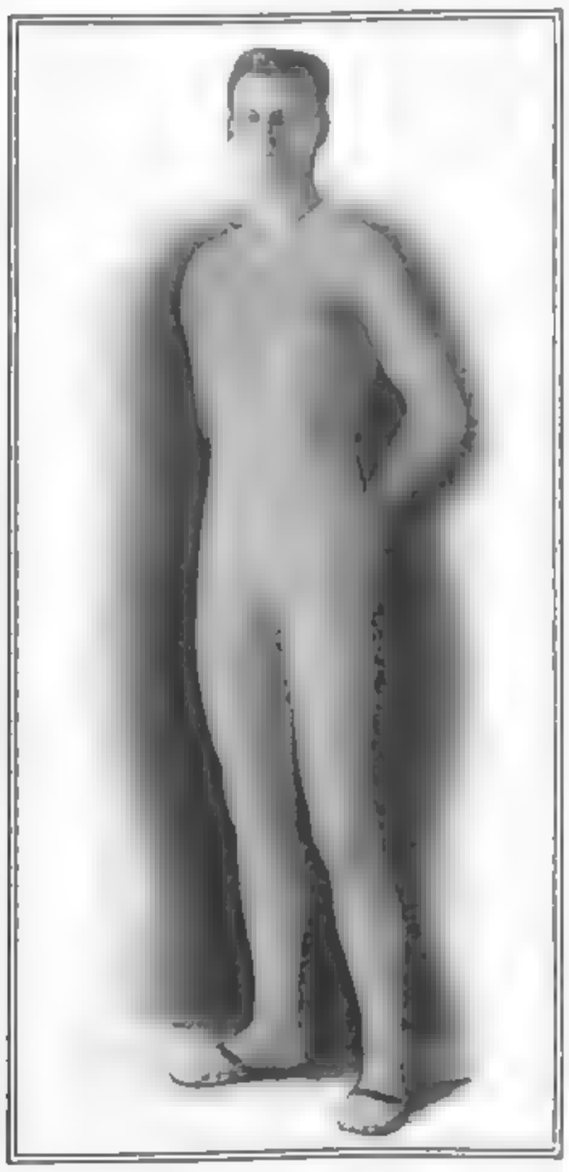
Father, Mother, Sister and Brother—all can now wear

THE

Hatch ONE-Button

UNION SUIT

and even the two-year-old baby has his One-Button Sleeping Garment



THERE are fewer buttons on the union suits of the whole family now than there used to be on just one suit. For the Hatch One-Button Union Suit, so easy to slip on and off, so free from binding and sagging, is made for every member of the family in all weights of cotton and wool. The mending bag is never filled with underwear in the family where the Hatch One-Button Union Suit is worn by every member. Think of having no row of broken or lost buttons to replace or torn buttonholes to mend.

This garment is featured at the best haberdasher's and department stores, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly send us your size with remittance and we will gladly supply you direct: delivery free.

Prices:

Men's Suits—$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50.
Boys' " —50 cents, $1.00, $1.25.
Ladies' " —$1.00, $1.25, $2.00.
Misses' " —Age 2—75 cents plus 10 cents each even year to age 16.
Sleeping Garments —Ages 2, 3, 4 and 5—50 cents. —Ages 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10—75 cents.

Our illustrated booklet describing the complete line of winter and summer weights of Hatch One-Button Union Suits will be sent free.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT

PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Company
Albany, New York

A broker of many years' experience went to the trouble of writing out for me what he called the Ten Hells of the Speculator. They are as follows:

1. A good tip that was not followed.
2. A profit that was taken too soon—that is, the money he did not make because he was in too great a hurry to cash in.
3. Of two tips, following the wrong one.
4. To see your stock motionless while others are rising.
5. The "stop order" just reached before a rise—that is, where caution was a crime.
6. A bull market ruined by avarice.
7. A bull market ruined by accident.
8. Playing for a reaction and losing stock.
9. A bull market clearly foreseen—when you are broke and unable to back your convictions.
10. Thrown out of the market by "inside information."

If a man goes to Monte Carlo and, knowing that the percentage is in the bank's favor nevertheless desires to take a chance at roulette, says to himself, "If I win I'll quit, and if I lose I won't lose more than exactly so much," no one would call that man a real gambler.

But the man who thinks he can win is worse than a gambler—he is an ass. At all events, in a game like roulette you know you are playing a game of chance, and you can ascertain mathematically what the chances are against you. If you are not a believer in a system, and are not a born gambler, you cannot be badly hurt.

The trouble with the game of stock speculation is that, strictly speaking, it is not a hazard in which the element of chance can be figured out with mathematical exactitude. The very fact that nobody has ever beaten the game of stock speculation is not regarded as an argument against it. Moreover, the line of demarcation between investment and what you might call intelligent speculation is not clearly indicated to the average mind.

The stock speculator, as a rule, is beaten by himself!

The reason why the speculator beats himself is to be found in his motives quite as much as in the inherent difficulty of guessing accurately.

The Losses of the Greedy

An intelligent speculator in ordinary commercial enterprises is apt to be guided by what he calls his judgment. This is the result of special knowledge acquired during years of specialization.

It is born out of experience, and experience is the only thing that one may bet on without being an ass, whether or not he bets successfully. Moreover, in most businesses there are what might be called well-established rules, and it is neither folly nor a crime to take the ordinary chances of business, any more than it is to take the ordinary chances of life.

The average stock speculator, however, has no special knowledge of the conditions affecting the stock-speculating business. He thus lacks the most valuable asset of the business man. Moreover, he has no trustworthy reports. The dope sheets used in Wall Street are not prepared by the speculator out of his own wisdom and knowledge, but sometimes by men whose interests do not necessarily lie in the direction of the speculator's profits. Moreover, altogether apart from the factor of accidents, which can check a bull market overnight and send prices tumbling 'way below actual values, thereby wiping out even big margins, there is the greatest danger of all—to wit, the speculator's own motives when he tries to beat the game. The motive is greed.

The man who tries to beat the game begins by actually taking great pains to make two formidable enemies before he starts; these enemies are ignorance and cupidity. As a matter of fact, the average man won't speculate unless he enlists these two factors as his steadfast allies. No man who really knew what the game is and didn't want something for nothing would ever dream of speculating in stocks on a shoestring margin.

Let it be kept in mind from the start that there is no such thing as easy money in this world. It is a law of life promulgated for man's guidance by his Creator. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," the first man was told. And man has done this ever since Adam gave up his sinecure in the Garden of Eden. Of all delusions, that of easy money is beyond question the greatest.

Think What Women Might Do

In Place of Needless Cooking

The cost is only 3c per serving.

Boil the can before opening, and Van Camp's will seem fresh from the oven.

Our plea today is, Save your hours. Van Camp's Pork and Beans makes as dainty a meal as you know. It makes a complete meal. It is heartier than meat.

Each serving saves cooking a meal.

Van Camp's ought to save you 100 hours yearly. Think what is possible, indoors and outdoors, if you utilize those hours.

Everybody likes it. Nobody tires of it like old-style baked beans. You can serve it ten times monthly at the least.

VAN CAMP'S

PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

You ought to know Van Camp's.

Don't regard them like old-style baked beans. This dish is a delicacy.

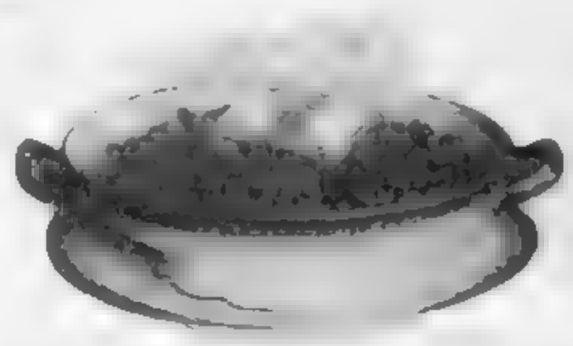
It is baked in steam ovens—baked for hours—baked to mealy mellowness, without breaking or crisping the beans.

The sauce is a masterpiece of a famous chef. It is baked with the beans to give zest to every atom.

Baked Beans were neglected when baked in the old ways. They were too hard to digest. Now the Van Camp way has made this staple an every-day delight.

When you once find out how folks like Van Camp's, you'll buy it by the dozen cans.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



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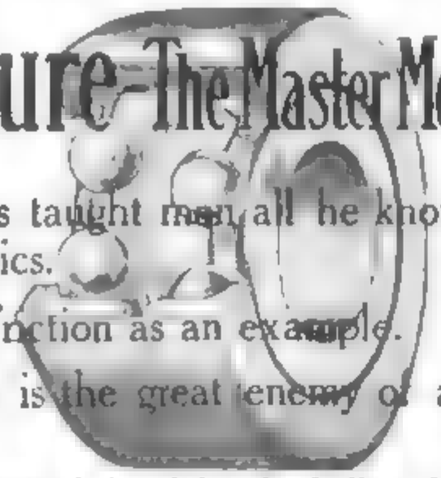
Nature—The Master Mechanic



She has taught men all he knows about mechanics.

Take Friction as an example.

Friction is the great enemy of all movement.

Nature devised the globe, the ball, as her defence against Friction.

Nature made the earth and all her stars round spheres of matter.

Their vast journeys through space do not wear them out.

Wherever movement, speed, rotation are, there the ball, the globe, is Nature's master stroke against Friction.

Man wisely copies Nature. He cannot refute her wisdom.

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

In the Automobile, man uses the Ball Bearing to conquer Friction.

The whirling wheels, the strains, the shocks, the thrusts of weight and speed, the inequalities of the road, are perfectly met by the Ball Bearing.

The Ball Bearing made a speed of over 97 miles an hour for 500 miles possible.

New Departure Ball Bearings are as perfect an anti-friction device as man's science applied to Nature's principles can make them.

New Departure Ball Bearings add to the life of the motor car. They not only reduce Friction to the least possible minimum, but also that depreciation of the car's value which depletes the original investment.

New Departure Ball Bearings are an investment that pays a sure dividend on any automobile.

Write us for our booklet, "New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner." Ask for Booklet "A."

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS, BRISTOL, CONN.

Hartford Division, Hartford, Connecticut

Western Branch, Detroit, 1016-17 Ford Bldg.

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Reduction No. 3 on **Bicycle Tires**

$2.25 Each Smooth Tread

$2.50 Non-Skid

Now comes the third big price reduction in less than two years, saving a total of 33⅓%. You will wonder how we can offer this extremely low price on a strictly high-class bicycle tire. For an average price nearly double ours is usually asked for quality tires.

The reason is this: Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tires are made in the world's greatest tire plant, where [illegible] are made per day. As a result our factory cost per tire is [illegible]. Within the past year, Goodyear-Akron Cycle Tires have [illegible] so as to [illegible] factory must [illegible] ing to Goodyear Net Profits in the form of lower prices.

You Take No Risk

Our new low price is $2.25 each for the smooth tread $2.50 each for the Non Skid. Why pay more than the Goodyear Akron price? You can pay less, of course, but never tired aren't worth while. Each Goodyear-Akron tire is inflated and tested one [illegible] before it leaves the factory. So we know that every one is right, and we *fully guarantee* it.

When you buy a bicycle tire, or a bicycle, insist on Goodyear-Akron Tires. Any dealer can supply you from stock, or get them quickly from a nearby Goodyear branch.

GOODYEAR AKRON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Makers of Goodyear Fortified Automobile Tires and Blue Streak Motorcycle Tires

The Irish have a saying that a man pays for what he gets in "meal or malt." That is to say, you either work for your money or you worry for your money. The less work you do for your money the greater your risk and, therefore, the greater your worry. The less risk and worry, the greater your work. This is never remembered by the man who goes down to Wall Street to buy or sell stocks on a ten-point margin.

The brand of greed that actuates the majority of stock speculators is peculiarly dangerous because it is so mixed with vanity. The average man realizes that it takes brains to do anything. He has always heard of the hordes of people who have been ruined by the ticker. By assuming that he can beat the game he necessarily assures himself that he is not as they. "They" were fools, reckless gamblers, blind asses. He has taken pains to study fundamental conditions; the trend of the market is obvious to him and, moreover, he is peculiarly wise because he, of all men, is not a hog. He is not going to let the profit get away from him; anybody that overstays his market is an ass and deserves no sympathy.

Even when the same wise man has lost his stake he never reproaches himself for his greed that took him to the Street, but listens to the suggestions of his vanity. In short, he is thoroughly convinced that it wasn't the game that beat him, but the crooks and the crooked devices of the malefactors of great wealth who didn't give him a square deal. For that reason you hear so much about the evils of stock manipulation, without which it is perfectly clear that anybody could beat the game in Wall Street. Hence investigating committees and the attempts at regulation by law—and the absence of attempts to place the blame for the losses where it belongs. The psychology of the average speculator while trading in a bull market is shown as typically in the speculator's diary, already quoted, as it is possible to have it.

The Toppling Pyramids

The workings of greed afford a fascinating study, because the reactions vary according to the individual. Primarily, of course, the motive power is to get something for nothing, to make a thousand dollars by using another thousand dollars—that is, to make your money work for you at extremely high wages. The speculator does not ask his money to give him bread and butter. He asks his money to fight for him and capture as many of the enemy's dollars as are necessary to give him the luxuries that nonfighting dollars can't give him. He listens to the stories of lucky turns, of great wealth obtained not only without work but without loss of time. He buys stocks on margin and, before the ticker has recorded his purchase, he sees the long, rakish touring car that he has long wanted, driving itself to his front door, ringing the bell and saying: "Here I am—the reward of your brains and bravery." Or else he sees his residence moving one block westward, from Madison Avenue to Fifth; or he feels the thrill of love and enjoys the happiness of his wife when he sees the furs round her throat. He transforms the ticker money into whatever his heart desires and thereby absolves himself of being sordid.

The visions that his greed gives him make him forget not only what the Lord said to Adam but everything that his own business experience has told him every day for years. That is the reason why the average speculator, even if he is shrewd or lucky enough to get into the market at the right time so that he wins, invariably overstays his market. The game is too easy to beat! Why should he stop? The reason is that cupidity drives you to buy when you ought to sell, and sell when you ought to buy. As a matter of fact, the careful man who starts to speculate on a hundred shares of stock in fear and trembling is more apt to double up on a rise than to think of taking his profit. It goes his way some more and he doubles up again. His confidence grows and he takes greater chances with greater boldness. This makes pyramids—which a perfectly normal reaction topples over for him.

One of the most interesting men that ever went to Wall Street, as well as one of the acutest minds that ever studied the game, went broke because he saw facts too clearly but did not see himself clearly enough. People used to think him crazy

(Continued on Page 32)

THE quickest way to get down stairs is to jump out of the window. But makin' haste slowly pays sometimes, especially in curin' tobacco.

Nowhar else on earth is thar such pipe tobacco grown as the Burley we grow in ole Kaintuck. Thar's a mildness an' richness about our Burley, a fragrance an' aroma no other tobacco has.

But they're 'way down deep!

To bring 'em out to the full, we just use Nature's own way—patient ageing.

You ought to see the care used in selectin' only the best of the Burley leaf for VELVET. Then, that tobacco has got to age not less than 2 years, mellowin' and maturin' all the time, to bring out the best that's in it.

That's VELVET, The Smoothest Smokin' Tobacco—with its aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

An' that's why VELVET don't bite. The rawness is *aged out* of it.

Velvet Joe

10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Panama-Pacific International Exposition's highest award—The Grand Prize—has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Power Losses Are Costing American Manufacturers Eight Million Dollars a Month

What Happens When the Head of the Works Insists on the Facts in Power Transmission

Interesting Record of Money-Saving in Nineteen Classes of Industry

IN a Middle-Western City, at a certain manufacturing plant, last Fall an interesting meeting was held.

Said the President of the Company, "In our plant, as in most others today, we feel that every operation is being dissected in order to improve the method and reduce the cost.

"Now, I believe we are in the same rut with a good many others, in that certain departments of our plant are open to change and improvement, while other operations are surrounded with a sort of technical 'hands-off'—where any suggestion of change is met with a reference to 'fixed principles'—or a final 'we know all about that'—'all well enough in itself, but it won't work in our plant, Mr. Brown.'

"When we ask for a definite investigation and report as to some possible change or innovation the result is always negative.

"A big lawyer of this country said recently that the only way to fight *facts* with a hope of winning is to *suppress the facts*.

"After investigating some of our 'investigations' I wish to say that this is what has been going on in our plant.

"No dishonest motives, you understand, but the result to this business has been no less costly because due to a state of mind hostile to any suggestion not originating in the Power Department.

"The subject under discussion was *power transmission*.

"The investigation ordered was of Leviathan-Anaconda Belts.

"The report turned in was based upon stitched canvas belts, with no more bearing upon Leviathan-Anaconda Belts than if the investigation had been on leather or rubber."

* * *

Today there are both Leviathan and Anaconda Belts running in this plant—Leviathan drives inside the factory and a big Anaconda conveyor belt outside.

Within a stone's throw of the factory where this investigation took place another plant had installed an endless Anaconda main drive on March first. This belt has been running more than a mile a minute ever since and the generator take-ups have never been moved.

Another Anaconda on a similar drive in the same plant has been running two years and is as good as new—no stretch, no slip, no bother.

We can show you Leviathan Belts used continuously on main drive from twenty to thirty years that are running today.

This briefly is why even the most expensive leather belts in this and many other cases have had to make way for Leviathan-Anaconda.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are very tractive. They are wonderful under conditions where loads are intermittent, or belts over-loaded.

Probably the hardest conditions under which belts can be used are in cement plants. Here the belting account is larger in proportion to production account than in any other industry.

Leviathan-Anaconda are being used in some of the largest cement, brick and stone plants in the world, for elevating and conveying. They are making long-service records as against every other kind of belt under the most adverse conditions; conveying abrasive materials and carrying heavy loads. These belts are not affected by heat, weather exposure or dust. Anaconda is the most effectively waterproof belt made—during its *whole* life.

* * *

In the textile industry it is a matter of simple bookkeeping to trace increased profits where Anaconda Belts are used.

Here, under the peculiar working conditions which make a high percentage of slip in ordinary belts, Anaconda Belts work with perfect traction and insure the even running that produces "firsts" and not "seconds."

If Anaconda Belts lasted only one-tenth as long as they do, textile mills could afford to buy them because of increased production.

* * *

After years of service in conveying and elevating in flour mills and grain elevators, Leviathan-Anaconda Belts have retained their life and strength under high speed, heat and the dusty conditions which soon sap the vitality of ordinary belts.

* * *

Smelting and refining plants have adopted Leviathan-Anaconda on comparative tests.

No other belts will stand up equally with Anaconda for hot driving in an atmosphere filled with gases, or with Leviathan where there is dust and abrasive material.

Under the hard conditions of coal mining and colliery service, many plants in the United States have now adopted Leviathan-Anaconda for driving breakers, pickers, fans and compressors and for elevating and conveying.

Scores have been in service for 15 to 25 years.

* * *

Are you willing, is your Power Department willing, to stop thinking of belting in terms of material, and consider it in the light of power delivered—strength — tractive qualities — economy of upkeep — length of life — and, after these are considered, cost of installation?

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are totally unlike any other belts in the world—various-ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

They have nothing in common with canvas belts. *They are in no sense a substitute.* They are the scientific answer to the power transmission problem in *nineteen classes* of American industry.

* * *

The annual belting bill of American manufacturers is $48,421,000.00.

If only half the loss of power from the use of old-style belting is saved, it will pay for all the belts used in any given year.

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are sold by us direct to the users.

Leviathan-Anaconda Service is available at first hand to *every user* of our belts *no matter how long they may be in use.*

Ask a few questions and get the facts about power saving in your own industry.

LEVIATHAN—ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING

MAIN BELTING COMPANY

Manufacturers of Leviathan and Anaconda Belts

PHILADELPHIA

New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Montreal

HONOLULU IRON WORKS COMPANY, Honolulu

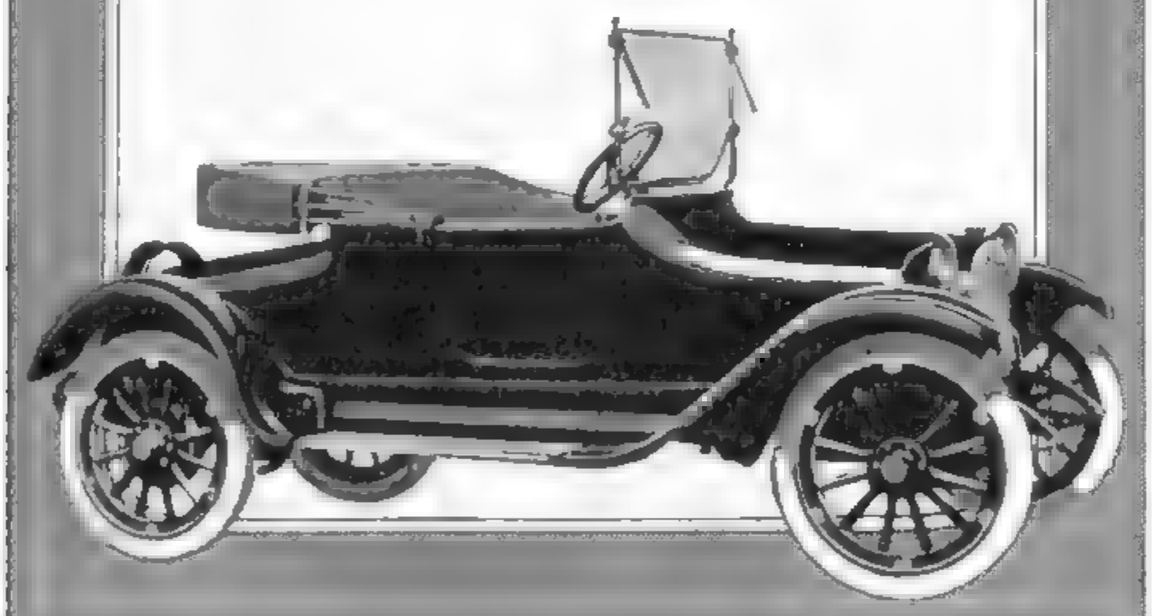
DODGE BROTHERS
ROADSTER

The beauty of this roadster will grow on you the longer you look at it.

At any angle from which you study it you will search in vain for a single harsh line or curve. There is luggage space enough for a continental tour for two

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Have a Rifle of Your Own!

Enjoy the charm of the woods and fields—shoot woodchucks, crows, hawks, rabbits, gophers, squirrels—with the

Marlin

.22 Calibre Repeater

—the *right* gun for small game, for *real* shooting and shooting at the mark. It is *remarkably accurate*, has plenty of range and power, gives *quick repeat shots* and the ammunition is so cheap *you can shoot all day long at slight expense*

New Hammerless Model $12.50

Model No. 32. Hammerless—and built right! The pistol grip stock has a *real* pistol grip and the greater "drop" that experienced shooters like so well. The quick-adjustable *Wind-gauge* rear and *Ivory Bead* front are "extra quality" sights—*the best ever furnished on any .22 repeater.*

The Take-Down is simpler and quicker than any other—the rifle more convenient to carry and *easier to keep clean. The safety slide button* is placed *right*—just under your thumb. The *Solid Steel Top* protects your face and eyes from defective cartridges; the *Side Ejection* throws shells away from you.

15 Shots; with **full** magazine, 25 shots. *Four other* ***Marlin*** .22 repeaters give choice of *lever* or *pump* action with visible hammer. All five models handle .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges.

Buy the right gun! Send 3 stamps postage for new 140 page catalog of repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 19 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from Page 30)

when at the time of the Bryan panic, in 1896, he begged the public to buy St. Paul at any price below par, and a little later to buy some of the stocks of the recently reorganized railroads, because he saw so clearly the stupendous boom that was bound to come after William McKinley was first elected to the presidency.

He made a great deal of money and acquired one hobby: He started to bull the common stock of the Panhandle Railroad, then as now a part of the Pennsylvania system. The stock was in the twenties. He showed that it was worth more; but did not convince people of it because, after they would read his extremely well-written and really veracious letters, they would do a little more reading—on the ticker tape. The quotation of Panhandle refused to move up. Therefore speculators couldn't believe the man was right. I remember talking to him at the time about the curious fact that a stock which was worth a good deal more than it was selling for refused to rise. His answer to me was: "Stocks never go up; they are put up, and then the public buys and the price goes up some more."

What he meant, of course, was that if careful students of investments alone saw the value of a stock selling for less than it was worth, and they bought it, their aggregate purchases were never large enough at any one time to make the price rise quickly, particularly so in the case of a stock the majority of which was controlled by a larger system. The Pennsylvania controlled the Panhandle, and was more concerned with getting that road into first-class physical condition than in paying out profits in dividends.

Why Margin Speculators Lose

Well, my friend succeeded in interesting some capitalists and boomed and bought Panhandle in the market. It went up to 30, to 40, to 50. It touched 70. My friend was directly responsible for the rise. He had studied the finances, the physical condition and the prospects of the Panhandle road. Nobody knew more about it than he; and yet he did worse than overstay his market. His confidence, not so much in the stock as in the general stock market, made him take on a bigger load than he could carry. He did what amounted to the usual fatal pyramiding, for all that he confined himself to that one stock.

He lost his money. His extraordinary mind, his amazingly clear grasp of basic conditions, as well as of those special conditions affecting his particular stock, did not help him when he merely tried to beat the game. For all his shrewdness and profoundly philosophical outlook on economic factors, he allowed himself to try to do what never has been done. The other day I met him, and I asked him if he thought anybody could beat the game of stock speculation. He said: "No. The public speculates only during a bull market, and always wins at first. Then it keeps on winning, for it happens to be a true bull market and has not run its course. The very prosperity of the speculator is bound to destroy him. When a man prospers he always spends a great deal. He impairs thereby his own capital; but he keeps on paying taxes upon the greater amount. The more he wins the more stock he has. His margin of safety is not what it was when he hadn't made easy money. This is not a paradox, because at first a man buys only what he is abundantly able to protect and, moreover, is apt to risk very little more than he really can afford to lose. A bull market, you must remember, at its height is nothing but a carnival of accumulated margins. In time the big market inevitably destroys these margins. The game itself kills itself. The phenomenon is merely the phenomenon of overdrinking."

This man ought to know; he was an active participant in the biggest bull market we ever had, during which he made millions, and then, to make him a really valuable commentator on market affairs, he lost his millions. Having no money to justify him in again attempting to beat the game he is necessarily a very wise man.

I have asked the same question of James R. Keene, Addison Cammack, Washington E. Connor—in fact, of every big operator who has worked in Wall Street in the last thirty years: "What is the principal reason why margin speculators lose money in Wall Street?" Every one of them returned the same answer: "Insufficient capital." This merely means the greed motive—the desire

Places like this make Criminals

Society trains criminals as carefully as it does lawyers or doctors—and graduates more of them. There will always be criminals as long as the training schools of crime exist—rum holes, prisons, opium joints and gang-infested street corners.

Any criminal is a menace; anyone—you—may be his victim. What protection have you? The law? It punishes but rarely prevents crime. The Police? They cannot be everywhere.

Between you and the criminal there is but one certain barrier—your own readiness to defend yourself and your family against felonious aggression. In the

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

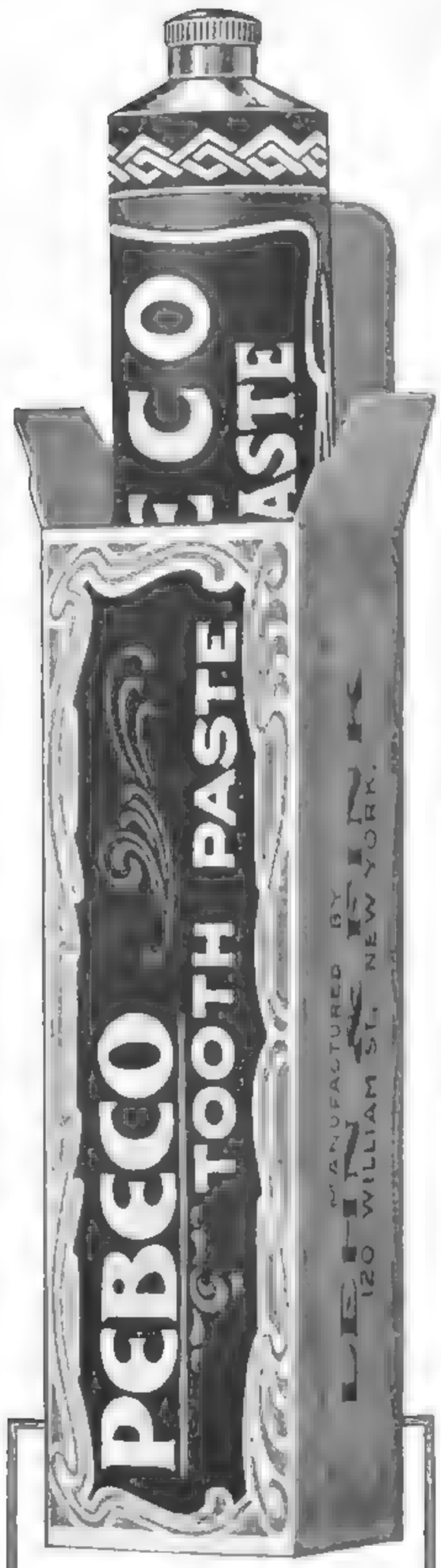
are combined, at a reasonable cost, accuracy, dependability and absolute safety. In unskilled or nervous hands it is safe—it cannot be accidentally discharged—you can Hammer the Hammer.

$6 to $8 *at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores*

Send for our 84-page book, which tells all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

Iver Johnson Hammerless model—a perfect pocket revolver.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco



Economy Worth While

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold everywhere in *extra-large-sized tubes* Only ⅓ of a toothbrushful is required at a time to keep the teeth white and clean. So Pebeco saves you money. It also helps your teeth to fight off "acid-mouth," the cause of so much decay.

Send for Free Ten-day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you [illegible] and how [illegible] tests to [illegible] You [illegible] and show you how a real [illegible] Pebeco polish [illegible] a feeling of freshness [illegible]

Manufacturing Chemists

122 William Street New York

Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

to win more than a man's financial resources legitimately entitle him to.

Of course men go into the game without really knowing its difficulties and, therefore, without fully appreciating its dangers. They may say they do, but they don't. Not only they don't, but they can't!

The average man is apt to think that he has at least an even chance, because the stock market must either go up or go down. A friend of mine once told me bitterly that the reason why a man couldn't make money in stocks was that though it was true that the market could go only one way or the other, it usually went the other. As a matter of fact, even if the average speculator were able to keep his greed under reasonable control, and were able to study underlying business conditions as well as those special factors that tend to establish values of securities, he does not have an even chance when he speculates in stocks.

The speculator should take into consideration the inevitable friction of interest, commissions, taxes, and the market turn. This friction alone is enough to make his chance of winning less than even. Every speculator knows that these things exist, and that whenever he does anything in the market they cost money.

Taking one hundred shares of stock as a unit, and covering both purchase and sale, here is what you start with on the New York Stock Exchange:

Market turn—never less than one-eighth	$12.50
Commission on purchase	12.50
Commission on sale	12.50
State tax	2.00
Federal tax	2.00
Total	$41.50

Besides this, interest will cost you at five per cent on par of market value about $1.40 per day if you carry stock. But whether you carry stock or not, it costs you $41.50 a hundred shares of stock to spin the wheel in the market. If the market goes up exactly one point after you buy your profit is $100, less $41.50, or $58.50. If it goes down a point, your loss is $100 plus $41.50, or $141.50.

In other words, the market has to go up almost one and a half points for you to make $100 profit on a hundred shares, and it only has to go down less than five-eighths of a point to cost you $100 loss.

Dow's Law of Price Movements

There is no way to express in exact mathematical terms of percentage the amount of this friction. The odds against the player at Monte Carlo are reckoned at about three per cent. If every margin speculator played for only one per cent either way, taking a one per cent net profit and cutting a one per cent net loss, he would probably win about forty times in a hundred and lose about sixty times, assuming the market to move up and down an equal amount of times over an equal distance. Anyhow, he would not have ninety-seven per cent of an even chance or anything like it, as he has at Monte Carlo.

I do not lay much stress on this, however, beyond noting the fact that, while all margin speculators know that there is friction, probably few know how great that friction actually is. Friction helps to make you lose your money; but the real reason you lose it, the real reason why your chance is not an even chance, is that the enemies of your own household spoil it for you, your own ignorance and your own cupidity. I cannot lay too great stress upon this point. That is really why the market is so apt to go the other way.

Many years ago Charles H. Dow, one of the founders of the Wall Street Journal—a man of rare insight—formulated the law of movement of stock prices which has come to be known as Dow's Law, experience having demonstrated its substantial truth. The course of prices over a long period of time, he said, resembles the course of a winding river which doubles on itself again and again, so that in traveling from one point to another, distant perhaps twenty miles in a straight line, it will actually traverse a distance of fifty or sixty miles in making those twenty, and will often travel for some miles in a direction opposite to that of its ultimate or true course. Furthermore, the course is full of eddies which keep the straws on its surface twisting and turning back and forth all the time.

The ultimate or true course of the river he called the primary movement of prices

(Continued on Page 36)

Just a wee bit nervous, eh?

That won't do!

Business success today requires steady nerves. Why not do as thousands of other sensible smokers are doing? Smoke the *Girard*, a *mild* cigar *mellowed by age alone.*

The
Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

And it's a real smoke, at that. Made from genuine Havana tobacco; fragrant and full-flavored. Smoke *Girards* whenever you please and as often as you please. There's no "come-back"; no "dopey" sensations, no "hang-over". Nothing but pleasure and satisfaction. And you see the difference in your feelings right away.

The "Broker"
Actual size. 10c.

Girard dealers know that this is a full-value cigar; honestly made by the good old Cuban method; and backed by our 45 years' reputation for fair dealing and a reliable product.

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase.
We authorize him to do the same by you.
14 sizes. 10c straight, and up.

Our trial offer
Simply mail us
$1 for 10—10c Girards
$2.50 for 25—10c Girards
$5.00 for 50—10c Girards
(If your dealer can't supply you.)

Smoke five of these Girard cigars, and if you are not satisfied return the remainder and we will refund all your money.

For the sake of a clear head and steady nerves insist on trying the *Girard*. And set about it *today*.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Use this handy coupon if you like

Check the shape you prefer.

"Founder" 5 inch Londres
"Broker" 5½ inch Perfecto
"Mariner" 5½ inch Panetela

Check the color you prefer.
Light Medium Dark

Name_____
Address_____
Dealer's Name_____

Copyright, 1915, The Royal Tailors, Chicago–New York

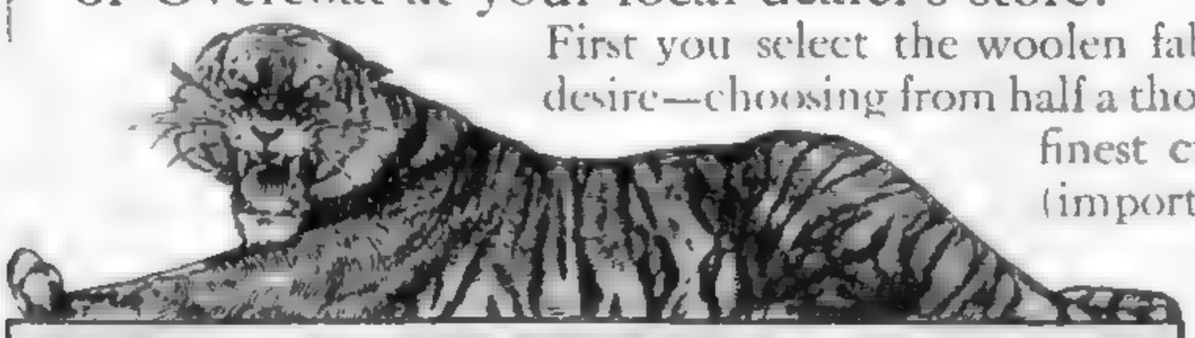
The Lord Chesterfield Age

The Beau Brummell Age

The Wa

The discerning taste has favored Made-to-M

This is the way you order a Royal Made-to-Measure Suit or Overcoat at your local dealer's store:



First you select the woolen fabric of your heart's desire—choosing from half a thousand of the world's finest custom-tailor weaves (imported and domestic).

Next you name your fashion ideal—picking from 73 of the latest and most exclu

Then comes the measure-taking body dimensions but of your menta

Detail by detail, the dealer writes body. Shall it be an English-cut ga lapels? A high, military waist line? You specify even the character of the

SO, you see, when your measure b is virtually a mirror of you—of

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Look for the Royal Tiger Sign

Joseph

rd McAllister Age

The Royal Tailor Age

and the Royal Tailored Man

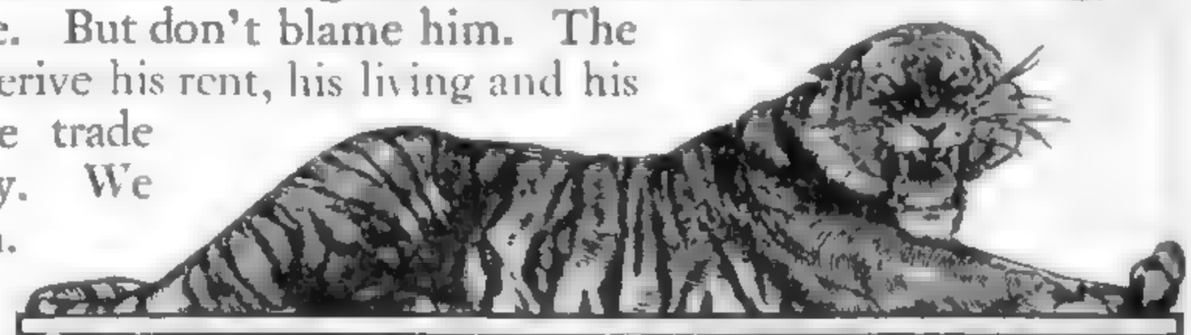
always leasure Clothes.

sive merchant-tailor style plates. —the recording, not alone of your t preferences.
down the dictates of your mind and tment with a soft coat front and roll A notched, soft-collar vest? So be it! linings and trimmings, if you desire.

lank is put before us in our shops it your body and taste. We cut your suit or overcoat as though you stood before us—overseeing the job.

Ye Olde-Tyme Tailor had to charge $50 to $75 for this pains-demanding, built-to-taste service. But don't blame him. The poor chap had to derive his rent, his living and his overhead from the trade of a small locality. We tailor for a nation.

Prices:—$16, $17, $20, $25, $30, $35.

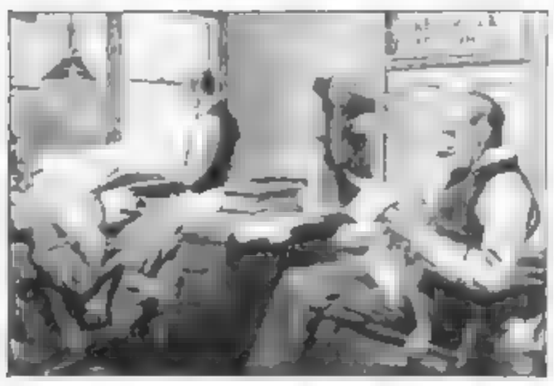


Wilson PRESIDENT

It's on 10,000 Dealers Windows

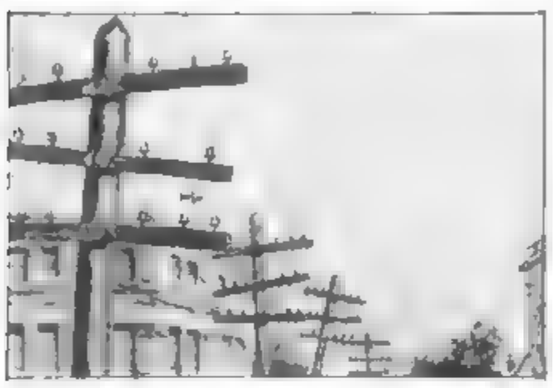
THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

Hidden Factors of Service

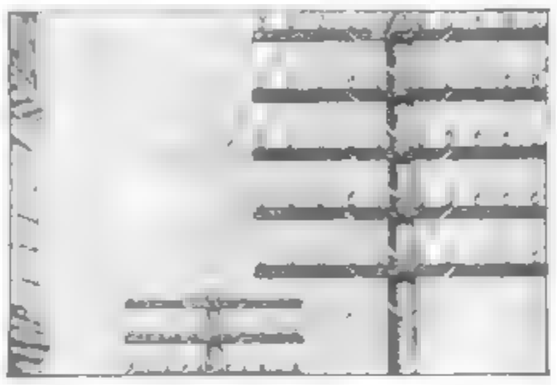


Records kept like this are practically useless for the management of a business. Efficiency is impossible and funds for improvement cannot be obtained.

Records, statistics and accounts kept like this are available for a complete knowledge of the cost and efficiency of each department of the business.



Such methods result in a telephone line which can give only poor service.



The result of such records is a telephone line like this, which gives good service.

The subscriber knows the difference! He demands a well-informed, intelligent business management.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

$250.00 for a WORD

SHEAFFER'S

(WORD ____ HERE)

SELF FILLING PEN

A Prize of $250.00 in Gold will be awarded to the person who sends us, before December 25th, 1915, the best descriptive word on the merits of SHEAFFER'S Self Filling, Self Cleaning Fountain Pen. This word must mean ***Perfection,*** and will be placed between SHEAFFER'S (word here) and Self Filling Pen. (If the word selected is submitted by more than one person, the full prize, ***$250,*** will be awarded to each of them.) We must have a strong word, as the SHEAFFER Pen ***never blots, never leaks,*** can be carried with the whitest of clothes without soiling, fills and cleans itself in four seconds, guaranteed for entire life of pen against defects. To learn more about the merits of the SHEAFFER pen. See it, try it at your dealer's. Get from him printed particulars in regard to the competition and a form on which to send in your suggestion. If he does not handle the SHEAFFER pen, write us. Prize will be awarded within sixty days after contest closes.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., Fort Madison, Ia.

(Continued from Page 33)

and he said he expressed the gradual adjustment of prices to investment values resulting from the operations of investors—viz., those who bought stocks for income rather than for speculation. By value he meant the relation of the earning capacity and dividend yield of a company's stock to the general value of money so measured by the general interest rates. The river's doublings and twistings he called the secondary movements or swings, and he attributed these mainly to the operations of margin speculators. The surface eddies were the daily fluctuations which reflected mainly the activities of the floor traders who operate in the Exchange. Sometimes the surface eddy doubled on the actual flow of the current, and sometimes the actual flow of the current doubled on the river's true course. Traders' operations were always intimately correlated to and interwoven with those of the margin speculators and those of the margin speculators with those of the investor, the whole forming the continuous current of the river.

Symmetrical and clear-cut as this theory is, it is, nevertheless, substantially true, and works as well to-day as it did when Dow formulated it twenty or more years ago. Accidents, of course, introduce at times a temporary disturbance or aberration of movement, but such disturbance or aberration is only temporary. Dow's Law is a law, and is the best statement of the thing that has ever been made.

Now it may be shown how the margin speculator is concerned with the secondary movements or swings, and why he is tempted to do the wrong thing—that is, to buy when he should sell and to sell when he should buy, and do it too often.

The thirteenth-century scholastics took their ultimate stand on the Principle of Sufficient Reason and the Principle of Causality—which means, in plain English, that whatever happens is the result of a cause other than itself. When people speculate on margin there is always an impulse. Putting it in strict scholastic form, the final cause of margin speculation is cupidity on the part of the speculator. The efficient cause or immediate impulse, however, is what mostly concerns us. This can usually be traced to one form or another of what Wall Street calls sentiment.

Sentiment in Speculation

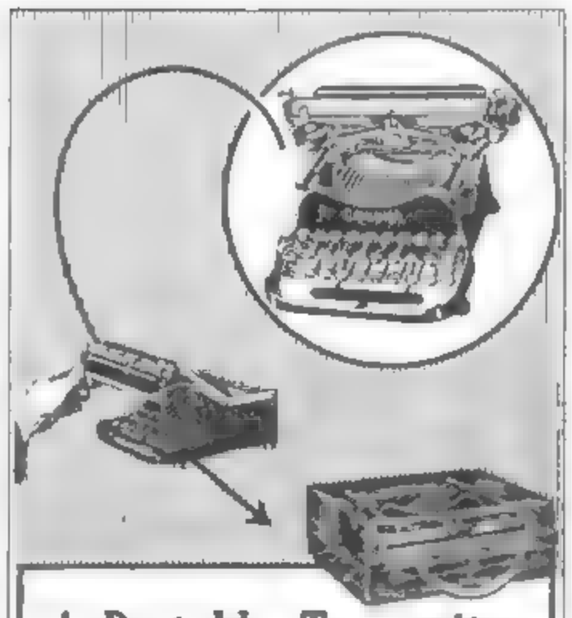
Sentiment reflects itself in tips or pointers or gossip passed from mouth to mouth, printed in the financial articles or on the news sheets and tickers, and resulting in a general body of opinion that stocks are going up or going down as the case may be. All speculators know this. It would take pages to enumerate the various forms that sentiment takes. What is quite certain is, that no one takes a flyer on either side of the market without being influenced to do so by one or other of these forms. It may be a tip from a fellow speculator, it may be advice from his broker, it may be his own deductions from what he reads or hears. It all boils down to sentiment.

Now the important fact about sentiment is that it varies in volume or intensity directly with the number of speculators who have made their play and with the extent of the play that they have made. Bullish sentiment is at its height when the number of bulls is greatest and their speculative holdings are largest, and bearish sentiment is most impressive when the street is full of bears.

Maybe you think that is obvious—but note what it means.

A bull is a margin speculator who has bought some long stock and is waiting to sell it out and get his profit. A bear is one who has sold some stock short and is waiting to buy it in. A bull doesn't want to buy; he has bought; he wants to sell. A bear doesn't want to sell; he has sold; he wants to buy. Now look at that obvious fact again.

When stocks are down at the bottom of a downward swing sentiment is bearish, because the Street is full of bears. That means that a great many people are waiting to buy stocks back to cover their shorts. At that time the psychological temptation to the margin speculator to take the short side is strongest, and there is little or no psychological temptation to buy. The reverse is true when stocks are at the top of an upward swing. Then sentiment is bullish, because the street is full of people who have bought stocks and are waiting to sell out. There is then no temptation to sell.



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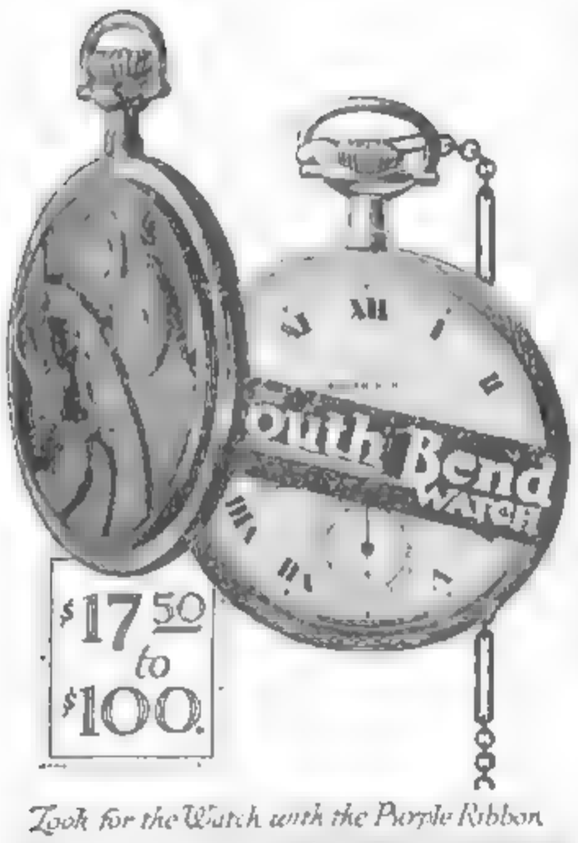

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In brief, when the Street is full of people waiting to sell stocks—like a wave curling over before breaking—the man who tries to beat the game is importuned by his cupidity to double his holdings; and when the Street is full of people waiting to cover their shorts his cupidity says: "Sell 'em some more!" And his ignorance prevents the speculator from coppering his own cupidity.

Suppose there were an apparatus like a maximum and minimum thermometer—a tube like the letter U with a bulb on each top; and you called the left-hand bulb Sentiment and the other Safety. When the index in the Sentiment bulb would register highest the Safety index would register lowest, and vice versa. And it would accurately reflect the facts. That also is why the market so often does the "other thing."

Cupidity also leads a man to trade too often. He acquires the habit of holding himself responsible for catching all the possible profits that present themselves in the market. If something goes up and he hasn't any of it, he feels himself at fault. In order to guard against such a thing in the future he grabs at everything that looks at all promising. Friction alone in such a case will beat him, but the cause is within himself.

If it comforts anyone's vanity to point out that sentiment in Wall Street is accelerated by designing manipulators, and that the movement of prices is interfered with by pools and cliques, he is welcome to that solace. All that can be done in this way does but increase a little the evil efficiency of the enemies within the speculator himself, and they are amply strong enough to beat him in ninety-five cases out of a hundred. You might incorporate the Exchange and make Mr. Samuel Untermyer himself regulator-in-chief, but as long as there was a free market ignorance and cupidity would continue to make the game unbeatable.

Where the Lost Dollars Go

Unlike trading in staples and certain commodities, as well as in the direct purchase or sale between two individuals, it does not follow that any one man makes in the stock market what another man loses. The man who purchases one hundred shares of Steel, at a price that shows you a loss of $400, does not necessarily make the $400 that you lost. Many people have wondered where the money goes that is lost in stock speculation. As a matter of fact the loss is so divided that it is impossible to apportion the exact share of it which various people get; but it is not difficult to tell who it is that gets most of the money that is lost in stock speculation. It came to me very vividly the other day and prompted the writing of these articles.

I met a man on Fifth Avenue who retired from Wall Street about the same time I did. He had been for years one of the owners of a leading Wall Street newspaper. He had enjoyed a long acquaintance with the most prominent financiers of this country; he had made a lifelong study of conditions; he had hobnobbed for two decades with men who made a specialty of the study of security values. And by reason of his position he not only enjoyed the confidence of the financial magnates, but having a remarkable nose for news he was usually able to know what was going on in the way of the market plans of the leading operators. Besides, he had considerable native shrewdness and the ability to hold on to what he had.

I had not seen this man for years. He had retired with perhaps half a million, safely invested, and was enjoying a life of leisure and ease. Altogether his life was most enviable. He spent his days reading and going to concerts and lectures. Also he had a farm in New England where he played summers. He had a great deal to tell me about what he had been doing since he left Wall Street. As this was sure to be a long conversation, I invited him to my club near by. "All right," he said; "but just wait until I go in here and see what the stock market is doing, will you?"

I opened up on him. I abused him for his crass idiocy in having anything to do with Wall Street when he was one of the few men who had quit winners. I told him he had money enough and was having a fine time, getting out of life infinitely more than far richer persons can get who had not his mental resources. I pointed out that he knew as well as I did that in the end the game got them all.

He is rather a literal-minded person, and when he saw how much in earnest I was

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What a Pure Soap Will Do For Your Skin

Have you ever considered that the soft pink and white skin of childhood, which is the heart's desire of almost every woman, is but the ***natural, healthy condition?***

Its charm and loveliness need no cosmetic, because the delicate pores have not become clogged or enlarged—they throw off the impurities which are the chief cause of bad skin. Keeping these minute pores clear and free to do their work is the real secret; and the greatest help you possibly can have is pure soap.

Use a pure soap—Pears—freely, every day and plenty of hot water. Rub it well into the pores, rinsing thoroughly with warm water, with a final rinsing of cold—***the colder the better***—and you will have no need for artificial "aids to beauty."

Follow this simple treatment—***not spasmodically***—but faithfully every day; use only a soap that is known for its purity—use Pears' Soap, which is world famous for its quality—and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin.

Pears' Soap

Pears is the very best and purest soap that it is possible to make and the most economical. Pears is all pure soap—not almost pure but absolutely pure, and it lasts twice as long as ordinary soap. You cannot buy a finer soap at any price, yet Pears' Unscented is sold everywhere at not over 15c. a cake.

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Largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

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WITH *National* "Highway" twelve cylinder car, you really drive a *team* of six cylinder motors. You then experience the exhilaration and pride formerly enjoyed by driving your spanking team of thoroughbreds.

The ease and smoothness with which this new "Highway Twelve" glides over the roads is beyond your conception until you have tried it. There is an abundance of power that swells or diminishes without shifting gears.

Until you have held this wheel—felt the dominancy of its flexible power—until you have ridden with the serenity of sailing—until then you have not enjoyed the latest and maximum in motoring comfort and pleasure. Its performance eclipses its $1990 price.

National built the first American Sixes, and *National* Sixes of today are favorites among the owners of better grade cars. The Twelve is born of the Six, and the same factory, the same management, now offer "Highway" models in both six and twelve cylinder cars.

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A Mother Wrote:

"To The Secretary of The Wives' League:— I earned this $4.25 in one afternoon. I intend to work again some day this week, as I wish to add to my earnings. I enjoy the work very much, and also the money, as it helps to get little things for my girls that otherwise they would do without."

THERE spoke the true mother-spirit. Few mothers are willing that their children shall "do without," when a little extra effort—the work of an afternoon, perhaps—can provide the funds to "do with." That accounts for the success of The Wives' League, the great movement organized by *The Ladies' Home Journal* to make the housekeeper's spare hours yield her definite money returns. The plan is very simple and involves no fees or dues. It will be explained to any woman who is interested if she will address

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he said to me very seriously: "It may interest you to know that since I left Wall Street I've a little more than doubled my fortune." Then he added apologetically: "Of course I had two panics to help me."

And then I knew where the money went that speculators who tried to beat the game lost. The investor gets it—the investor who, like my friend, buys when the speculator sells, and sells when the speculator buys. This seems a trite remark, but it is not. I took pains to investigate this point and I ascertained what I had always suspected—to wit, that the familiar bargain hunter, the man who goes down with his pocket full of cash during a slump and buys securities because they are cheap, because they yield him a good income, seldom deviates from his practice of buying only when things are very cheap.

I knew a broker, a member of the Consolidated Exchange, who after some years of hard work succeeded in amassing some sixty thousand dollars. He kept this money in a trust company, drawing a low rate of interest, throughout the spring and summer of 1907. In October of that year he went to a broker on the Big Board—the New York Stock Exchange—and turned the money over to him to invest at discretion. The broker made a collection of the choicest stocks in the list, taking twenty shares here, ten there, and so on, until he had invested the $60,000. The assortment yielded an average of over 6½ per cent on the money. But the significant fact was that most of this stock came from the biggest interests in the Street!

Profits for Thrifty Bargain Hunters

The broker who invested the money for his friend told me that he purchased some hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of securities for customers who were savings-bank depositors. It will be borne in mind that at the time no one could get cash from the banks, but they could give checks on their banks which were good for the purchase of securities. The significance in the source of the stocks sold during that panic lies in the fact that it was evident that the biggest men in the Street were among the biggest losers. These are the men to whom Wall Street always refers in awed tones as "They"—the Morgan people, the Standard Oil crowd, the Kuhn, Loeb party, and so forth. In emphasizing this point attention might be called to the fact that after the panic of 1907 there was a very large increase in the number of stockholders of the big railroad and industrial companies. Many tens of thousands of new names were added to their lists of stockholders during the winter of 1907 and the spring of 1908. Most of these new stockholders were the little bargain hunters of this country, people who had gone to their savings banks, got certified checks for their deposits, and with these had purchased and taken away "Their" stocks in broken lots at prices sufficiently near the bottom to show that the biggest men in the Street—"They"—had been the biggest suckers of all those who had tried to beat the unbeatable game.

The rest of the money that is lost in stock speculation goes to pay for the machinery. The brokers get their living out of it and the banks get their share in interest on loans. It is impossible to estimate just what proportion of what a speculator loses goes to support the thousands of men who work in Wall Street and branch offices; but the fact is clear that those who make most of the money that is lost in stock speculation are the men who wait until they can buy stocks because they are very cheap—the men who have panics to help them! Remember, also, that it doesn't have to be one of those acute crises when the unlucky speculator throws overboard indiscriminately everything he owns. It is when stocks are cheap that a man must buy if he wishes to make a profit. And there is a difference between making a profit and trying to make a million on a shoe string. It is not the big men of Wall Street who get all the money, year in and year out. They lose when they speculate. When they promote or do a banking business they sometimes win. When they thimblerig or commit a breach of trust they also sometimes win—not always. But whenever any man, rich or poor, thinks there is easy money and tries to get it by the aid of the stock ticker he is bound to lose. For, don't you see, he beats himself every time.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Edwin Lefevre

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Without cost—without obligation—without trouble—learn in your own home the wonderful advantage of cleaning house the Frantz Way. Over one hundred thousand women are already doing it. Now we have made it possible and easy for one hundred thousand more to join them under this no-cost, no-obligation demonstration plan.

Is Your Housework Getting the Better of You?

Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner

MORE than a Vacuum Cleaner—Weighs only 9 lbs. Operates with one hand. Works in corners. Renews everything from a curtain to a rug.

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Complete attachments for special purposes, $7.50 extra.

Payment arranged on easy terms if desired.

See for yourself how the Frantz Premier will draw handfuls of dirt from rugs you *thought* were clean—how the Frantz Way does away with dreary "house-cleaning" by keeping the house *really* clean *all* the time. Learn how it *more* than pays for itself—no extra expense for "special" cleanings—no wear and tear from fine dust being ground into the nap of your rugs. This is *all* removed by a Frantz "air bath."

The Frantz Premier can be operated with *one hand*. It weighs but 9 lbs. No heavy weight to carry and push about. Attaches to any electric socket. Works in the corners. Makes everything bright and new—from a flimsy curtain to the rugs on the floor.

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Opportunity For High Grade Salesmen

Write today for unusual opportunity with the world's largest makers of electric cleaners. We will promote the right men to responsible positions as Branch Managers in the big cities. Others will be advanced to fill important places in the home office. Our extensive advertising in national publications is making splendid new business for the salesmen. Write today. Give complete information about yourself.

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Send me, for a no-cost demonstration, a Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner. I promise to handle it with ordinary care, and to hold it at your disposal after the demonstration has been made.

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Address_____

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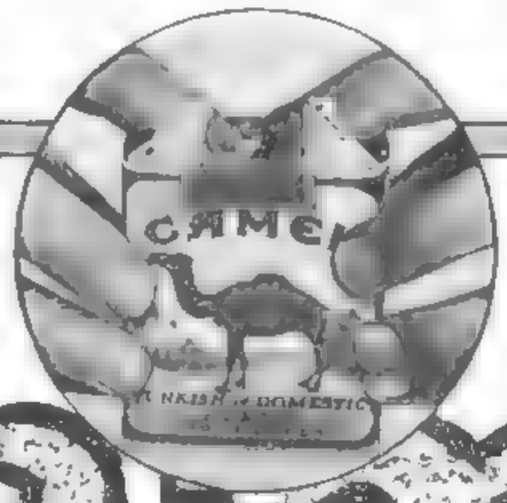

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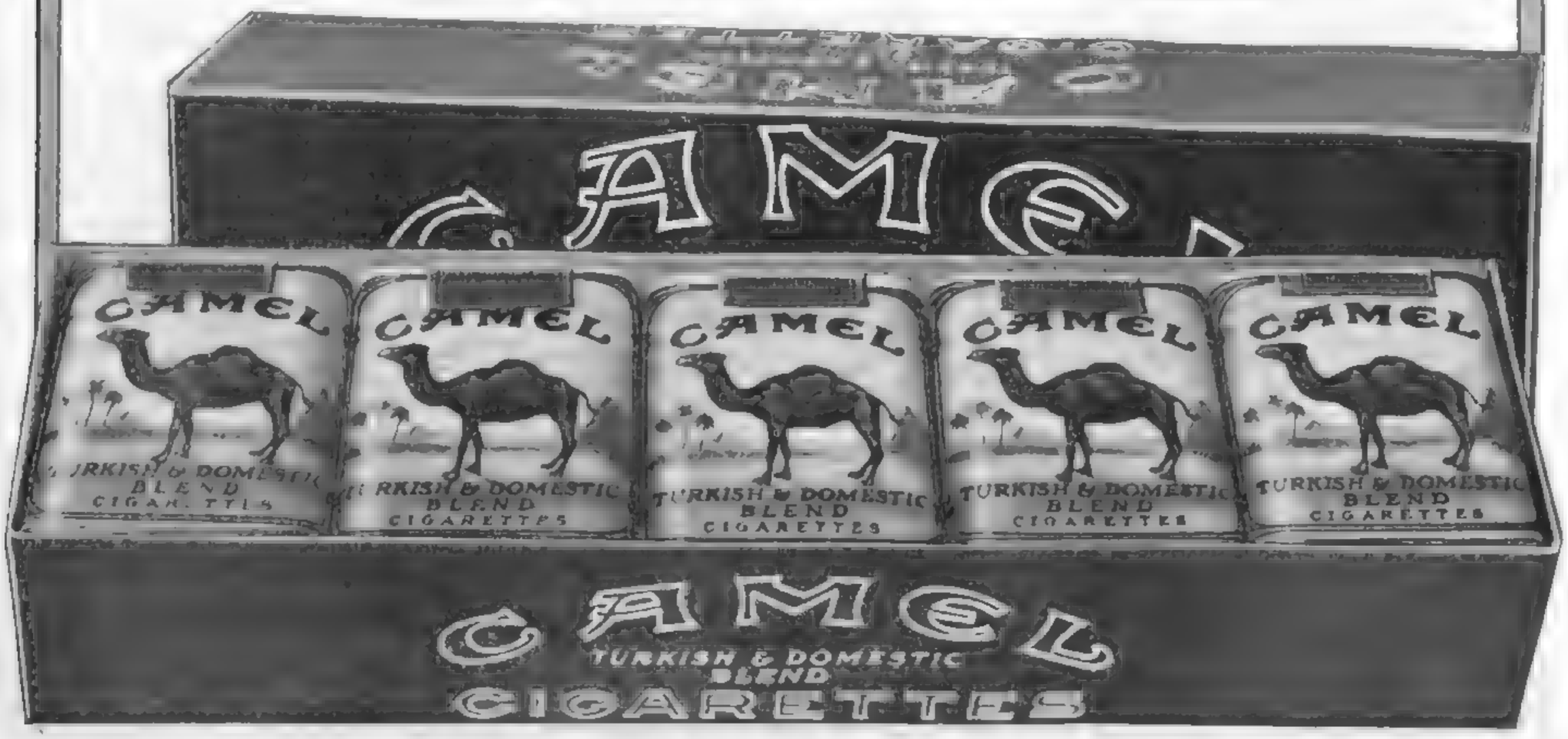

THE HEAD OF RUSSIA AND THE HEART

(Continued from Page 15)

She calls them "My Children," and admonishes them and guards them and steers them across the street-car tracks and past the busy corners; and they all look to her with perfect and simple and childish trust and faith. They do not know about cities; but *mah'lee mahi*—the little mother—will keep them from harm.

These are the real nurses, just as the men they guide and guard are the real soldiers—the workers and the fighters. And it is not such hard luck as may be imagined for a Russian soldier to have a bullet in the arm, or a chunk nipped out of a leg by shrapnel, or a thrust by a bayonet, when you take into consideration the prettiness of the nurses and the good times they have while they are getting into shape to return to the front. Indeed, there are many worse things, I should say, than being a wounded Russian soldier in Petrograd or Moscow, or even in the smaller cities. The people are kind, especially in Moscow and in the more Russian cities, and the sights are many and marvelous to the peasant from Siberia or from the villages in Russia; while the nurses add not a little to the attractiveness of the general scheme.

Late Hours the Rule in Russia

If you will consider the lobster palaces in New York on a ginger-ale and lemonade basis, or the big restaurants in Chicago or San Francisco, or in any other American city that has not gone dry, you will get an idea of what the café life in Petrograd and Moscow and elsewhere in Russia amounts to now. Russian cities are night-life cities. The average schedule of the Russian business man in a big city was to come down to the office between ten and eleven, stay round until one and then go out to luncheon. After two hours at table he would go back to the office to sign his mail and then go home and to his cabinet and take a sleep until about seven. Dinner is late in all the foreign countries; and at half after ten or eleven, when he had smoked his cigar, it would be time to go down the street or to his club. He might drop into a music hall or a café, and would ordinarily get back to his house about two or three in the morning.

Now, it is quite difficult to sit about a music hall or a café and quaff the foaming kvass with any degree of merriment. Hence, though the Russians in the big cities make desperate efforts to cheer up on tea and imitations of strong drinks, the effect is ghastly and the restaurants are rather dismal affairs. The prohibition of vodka is sure enough and the only way to get a drink is to cheat. The wine shops, which were numerous in all the large cities, are locked and sealed. In some few of those in Petrograd, and in Moscow especially, the shopkeepers have left in their windows bottles showing what they formerly purveyed; but the bottles are dusty, and the doors have big padlocks on them and are sealed. Gay Petrograd and gayer Moscow are sad affairs after dark in these days of war and prohibition.

The business or middle-class Russian was not of much account, either in numbers or ability. Russian society is composed of a top layer and a bottom layer, with little between the extremes. The Germans were the middle class in Russia. They were the business men. They made and had the trade, and they were paramount in finance and in commerce. Now the Germans have gone. No one knows how many of them are sequestrated in Siberia in detention camps, or how many got across the frontiers. As a consequence, trade languishes. There was a notice in the papers when I was in Petrograd that all German houses in Russia must be liquidated by the first of July—"unless the office of the Minister of the Interior shall stipulate otherwise."

Rubles have gone down tremendously. Formerly a ruble was worth not quite fifty-two cents in American money; but there was no difficulty in buying them for forty cents when I was there, and they really were worth less than that. Two rubles and fifty-five kopecks for a dollar—a kopeck being half a cent when rubles are right—is what they were. The consequence is that with rubles so cheap their purchasing value is largely decreased, and prices in Petrograd and Moscow are very high. Trade is dull. The shops make as brave a show as they can; but the war has hit Russia, just as it has hit every other place, and the people are not buying.

Of course the money saved from vodka by the poorer people gives them more to do with, but the richer people have had great shrinkages in their fortunes; and the wonderful fruit shops and perfume shops and jewel shops, and the more than wonderful flower shops, are empty and unpatronized. On the other hand, tea and coffee shops are doing well, and the ordinary foods of which the Russians are so fond—the *zakuska*, or relishes, from caviar to potato salad—have not risen very much in price. Nor has bread—and Russian bread is fine. The cake and pastry shops are prosperous; while the only sections of the *magasins*, or department stores, that sell much are those where materials for bandages and medical use and for clothes for the soldiers are purveyed.

The people are interested in the war, and very brave and confident about it. They are not told very much. The Russian official reports, which are quite true as far as they go, are printed; and the remainder of the paper is filled with long polemics on what might happen or what is sure to happen, but not much about what has happened. The Russian writers write long, detailed essays, discussing many irrelevant things under the guise of comment on the war. There are many newspapers; and as the office of the Novoe Vremya, one of the greatest newspapers in Russia, is on the Nevskii, there is where the crowds collect to watch for the telegrams about the war, which are posted up outside. Between times the newspapers print extras, which are called *telegrammes*, and these are hawked about the streets.

The People Hungry for News

They are very hungry for news in Russia, but they get very little of it, and not a bit that the government does not want them to have. They all think Russia must win. When the Russian troops get a setback the casuists in the newspapers write long pieces to show that these are not setbacks. For example, when the Germans retook Przemysl—it is pronounced Pshemisl, by the way—it was argued that the loss meant nothing, because when the Russians originally took it from the Austrians, the Germans and the Austrians said the place had no strategic value. Hence, it had no strategic value when the Russians lost it again. The Russian military critic and expert has a tough time of it.

There were a good many women in mourning on the streets in all the cities I was in, and many men wore bands of black crêpe on the sleeves of their coats; but I was not able to discover whether these marks of mourning were because of war losses or on account of the ordinary course of mortality among the populace. Some death lists are printed now and then, but the Russian people have no more idea of how many soldiers have been killed than the Eskimos have. I doubt that the officials themselves know. If they do know they do not tell.

A Russian I had known in New York, a man sixty years of age, came to see me one day in Petrograd. He had a band of crêpe on his sleeve.

"It is for my son," he said. "He was killed in the war. He was a fine fellow and he had a good place. But God is good, and I suppose it is all for the best."

"Where was he killed?" I asked.

"I do not know. I only know he was killed."

"Didn't they tell you?"

"Oh, no," he replied, as though surprised at the question. "They do not tell; but I found it out."

"Was that difficult?"

"It was very difficult. It took me a long time. They do not tell. It is war. But I found it out, and I am wearing this crêpe in his memory. He was a fine fellow and he had a very good place and was doing well."

"What do the people think about the war?" I asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders, and a Russian can put more expression into a shrug of his shoulders than a Frenchman can, by far.

"What have we to think?" he replied. "We are not supposed to think. It is

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Russia, and Russia is at war. We must fight until we win. We lose our sons and our brothers, and our women lose their husbands; but it is war. What have we to think? We are not supposed to think. We are expected to work and to fight. They tell us little. We read the newspapers; but that is nothing. It is war. And my son was such a fine fellow and had such a good place."

Whatever may be the state of mind or heart of those at the top, these Russian people—the great mass—have no other idea than winning their share of the war, and each one is doing what he can to help to that victory they are sure is coming.

This is especially true in Moscow, where they are more Russian than they are in Petrograd. Of course in the cities of Poland, much nearer to the fighting, they know more about it than do those in the far-away cities; and the Poles, though loyal enough, differ temperamentally from the Russians. It was the same in the places where I stopped in Siberia. They were rather hazy as to why there was a war and what it was all about, but they answered the call of the Czar ungrudgingly and sent their young men out to battle, with prayers and with cheers, with blessings and with gifts.

In the cities, of course, they knew with exactness that the enemy was the German; and they were glad it was so, for Germany had been the Old Man of the Sea in Russia for many years. Germany has been on Russia's back; and, because of the indifference and the laziness and the other racial characteristics of the Russians, Germany fed fully and freely on the resources of that country and has grown fat in commerce and in power. Your German is neither lazy nor indifferent. Long, long ago he saw a field for exploitation in Russia and he exploited Russia to his own very great advantage.

There was an immediate movement in Petrograd to expel Germans, and thousands of them were sent away. Moscow had many Germans, also; but Moscow did not take early steps against them, did not go after them so rabidly as Petrograd. Some were sent to Siberia, but many remained, subject to police regulations. In Petrograd they tried to become non-German overnight. They changed the name of the city from St. Petersburg to Petrograd; they changed the name of Berlin Street to London Street, and so on. In the cafés and restaurants and in the hotels they put up placards reading: "Patrons are requested not to speak German here." And those placards are still up and still in force.

Rather mischievously, a friend and myself, in a big restaurant in Petrograd, tried the experiment of German conversation. At first we approached the waiter; and though he understood us perfectly, he gave no sign and answered in Russian: "*Shto ty sprasele?*"—"What did you ask?" We pointed out the food we wanted and then began to talk in German. In less than a minute a man sitting at the next table rattled his knife on his plate and looked angrily at us. In a minute and a half three other men were rattling their knives on their plates; and in two minutes the head waiter was there and requested us to talk in Russian or in English, or leave the place. In reality it was not much of an experiment, for that was a most uncomfortable meal. I never tried it again. After that, in public places where no English was spoken, if French would not do I laboriously spelled out the Russian words and guessed at what they meant. The zero of occupations or diversions is being a German in Russia.

Too Rich to be Bribed

After things had gone along quite in a desultory fashion in Moscow, as far as the Germans were concerned, with forays against them now and again, a new governor for the Moscow district was appointed. His name is Prince Youseff, as I remember it—one can bring no notes from Russia—and he was appointed in May of this year. He is one of the richest men in Russia and was appointed because of that fact. The typical Russian reason for the appointment is that the prince has so much money he cannot be bribed. Sometimes there are Russians who cannot be bribed, you know, and one good reason for that peculiarity is the possession of so much money that more money means nothing. It takes immense wealth to bring about this impeccable condition, and the Prince has that same.

In any event he began a campaign against the Germans in Moscow soon after he took his office. It was in full swing when I was there in the latter part of May. He issued orders that certain sections and sorts of them should proceed forthwith to a point in Siberia four days' journey from Moscow, and they had to go. There was a good deal of misery over this order, but every German who came within its scope was forced to get out.

The American consul general, John H. Snodgrass, of West Virginia, who has been distributing agent for the German and Austrian Governments for relief funds for their harassed people, and whose work has been extraordinary, both for efficiency and for intelligence, was appealed to from all sides. I was at the consulate on two mornings after the order was issued, and the misery was appalling. Mr. Snodgrass was able to secure a few modifications, but most of the Germans had to go. For example, one man who had been operated on for appendicitis on Tuesday morning was under orders to go on Wednesday morning. On representations from Snodgrass to the prince this man was allowed to remain a little longer, and so in other extreme cases; but mostly there was nothing for the Germans to do but get out, and get out in a hurry.

Before this, of course, from all parts of Russia thousands of Germans and other alien enemies had been sent to Siberia.

Suffering Nobly and Paying Gladly

The Moscow Russians applauded this. In the early days of the war the German prisoners and the German wounded who came that way were kindly treated by the Moscow people. Those who were there at the beginning of the war, or a month or two afterward, tell me the Moscow people showed the Germans much consideration. To be sure, the treatment of the enemy was in no way comparable to the treatment of their own soldiers. These were overwhelmed with kindness. Those who saw Moscow in the days of mobilization and immediately after the first battle describe with emotion the wonderful scenes of enthusiastic and almost hysterical loyalty and love when the soldiers marched through, and the widespread grief and eager desire to help when the great trains came back with the shattered men who had only a short time before gone singing through Moscow on the way to the front.

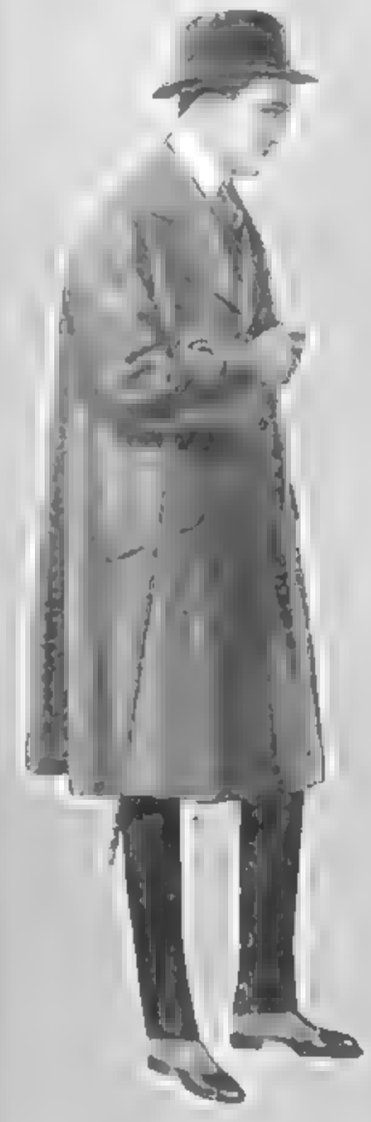
The movement against the Germans by the new governor in Moscow rather stirred the Moscow Russians; for, though they had tolerated the Germans—largely because they were so used to Germans as an integral and important part of the life of the city—that toleration came for the most part from a lack of thought about the Germans rather than from friendliness to them. The new governor concentrated attention on the Germans.

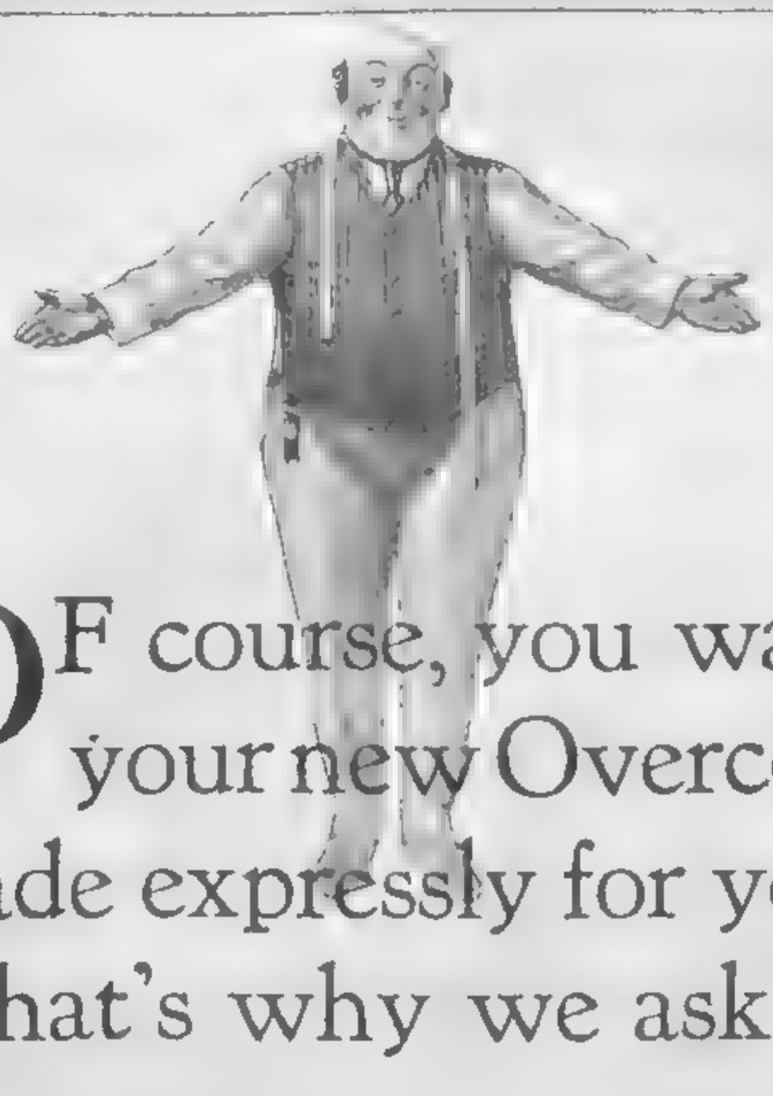
"What ho!" said the Moscow folk. "There are Germans in our midst!" Then with true Russian impetuosity they began to do things. Mobs formed and stoned the houses in which Germans lived and the stores run by Germans; and in some of the factory sections they wrecked mills and offices where German managers were employed.

This localized the feeling. It does not take much to make a rioter out of a Russian. He is a person who is readily inflamed. Feeling grew intense. Germans left in large numbers—even Russianized Germans. Then came the inevitable processions, with the Czar's picture in front of them, and the rowdy element joined; and for a time Moscow was a most disorderly place, and much property owned or managed by Germans, or by those of German descent, was damaged. The Russian workingmen and peasants are slow to think and to start, but once they get into action they are rather thorough in execution.

Here, sketched rather than analyzed, are the conditions I found in Petrograd, the head, and Moscow, the heart, of Russia, ten months after the war began. Real war sentiment—the sentiment of the people who must bear the burdens of the war and suffer the losses and pay its price—is not found at the front. There war is professional. Real war sentiment and real war conditions are found back among the people who, understanding dimly, suffer and pay nobly and gladly.

In Petrograd the war is official and practical, and officially considered. In Moscow it is holy and sentimental, and prayerfully upheld. In both places it seems to be earnest, and in both places it is utterly sad and desolating.





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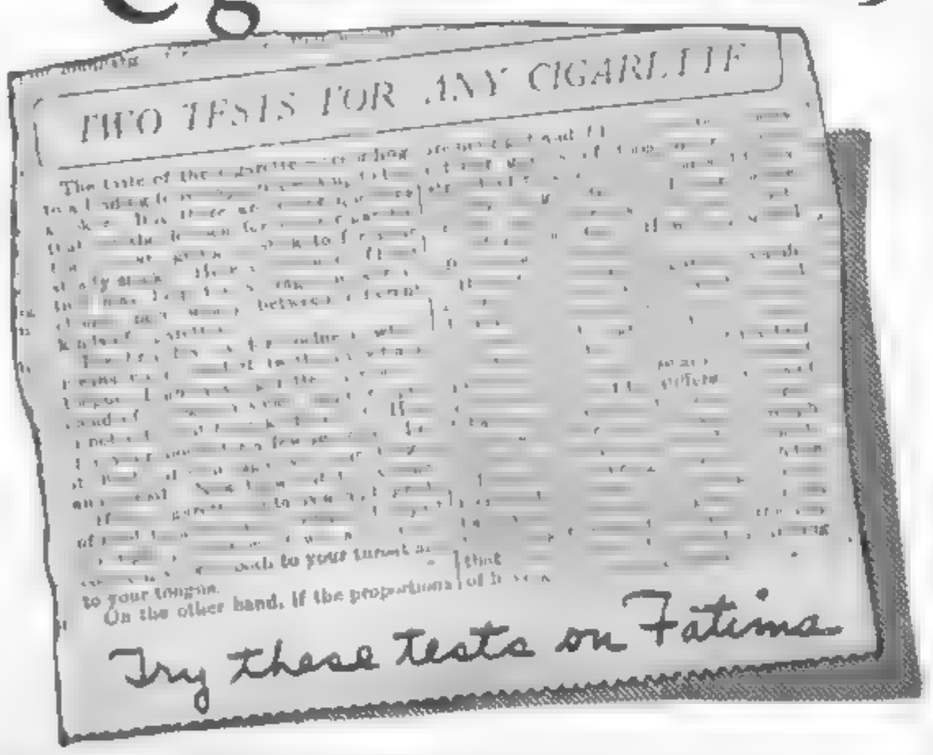

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

WHY THE AUTO BUBBLE DOESN'T BURST

(Continued from Page 20)

all the automobiles we build this year, however, will probably come close to twenty millions. In other words, auto power is increasing twenty times as fast as factory power and traveling at a far greater ratio; and that volume of power, turned out on our streets and roads to transport people and goods, can hardly mean anything else than benefit and permanence.

Your new nineteen-fifteen automobile is wonderful! You feel the thrill as driver. Climb behind the wheel, press a button to start the engine, and you fly away on silent shoes of swiftness, with unneeded reserves of speed under your finger and heel. Before the auto came, only a railroad engineer or trolley motorman enjoyed that feeling of having all the speed and power he wanted. Now you can beat him if your car is fairly big; and even if it is only a little one, cranked by hand, it has more speed than you ought ever to use.

But it is wonderful in other ways—as mechanism, and for developments and refinements that are more or less hidden from you as driver. It is wonderful for the materials of which it is made. It is wonderful for that compact power plant under the hood. It is wonderful for the ways in which the power has been applied to a vehicle that, on a good road, running under unique strains and stresses, can beat a steam locomotive running on rails. It is wonderful for the factory methods by which it has been built for a moderate price.

Begin with materials: Nature gave man certain metals—common ones, like iron and copper; rarer ones, like gold; very rare ones, like tungsten. All Nature's metals have shortcomings for man's purposes. They rust, corrode, are of low tensile strength, are mixed with impurities, and so on. Nature has been perverse in making the most serviceable ones the rarest; so for ages man has been mixing these metals to get his results, overcoming defects in one by mixing with it a little of another. At first he did it crudely, as in the old bronzes and pewters; but lately he has attained more science, making the modern alloys, which are as fascinating as they are complicated. The alloy steels are the most delicate and remarkable of all.

Your nineteen-fifteen car is a triumph in alloy and special steels. The rear axle alone is an assembly of a dozen or more different steels, each performing a certain kind of work. The engine block is cast of a semi-steel. Frame, body, springs, engine, and transmission parts, and all other units in the car have their special steels and steel combinations; and some of the most important steels in the final result are alloys that do not go into your car at all, but are used in making it—the tool steels.

In five years, with these new materials and the new ways of working them, the automobile engineer and metallurgist, working together and also fighting each other hotly on technical points, have trimmed fully half a ton of weight off your car. At the same time they have made it stronger, faster and cheaper.

The Motor-Maker's Cookbook

Some parts of the car must be tough and strong, like the crank shaft hidden in the vitals of the engine—only the repair man ever sees it. Other parts must be tough inside and hard outside, like gears and rollers, and balls in bearings. A spring must be hard and elastic, and for some of the little trinkets, like valves, it is possible to use a precious metal, like tungsten, to secure extraordinary hardness and durability under great heat.

Metallurgical science has been backed by human organization to get results. The right alloy or high degree of purity in steels was attainable only in laboratories a few years ago. When automobile engineers demanded these laboratory products in large quantities, to perfect their design, they had to do battle with the steel makers. At first the latter declared that the auto fellows were asking for the unattainable. Then the steel makers went to work and developed forces that made the right alloys everyday staples of the steel trade.

The raw steels, as they come to the maker of automobiles, might be compared to dough, from which parts are forged and machined. When the part is shaped it must be given heat treatment to secure the final toughness, hardness, malleability, elasticity, or resistance to shock or heat. Heat treatment formulas roughly correspond to cook-book recipes. If you want a nice crank shaft, bake it an hour in an oven moderately hot, as heat-treatment temperatures go, say fifteen hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and cool quickly. Then reheat in a hotter oven and serve. Gears are cooked in a casserole and tried with a straw to determine when they are done, as mother tries her bread. The casserole is a crucible, and the straw a test piece of steel from which portions are broken and examined at intervals as heat treatment progresses. Cams need a very hard and very thin surface to resist wear; toast quickly over a mass of coals until nicely browned all over.

Fully as important are the special steels containing different percentages of carbon, which give results as valuable as the alloy steels under scientific heat treatment.

According to the way a piece of alloy or high-carbon steel is treated by heat to fix its texture, it will perform different kinds of work in the finished car. Ten years ago heat treatment was regarded as rather mysterious. The best results seemed to depend on workmen who had a knack. Bill Jones could tell by the color of incandescent steel in the furnace when it was ready to quench. Perhaps he had a secret pill that he used to get his results.

Engines Smaller and Faster

To-day, heat treatment has been perfected so that a woman sitting at the pyrometer board of a big plant can control all the mysteries on a central-station system. The pyrometers—electrical high-temperature thermometers—are connected with the different heat-treatment furnaces, and she watches the temperatures, and by a scheme of colored lights warns men at each furnace when the heat is too high or too low. The fuel is oil, and a variation of only a very few degrees in an average of fifteen hundred Fahrenheit is permitted, and to check the woman operator there is a recording apparatus on each furnace that shows every lapse from the standard, day and night.

Your nineteen-fifteen car has something under the hood that could not have been built at all five years ago. An automobile engine used to be a complicated affair. The cylinders were of cast iron, often made singly because foundry methods did not permit the making of the present-day casting in a single block, with the water-jacket an integral part. The water-jacket was made separately, of copper or iron, and fastened to the cylinder casting. The motor had to be made with large cylinder diameters because it ran at moderate speeds—high speeds and small-bore motors were not possible, because parts could not be machined accurately enough to give the fine balance in the motors of to-day.

"One hundred horsepower can be transmitted through a lead pencil, used as a shaft," says an automobile engineer, "if it is turned fast enough and balanced with sufficient nicety. The faster we can run our engines, the smaller we can make them."

To-day, automobile engines are made with cylinder diameters of less than three inches, and run at from nine hundred to twelve hundred revolutions per minute in ordinary service. This is twice the speed of five years ago, and engineers are reaching out for speeds of twenty-five hundred to three thousand revolutions—these are already possible with the best motors. The quicker succession of lighter impulses gives greater power and more even than was generated by the comparatively clumsy engines of a few years back, and takes the car more smoothly along level roads and more surely up hills. Capacity for work is greater, measured in miles of travel per gallon of gasoline, and it is a better power plant all round.

This improvement began in the foundry, with the development of new methods of casting and the use of semisteels. A one-piece automobile cylinder block with water jacket as an integral part is undoubtedly the most complicated casting made for any purpose.

It may be explained that a casting is made by pouring molten metal into a hollow mold in molders' sand. If the mold is a square hole, the casting will be a cube. If you want a hole through this cube, it will be necessary to insert a core of sand in the hollow mold before pouring, when hot metal running round the core will make the hole in the finished cube. If several holes of different diameters and positions are wanted, the cores must be more numerous and complex.

The best way to realize the complexity of an automobile cylinder casting is to look at the engine on an up-to-date car when the cylinder heading is off. The pistons can then be seen in the cylinders in which they travel at speeds of half a mile a minute, under the impact of strong explosions. That part of the casting must be very strong and durable. The convolutions necessary to get cooling water round each cylinder can also be seen, or at least guessed at, and here the metal must be thin, to carry off heat.

All those convolutions in what might be described as a big brick of cast iron have to be secured by placing sand cores in the mold used in pouring this one-piece product. The cores for such work are a pretty fine product in themselves. They must be made in a number of odd-shaped sections and put together like a Chinese puzzle. They must be formed of fine sand, bound with a special composition, and the separate sections baked. Then they are fitted together, placed in the mold and strengthened by wires. Many of the clearances for the molten metal are very small, to make thin partitions, so they must be fitted with a high degree of exactness. When the cylinder block is cast, the sand in these cores falls apart and is shaken out, and the reenforcing wires are removed.

In one large foundry specializing on automobile work a metallurgist was added to the staff several years ago. He made tests of each batch of metal poured and discovered wide variations in the character of the iron that was being put into castings. But he gave the test results to the man in charge of mixing and melting, and the latter, though without technical education, has brought his batches to such uniformity that there is now no serious variation. Before the metallurgist came this man was playing ball without knowing the score. To-day he sees the score and can improve his batting average.

How Silence Sold a Car

The moving parts of a good automobile engine have been so refined and balanced by better design and closer machining that it not only runs faster but with almost no strain, vibration or noise. Cam shafts and piston rods are hollowed out in gun-barrel boring machines; pistons are made of lightweight aluminum alloy; and weights of each unit acting on the crankshaft are made so uniform and bearings so good that the flywheel can be reduced.

A story is told of an automobile salesman who took a very particular customer for a demonstration ride. The latter wanted a car with absolutely no noise or vibration. They took a ferry. There was a strict rule against running the engines of the automobiles while they were on the boat. The salesman allowed the engine to run, and the ferry hands were not able to discover that it was running. The customer bought the car.

In early automobiles two mistakes of design were made in the placing of the power plant: People wanted a horseless carriage that would run along the road without visible means of propulsion, so the first small engines of the one-lung type were carefully hidden away under the seat or elsewhere, and it took considerable courage to bring them out where they could be seen and got at for repairs. Power plants were also built rigidly on the frame so their driving thrust would not be communicated to the springs, with the outcome that they hammered themselves to pieces, and it was necessary to swing them on the springs. So to-day the body, motor, clutch and transmission form one distinct unit on the car, and the wheels, axles, steering parts, and so forth, form another. Good design demands that each shall be as independent of the other as possible, and each unit is subjected to peculiar strains of its own. There must be some place where the two meet, however, and that place is the rear axle.

A good automobile rear axle is a complex machine in itself. It must take all the power from the engine under varying speeds. When the speed maniac applies all this power suddenly, spinning the wheels as he starts off on high gear, one has a vivid illustration of what the rear axle must stand, and the speed maniac gives another illustration when he stops the car in a few feet with his emergency brakes. The rear axle must carry more than half the weight of car and passengers, take tremendous side thrusts as it spins along uneven roads, and divide power equally between the wheels, though one is turning faster than the other, going round a corner.

Americans Want Power

Designers of rear axles and power plants carry on a continual technical war with each other. For, as the engine speeds are increased, the rear-axle engineer must achieve greater and greater strength and refinement to take them up at his end of the car. So the power-plant engineer insists that the rear-axle man keep pace with the advance of the art, while the rear-axle engineer insists that some day the power-plant man must eventually be satisfied with more conservative speeds and lower power, transmitting them through a wider range of speed gears, as is done in Europe. The European motorist pays high prices for his gasoline, and also a heavy tax upon the capacity of his engine. So he is satisfied with an automobile of moderate horsepower and uses that power economically by shifting more gears to meet different road and hill conditions. The American motorist, on the other hand, with cheap gas and no special taxes, wants more power than he needs, and the luxury of climbing hills on high. It is maintained that the European brother's type of car will last longer, because it is not subjected to the great strains of the American type. Probably nobody knows which is right—the power-plant fellow or the rear-axle man. The questions involved will be settled by our public as it becomes motor wise.

The present-day automobile is remarkable for the extent to which friction has been overcome by ball and roller bearings. In the average car there are a dozen or more places where friction is dissipated by these bearings—the wheel hubs, the driving shaft, the rear axle, and so forth. Lightness of structure coupled with great power and speed make such bearings absolutely necessary to the automobile. It is a high-strung type of machine made to work under conditions that really call for something stolid—a thoroughbred required to haul an omnibus at racing speed. Its work is measured by hundreds of millions of revolutions during a reasonable lifetime. So bearings have already reached watch-making refinements, and the standards are being advanced every year.

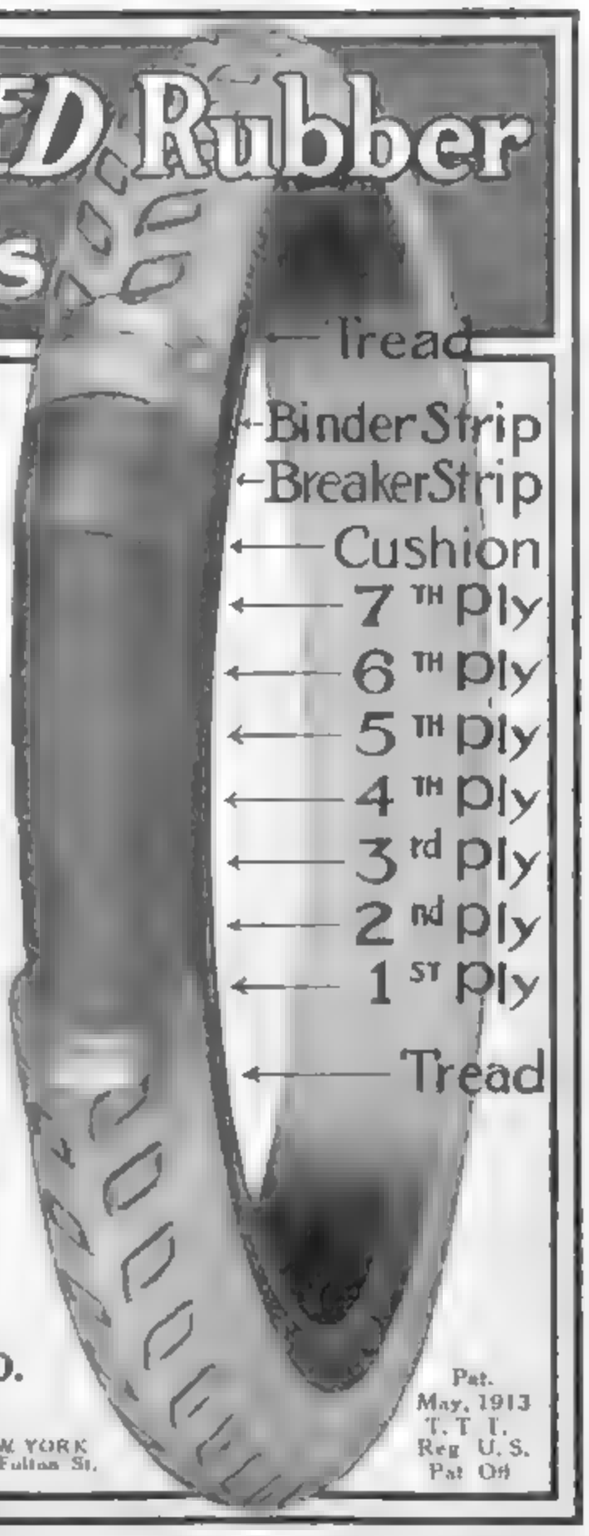
On engine and axle parts machining is now done in one-thousandths of an inch, but with roller and ball bearings the ten-thousandth part of an inch is the standard. Some makers insist on even more accurate machinery.

One ten-thousandth of an inch is spoken quite glibly in many machine shops to-day, but not even machinists who are on intimate speaking terms with the standard have a good idea of the extreme delicacy of such a standard. As an illustration for the reader, close at hand, the paper on which this page is printed would be thick for a machinist working to only one-thousandth, because it is about two and a half times the thickness of a single thousandth. To get a sheet of paper a single ten-thousandth part of an inch it would have to be split twenty-five times. In gauging parts held down to ten-thousandths, they are handled with horn tweezers to prevent the almost microscopic distortion that would be caused by the heat of the hand.

No single product has had so much technical ability centered upon it in so short a time as the automobile, thanks to the great fundamental demand for transportation that has made it grow. The public can see the startling development that has taken place in the finished car. But behind this there is an even greater development in the things that go to make up the car. Every part, unit and accessory has had its separate development.

When the automobile engineers set out to whittle power and transportation down to the lightest, strongest, swiftest and most flexible basis, they brought new influences to bear on many other industries. For example, an automobile engineer was asked the other day if he did not think it

TEMPERED Rubber Added to this



The dissected section shows how these tires are built up by hand. To this sturdy construction we add our secret formula that prepares the rubber for *tempering* by our exclusive process.

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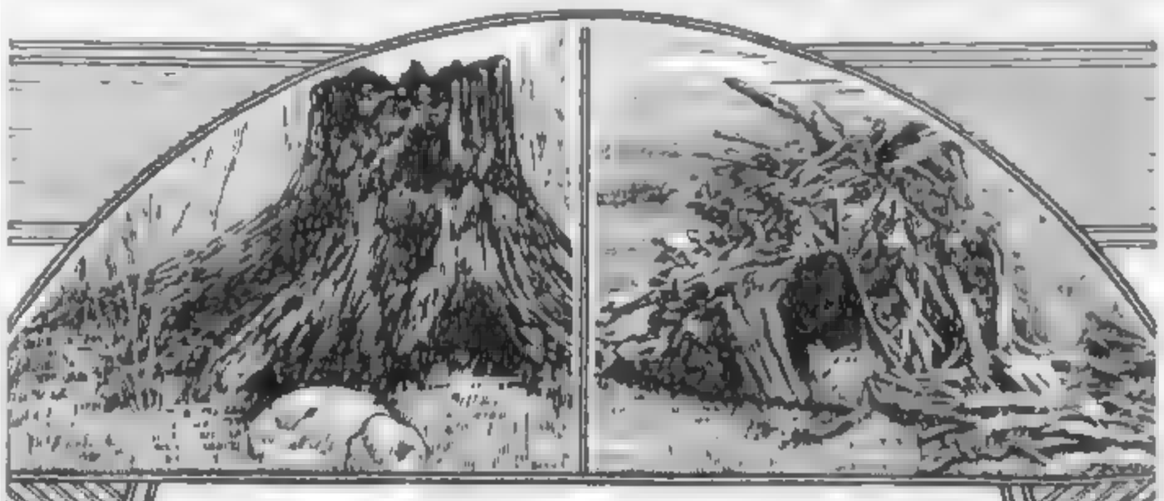

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and save money, time and labor. Punch a hole under the stump, load, fire—and the job is *done!* The roots are shattered and come out free of earth, while the soil is loosened and mellowed for yards around—ideal for crops.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

wonderful that all the speed records of railroad locomotives had been beaten by automobiles. Speaking from his knowledge of what had been done in his field to refine power and machinery, he said that he rather thought the locomotive builders had been asleep at the switch, and pointed to the present growing interest among them in the special steels that have made the automobile what it is.

It is said that more than fifty different applications of electricity have been made to the automobile, and new ideas of compactness and efficiency worked out there are affecting the electrical business.

The influence of the automobile is seen in farm machinery, where design is being refined and parts made more durable. Automobiling has taught the public new standards of efficiency and comfort in machinery of every description, so that to-day even the old grindstone under the apple tree must run on ball bearings.

Finally, there is the wonder of American automobile prices. Fifteen years ago imported autos were sold in Peacock Alley at anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars each. Now the average price for all the cars made in this country is in the neighborhood of eight hundred dollars. If prices are figured on the bigger cars alone the average is less than fourteen hundred dollars. Reductions of fifty and a hundred dollars each season are common, and the maker of a really big car has lately trimmed more than three hundred dollars off his last season's price on one model. Price is a matter of quantity production.

The biggest development of the typically American scheme of manufacturing things by standardized parts is found in the automobile business. The largest plant will have an estimated output of probably half a million automobiles this year. Six years ago the output was only ten thousand, and the industry was skeptical about the ability of one manufacturer either to make or to sell so many cars. Behind this manufacturer others are coming up to great quantity production. The next largest manufacturer, who made only five hundred cars seven years ago, is operating on a basis of one hundred thousand this year. Quantity production is white magic.

When the first single-block cylinder castings were made in small lots there was much loss in defective work. About one casting in three had to be thrown away. When the output was increased so that men could be trained and kept on that class of work all the time, the losses rapidly decreased. Now hardly one casting in twenty-five is lost through defects, and the cost has come down.

Methods That Save Money

When this cylinder block was sent into the machine shop in small lots all the work of milling, grinding, boring, and making it a true fit had to be done in individual machines. Large quantities permit the use of huge milling machines and multiple spindle drills that perform many operations at once. By the old method there was much tinkering and trying of parts to make one man's work jibe with another's, whereas the multiple-operation machines automatically make everything true.

In one plant where large cars are made in quantities the whole process of machining cylinders from the rough casting is carried on in a floor space fifty feet square. A few men handle a big output, doing work accurate to one-thousandth of an inch. If all this work had to be performed in the old way a huge machine shop would be needed. Not only would costs be at least ten times what they are now for that single unit of the automobile, but it would be impossible to recruit the great army of skilled mechanics necessary.

How accurately parts are made by standardization and automatic machinery is shown in the engine of one small car. Auto engines are usually run for a number of hours on a testing block in the factory, to be certain that they operate well, and after that in a road test, to reveal possible defects. In this plant, however, the idea is that if the engine parts are properly made and put together the engine must run when it is given gas and spark. Instead of the usual testing on block and road, therefore, the making and assembling of the engine parts is done under a very strict system of inspection. The finished engine is spun a short time by electric motor, to lubricate its parts and to be certain that they work well. Then it is built into an automobile.

With quantity production on the scale it has reached to-day in the automobile industry it is economy to spend several thousand dollars on a special machine to reduce the cost of making a minor part, even one worth no more than ten cents. When five hundred cars a year were the output of a factory economies lay largely in saving a dollar on some major part by improving the design, or using a less costly material, or speeding up the hand work. But when the output reaches fifty thousand cars a year the saving of ten cents on a part means five thousand dollars, even though but one of those parts is used in each car. And this form of economy has been applied not merely to the factories that turn out the completed cars but to many others that build units, parts and accessories.

The American automobile has not reached its limit in cheapness. Prices are coming down, and values are being added to the cars at such a rate that one of the biggest problems is distribution—the organization of sales forces to dispose of the output, the coöperation of manufacturer, banker and purchaser to finance the investment in this universally necessary tool of transportation, and, finally, the proof to the public that sound values can really be given at prices that often seem startling.

Glowing Bulbs

A GREAT glass bulb, fiercely glowing with a green or bluish light, is the latest scientific wonder; and so many variations of it are being discovered and each has so many wonderful powers that a glowing bulb may be fairly taken as the spirit of the present decade of invention. They will be common enough in the next five years.

Half a dozen forms are now in daily use. In all of them electricity is poured into the bulb, making the glow. Most common is the mercury-vapor lamp, which is usually for lighting purposes, but occasionally is set to the task of killing germs. X-ray tubes are another form. The mercury-vapor rectifier, brother to the mercury-vapor lamp, is one of the youngest of the clan and is growing the fastest. This tube will take alternating electric current, or current that changes its direction of flow many times each second, and perform some mysterious juggling with the electricity, so that it will deliver all the current flowing in one direction. So much electricity is manufactured as alternating current, while so much must be converted into direct current for consumption, that the rectifier has plenty to do. It is the latest method of converting and naturally has not supplanted all the older methods; but it is developing fast.

Perhaps the most common form is the use of such tubes as part of the apparatus for charging batteries in electric automobiles. Already it has been applied to electric engines on the New Haven Railroad, in order to enable them to operate on the New York Central Railroad, which uses a different current.

Another glowing bulb is the Audion, invented for wireless telegraphy, but actively reaching out into other fields. In wireless it will magnify faint signals. On a railroad train wireless telephone it has been applied to magnify by sixty times the loudness of the talk in a telephone. If anybody wants to have a loud-speaking telephone that will shout words a thousand times louder than ordinary voices, like the advertising phonographs which Mr. H. G. Wells threatened as a development of the future, probably the Audion can be made to do the work.

An American research laboratory has produced two other glowing tubes, called the kenotron and the pliotron, which do many odd things to an electric current. A combination of the two has been found to have powers that will be of immense value as soon as telephoning by wireless becomes more practical.

One of the handicaps of wireless telephony has been that there have been no satisfactory methods of connecting the wireless telephone with ordinary wire-telephone lines; so that if transatlantic telephony by wireless became possible one would have to go to the wireless office to do the telephoning.

A combination of these two glowing tubes, however, makes it perfectly practicable to connect a wireless-telephone service with the ordinary central-exchange service, and to carry on a conversation with a distant point half by wire and half by wireless.

Still other forms of the glowing bulb are being perfected in laboratories.

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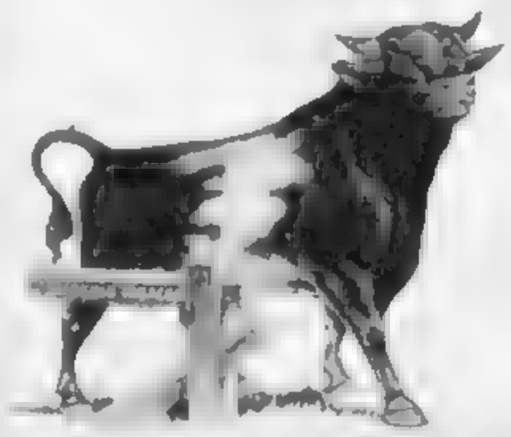

"Roll your own" cigarette with "Bull" Durham and get more genuine satisfaction out of smoking.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

BLUE BLAZES

(Continued from Page 13)

"How could he get out? And 'way over there? That hoss'll be marked for life, Lyford. As soon as he's well enough to move leave me take him back to camp and grain him the rest of the winter. How about it?"

It was at his division camp high up on the back of the Mules that Ardrey trained Blue Blazes in the work of a cowhorse. The black was an apt pupil. Keen and powerful, he early developed into a crack roping horse, and he could outrun anything Rush had ever thrown a leg over. For mountain work an especially sure-footed breed is required, and Blue Blazes was like a cat. He learned to slide down a shale slope on his rump and bring up in stride, and he could whirl faster than any calf on the Turkey Track.

The winter wore away. Said the boss to Uncle Henry:

"They're getting bolder every day. That makes twenty-two hides since December."

The veteran bit off a chunk of plug and tongued it meditatively.

"Why don't you have him arrested? You've got proof."

"What's the use?" was the bitter reply. "You know as well as I do we can't get a jury to convict a man for stealin' cattle in this country. And Sloan "

"He'll slip up yet." Uncle Henry looked wiser than a treeful of owls. "They always do, Lyford. Him and them Hightower boys is drinkin' heavy, and it's only a question of time, to my notion. Whenever a feller takes a pal—you kin go it alone, Lyford, and steal a nice li'l' fortune and everybody'll call you a fine feller, but as soon as ever you let a pal in folks git to talkin'. Leastways, that's been my experience."

"Experience?" echoed the boss.

"I mean I've saw it often," was the hasty answer.

Lyford drummed on the table with his fingers a while, gazing through the open door at the bare, bleak slopes. At last he straightened and said energetically:

"Well, if we can't stop it legally we'll do it our own way. Saddle up and take this over to Sloan's place for me, Uncle Henry. Maybe you'd best make sure he ain't home first, though."

"I ain't a-scared of Sloan," protested Uncle Henry.

Notwithstanding the boast he took pains to ascertain that the buster was in town with the Hightower boys before starting out to deliver the letter. A quarter of a mile north of headquarters he passed the reservoir Lyford had built to irrigate the farm lands on which he raised his feed. Jimmy was sailing a paper boat in the water trickling from the sluice.

"Git out of there, cowboy. What the tarnation you doin' anyhow?" cried Uncle Henry. "I swan you make me nervous, always pokin' in that ditch."

"Where you bound, Uncle Henery? Take me with you!"

"No, siree. You git on your pony and go right home to your ma this minute! Ain't there nowheres else to play except a six-foot ditch? Well, I do declare! Look at your clo's, cowboy—and you 'most a man growed too!"

"Take me with you, Uncle Henery!" begged the child. "I'll be awful good." But Uncle Henry only waved his hand and ambled on.

Of course he had to pretend that he expected to find Sloan at home when his wife came to the door.

"Cal's went to town," she announced apathetically, and added, "and I don't much care if he never comes back."

"Oh, now!" exclaimed Uncle Henry with shocked commiseration. "Has Cal been mistreatin' of you, Miz Sloan?"

Mrs. Sloan had spoken without heat, but his question brought a flash of smoldering fire to her sullen eyes. However, all she said was, "Mistreatin'? Huh!" Twenty years had taught her repression. After a moment she asked: "What's that you got there in your hand? Anything for us? Some mail?"

"Just a letter for Cal," answered Uncle Henry indifferently. "Want to give it to him?"

Mrs. Sloan fingered the envelope doubtfully, remarking:

"I do hope there ain't going to be no trouble. It ain't a warrant or something, Mr. Henery?"

"No-o-o. What'd I be doing with a warrant?"

"Or a bill maybe? But I reckon he couldn't run no more bills after—well, just leave it and I'll see he gets it whenever he comes home."

Uncle Henry coughed.

"Do you mind mentioning to Cal," said he, "how come I brung it over, Miz Sloan? Just happened to, sort of. Mr. Lyford, he done wrote that letter, but I don't know what's in it any more'n you do."

"Then it is trouble," declared the wife.

It meant trouble, and trouble in plenty, if the rage into which it threw Sloan next morning was any indication. His wife did not try to learn the cause, but prudently kept out of reach. After breakfast he saddled his horse and rode off toward the ranch. At the manager's kitchen door, "Where's Lyford?" he asked.

The Chinese cook replied imperturbably: "He no home. He go light away to town soon as he eat."

"Well," announced the buster, "I'm here to see him and I'll stick round till he gits back. Will he be home for supper, Chink?"

"I no know. Maybe. Maybe no."

Off strode Sloan toward the men's quarters. He found nobody there but old Miguel, who was making a hair bridle in the saddle shed.

"All gone," Miguel reported. "No one here but me and little missus, and she is sick of the head and sleeps. So I am minding the baby. Hey, Jimmy?"

"I ain't a baby, you big ol' fool, you!" flared the five-year-old, and edged off. He was afraid of Sloan, and, as soon as opportunity offered, slipped away to the house. There he unearthed his toy boat from a heap of playthings and went down to sail it in the big ditch below the reservoir.

Sloan took a pull at his bottle.

"I'll learn Lyford this is a free country," he cried, fairly gnashing his teeth.

Shortly he took a second long drink. It was very quiet, and there was nobody to note or disturb him. Miguel was engrossed in the finishing touches on the bridle; Mrs. Lyford was sleeping off a headache; and the Chinaman was in the kitchen peeling potatoes.

A couple of hours passed, and still the boss did not return. Sloan was talking to himself now and watching the road winding over the hill toward town. Finally he could stand it no longer and addressed Miguel:

"Ain't he ever coming back?" Miguel was unable to enlighten him. The buster went on savagely: "The sorry scoundrel! What do you know about a man who's scared to tell you a thing to your face, Miguel, but sits down and writes you a sneakin' li'l' letter? Hey? And after doing me out of my job too. Order me off, will he? Run me out of the country, hey? We'll see about that too. I'll be right there when he does it."

The sagacious native maintained silence, plying an awl, and Sloan's tone slid off into querulousness:

"If he thinks I steal his cattle, why don't he come out like a man and prove it on me? We've got courts, ain't we? And the Turkey Track can afford to hire them a lawyer."

Sloan went to the bunk house and remained another half hour, but he could not sit still. His wrongs ate into his soul; the more he brooded the more dastardly seemed the Turkey Track's persecution of him; and the whisky drove him like a lash.

The next time Miguel glanced up from his threading it was to see Sloan flogging his horse.

The Chinese cook was plucking a chicken on the back porch when the buster rocketed past the house, sawing his mount's head from side to side for some fancied fault, and the cook paused in his task to watch. Sloan soon got straightened out and slowed to a trot. The cook saw him cross the footbridge over the reservoir ditch and lost interest; he went on pulling feathers.

What he did not see was Sloan's glee when he espied Jimmy at play in the muddy water. The child was prattling to himself, giving orders to an imaginary crew to keep a watch for submarines. The paper boat stood proudly erect, the ditch's banks being so high and steep that no wind reached it.

It was on the tip of Sloan's tongue to hail him, with a view to teasing the boy and hearing him swear, but at that moment a puff of breeze sent the water lapping over the rim of the reservoir. The spray drew

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LEWIS-BUILT HOMES

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 191, Bay City, Mich.
Western Branch, Seattle, Wash.

Sloan's gaze to the sluice gates; an odd, furtive look stole over his face. He stared all about, at the ranch house, the stables, down the valley, away to the distant hills—stood up in the stirrups to make sure. Then he moved his horse to higher ground, alighted, tied him to a tree, and tiptoed to the sluice.

Engrossed in naval tactics, Jimmy did not hear him, although he was a scant thirty yards away. Sloan bent over and examined the lock a moment, then tugged at the gate's lever. It came readily.

As he sped toward his horse there was a roar of waters in his ears, but above it and searing his brain, a piercing, childish cry. A faint shout was borne to him; out of the corner of his eye he saw the Chinaman run from the kitchen to the gate.

He was quite sober now and rather sick—possibly, in that instant, he would have turned to rescue had not fear driven him forward.

He jabbed with the spur and fled. As he thundered over the San Pedro bridge Miguel and the cook were splashing recklessly through the shallows of the torrent that raced down the valley.

His horse took a trail toward home.

"Not there!" cried Sloan, sluing him about. He struck south, toward the Mules. In their cañons he could hide until a chance offered to slip across the border into Mexico.

For five hours he rode, urging his jaded horse up the steep slopes. Nor would he recognize its condition.

"You're throwing off on me," he railed, striking it over the ears. "You ain't giving out. You're acting like this a-purpose!"

On scaling to a jutting crag he turned to look back.

The whole valley lay below. Midway between him and the tiny cluster of green that marked the ranch was a swirl of dust. Dots moved under it.

"They're after me," he said, with almost a moan, and resumed his flight.

At nightfall, with the purple shadows creeping up the shaggy sides of the Mules, Sloan clattered down a rocky trail into a cup-like dell. It was very quiet and peaceful and green. There was a log shack at one end, among trees, and to the right of it a pen.

"Maybe Rush'll lend me a fresh hoss," he panted. "If he don't—he'll have to, that's all."

In preparation against a possible refusal he eased his gun in its holster. Then he hallooed. There was no response but a shrill neigh; the buster perceived a saddled horse near the door of the shack. With a cry of joy he kicked his feet free and sprang down. Here was salvation. Hope sang anew within him.

The beast he had abandoned stopped in its tracks, wavered a moment, and sank to the ground.

"Whoa, you!" growled Sloan as the fresh horse shied away from his approach.

He grabbed the loose reins, but the brute dodged and pulled. Beside himself at this unlooked-for delay, Sloan cursed and jumped to seize the cheek of the bridle. The answering tug jerked him off his feet; he fell flat in the dirt.

And then a dreadful thing happened. There was a rending, screeching blare and a great black shape rose above him, striking with iron-shod hoofs. Sloan tried to roll clear. The horse came down in the middle of his back.

"Hi-hi!" Ardrey came stumbling out of a clump of post oak back of the shack, an ax in his hands. "You, Blue Blazes, there! You! Quit it!"

With ax and voice he forced back the maddened brute and dragged Sloan out of reach. Blue Blazes did not try to attack again. He permitted his master to carry Sloan indoors, and when Rush emerged a few minutes later the black was standing quietly above the dying horse, his eyes limpid and melting.

Came Lyford at the head of five men, their mounts in a lather. "Has Sloan passed this ——" he began and caught sight of the stricken brute on the ground.

Rush led them into the shack, where they stood voicelessly above the broken thing in his bunk. Not a word did the boss say, but, white, silent, terrible, stared down at it. At last he wheeled sharply about and went outside, and they heard his horse's feet ascending the back trail.

"Well," said Uncle Henry after a protracted pause, "it wasn't his fault that Jimmy ain't dead, so I reckon ol' Blue Blazes saved us a job. But who's going to bury him?"

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THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 23)

"Not a bit! The way I looked at it was that a chap wouldn't borrow from a man he wasn't friendly with. It isn't done." He laughed his high, cackling laugh. "It was lucky for you, old top, that a man of the world with some sense saw you the other night instead of some feather-headed fool."

Keith was slowly beginning to suspect, but as yet he considered his suspicion unjust.

"How much do you need?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars," replied Morrell coolly.

"I doubt if I have that sum free in ready cash."

Morrell looked him in the eye.

"I fancy you will be able to raise it," he said very deliberately.

The men looked at each other.

"This is blackmail," then said Keith without excitement.

Morrell became very stiff and English in manner.

"Words do not frighten me, sir. This is a personal loan. It is an action between friends; just as my silence on the subject of your performances with my wife is a friendly action. I mention that silence, not as a threat but as an evidence of my own friendly feeling. I see I have made a mistake."

He arose, his bearing very frigid. Keith was naturally not in the least deceived by this assumption of injured innocence, but he had been thinking.

"Hold on!" he said. "You must forgive my being startled; and you must admit you were a little unfortunate in your presentation. For this loan, what security?"

"My personal note," replied Morrell calmly.

"I must look into my resources. I will let you know to-morrow."

"Not later than to-morrow. I'll call at this hour," said Morrell with meaning.

After the Englishman's departure Keith considered the matter at leisure. Although of a sanguine and excitable temperament when only little things were involved, he was clear-headed and uninfluenced by personal feeling in real emergencies. First, would Morrell carry out the implied threat to tell of what he had undoubtedly seen—or been told of—the kiss the other evening? His instinct supplied the answer. In Morrell himself he had never had any trust. Now he remembered what had never really struck him before: that Morrell, even in this fast-and-loose society, had never been more than tolerated, and that, apparently, only because of the liveliness of his wife. He had the indefinable air of a bad 'un.

Second, could he afford to let him tell the tale? As far as his position in the city, either professionally or socially, was concerned, most decidedly, yes. But at home, as decidedly, no. In her calmest, most judicial, trusting, loving mood Nan could never understand. This point needed little argument.

Then he must pay.

Having definitely decided this he repressed his natural inclinations toward anger, drew the money, laid it aside in his drawer and went on with his work. When Morrell came in next morning, very easy and debonair, Keith handed out the gold pieces and took in return the man's note without relaxing the extreme gravity and formality of his manner.

"Thanks, old chap!" cried Morrell. "You've saved my life. I won't forget." He paused, then cackled harshly: "Good joke that! No, I won't forget!"

Keith bowed coldly, waiting. Morrell with a final cackle made leisurely for the door. As he laid his hand on the knob Keith spoke:

"By the way, Morrell!"

Morrell turned.

"Take care you don't overdo this," advised Keith, very deliberately.

Morrell examined him. Keith's face was grim. He smiled enigmatically.

"Tact is a blessed gift, old top," said he, and went out.

XXVIII

THIS whole episode proved to be a turning point in Keith's career. His revulsion against the feminine—hence the society side of life, brought about by the affair of Mrs. Morrell, might soon have passed and he might soon have returned to the old round of picnics, excursions, dinners and parties, were it not that coincidentally a new and absorbing occupation was thrust upon him. Dick Blatchford's case was only one of many that came to him. He became completely immersed in the fascinating intricacies of the law.

As has been previously pointed out, nowhere before or since has pure legality been made such a fetish. It was a game played by lawyers, not an attempt to get justice done. Since in all criminal cases, at least—the prosecution was carried on by one man and his associates poorly paid and hence of mediocre ability, and the defense conducted by the keenest brains in the profession, it followed that convictions were rare. Homicide in various forms was little frowned upon; duels were of frequent occurrence, and in several instances regularly organized excursions, with tickets, were gotten up. Street shootings of a more informal nature were too numerous to count. Invariably an attempt, generally successful, was made to arrest the homicide. If he had money he hired the best lawyers, and rested secure.

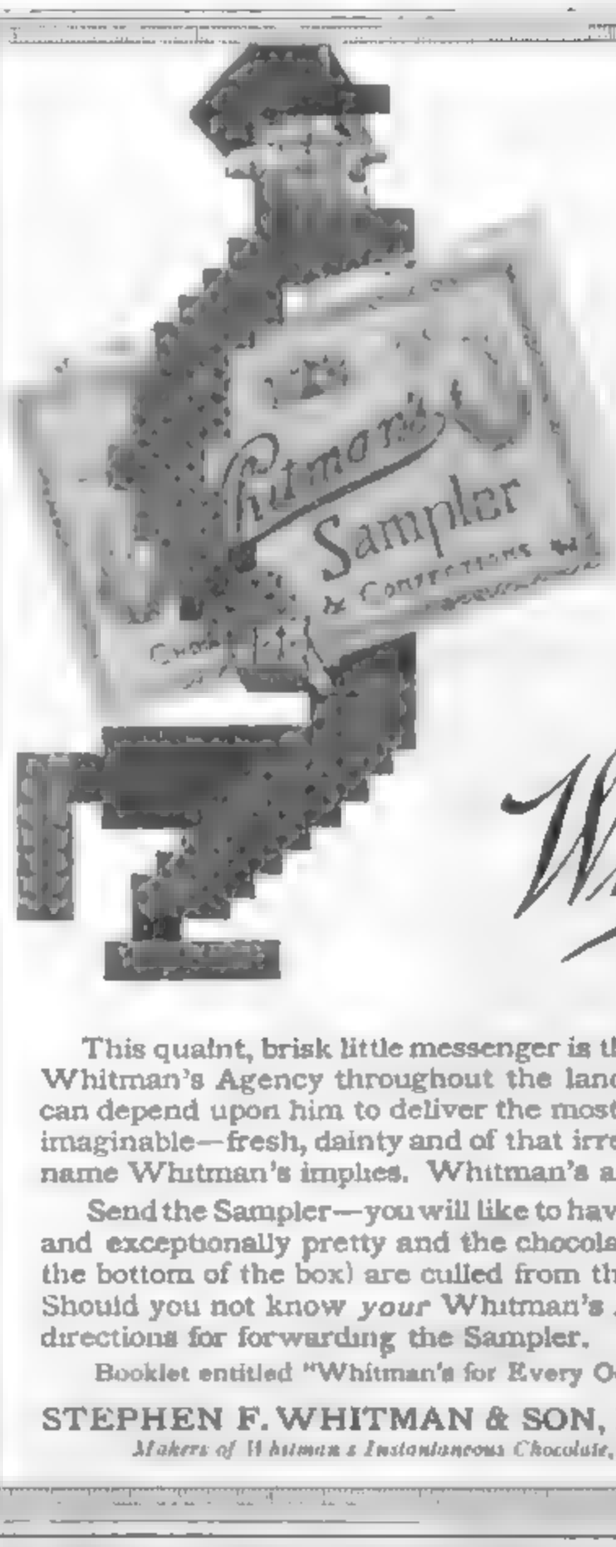
If he had no money he disappeared for a time. Almost everybody had enough money, or enough friends with money, to adopt the former course. Of twelve hundred murders—or killings—committed in the San Francisco of those days there was just one legal conviction.

It was a point of professional pride with a lawyer to get his client free. Indeed to fail would be equivalent to losing a very easy game. The whole battery of technical delays was at his command; a much larger battery than even the absurd criminal court of our present day can muster. Delays to allow the dispersal of witnesses were easily arranged for; as were changes of venue to courts either prejudiced in favor of the strict interpretation of "law" or frankly venal. Of shadier expedients, such as packing juries, there seemed no end.

Your honorable, high-minded lawyers—which usually meant the well-dressed and prosperous—had nothing to do with such dirty work—that is, directly. There were plenty of lawyers not so honorable and high-minded called in as counsel. These little lawyers, shoulder-strikers, bribe givers and takers, were held in good-humored contempt by the legal stars who employed them. Actual dishonesty was diluted through a number of men. Packing a jury was a fine art. Initially was needed connivance at the sheriff's office. Hence lawyers as a class were in politics. Neither the stellar lawyer nor the sheriff knew any of the details of the transaction. A sum of money went to the former's counsel as expenses, and emerged, considerably diminished, in the sheriff's office as perquisites. It had gone from the counsel to somebody like Mex Ryan; from him to various plug-uglies, ward-heelers, shoulder-strikers; from them to one or another of the professional jurymen; and then on the upward curve through the sheriff's underlings who made out the jury lists to the sheriff himself—the thing was done.

In this tortuous way many influences were needed. The most honest lawyer's limit as to the queer things he would do depended on his individual conscience. It is extraordinary what long training and the moral support of a whole profession will do toward educating a conscience. Do not despise unduly the lawyers of that day. We have all of us good friends in the legal profession who will defend in court a criminal they know to be guilty as charged. They will urge that no man should go undefended; and will argue themselves into a belief that in such a case defense means not merely fair play, but a desperate effort to get him off anyhow. Trained conscience! If such sophistries are sincerely believed by honest men nowadays, it cannot be wondered at that queerer sophistries passed current in a community not five years old. It was difficult to draw the line between the men who mistakenly believed themselves honest and those who knew themselves dishonest.

But, once in politics, there could be no end. In this field the law rubbed shoulders with big contracts, big operations. A city was being built in a few years out of nothing, by a busy, careless and shifting population. The opportunities for making money on public works, either honestly or by jobbery, were almost unlimited. The mood of the times was extravagant. From the still unexhausted placers poured a flood



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of gold, hard money, tangible wealth; and a large percentage of it paused in San Francisco and changed hands before continuing its journey. Immigrants brought with them a lesser but still significant sum. Money was easy. People could and would pay high taxes without a thought, for they would rather pay well to be let alone than bother with public affairs. The city treasury should have been full to bursting. In addition the municipality was rich in its real estate. The value of all land had gone up immensely. Any time more cash was needed it could quickly be raised by the sale of public lots. The supply seemed inexhaustible.

Like hyenas to a kill, the public contractors gathered. Immense public works were undertaken at enormous prices. Paving, sewers, grading, filling, lighting, wharves, buildings, were all voted; and the work completed in the quickest, flimsiest, most slipshod fashion and at terrible prices. The Graham House, a pretentious, frail structure that had failed as a hotel because a swamp lay between it and the city, was bought at a huge price to serve as city hall. It was a veritable white elephant, and even the busy populace spared time to grumble at the flagrant steal. Nobody knew what it would cost to make the thing habitable even. Soon, to everyone's relief, it burned down.

To get such deals as this through legally it was of course necessary that officials—councilmen, engineers, and so forth—should be sympathetic. Naturally the big operators, as well as the big lawyers, had to go into politics. Elections came soon to be so many farces. In some wards no decent citizen dared show his face. Shoulder-strikers were openly hired for purposes of intimidation. Bribery was scarcely concealed.

In the world of public works Keith rapidly made himself a position. He was leading counsel for Dick Blatchford and one or two others. His job was to know all the rules of the game so well that there were no comebacks, to set the machinery in motion by which the contracts were procured, and to straighten out any irregularities that might arise afterward. His position was almost academic. The matters he fought and decided were so detached from actuality, as far as he was concerned, that they might have been hypothetical cases. When Dick wanted anything specific, Keith instructed Mex Ryan to see that the proper officials awarded the contract. If the matter ever came to the courts Keith furnished the brains, and Mex somehow "saw" the sheriff and whoever else was necessary from the mysterious underworld.

Everybody was doing the same thing. In the minds of these men profits of any sort were legitimate, provided they were "legal," but especially against so vague an entity as a community. Civic consciousness had not been born in them, for the simple reason that the city was constituted perfectly to suit them. Only when men are dissatisfied with their government do they seek to become responsible for it. There was no active public opinion against them. Men were too busy to bother with such things. Occasionally a fairly vigorous protest against some peculiarly outrageous steal made itself heard, but the men who made it were considered cranks.

And every last one of these merry, jovial pirates was inordinately proud of the ship he was helping to scuttle! That one fact, attentively considered, explains much.

The city was growing; it was taking on a permanent character. In spite of waste, shoddy work and frequent fires its vitality was triumphant. The sand hills had all been graded flat and the material from them had filled in the water lots of the bay; miles of fireproof brick structures had been built on four or five streets; there was now half a score of long wharves instead of one; omnibuses ran everywhere; fine steamers plied to fashionable watering places about the bay; the planks in the streets were being replaced by cobblestones; telegraph service had been inaugurated to San José and Sacramento; several new theaters had been built; gas lamps were being placed about the streets; huge wooden palaces with much scrollwork ornamentation were being built on Stockton Street and the Rincon Hill. All these things, as well as the climate, the mines, the agricultural resources, the commerce, the scenery, were fully appreciated and enthusiastically made the most of by every mother's son.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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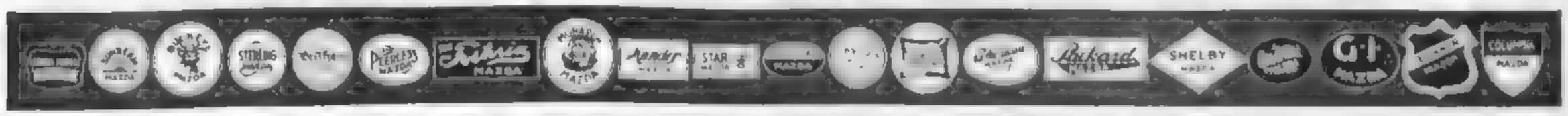

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MID THE FLOTSAM OF THE SEAS

(Continued from Page 8)

sudden and complete catastrophe, arose, with the crashing of wood and the rush of water as the little ship, its stern blown away, settled swiftly aft and began sinking into the sea. As Tommie got to his feet he could feel the deck already tipping. He threw himself again at his door. The lock did not hold him now; he burst out and stumbled and groped into a Stygian passage.

"Janice!" he called. "Janice Rand!"

His hand found her at the instant when he heard her call his name. He seized her and, feeling his way with one hand against the walls of the cabins, brought her to the companionway. There was no light above, but fresh air blew down, replacing the stifling, ether-smelling gases from the explosion which had spread below.

"It was a drifting mine," he said to Janice as he half carried her up the companionway. "I saw it. It's all over now. There'll be not ang more like that. We'll just sink."

"Yes," she said.

"The others stayed on deck?"

"Yes."

They gained the deck. A single yellow glow stood in the mist above them—the masthead lantern; and that visibly was falling farther and farther back as the ship went down by the stern. The men on deck, and sailors who must have come up from the forecastle, were attacking, without too great confusion, the tackle of the lifeboats at the davits amidships. Tommie heard Moberly shouting orders to them, assuming command.

"Here's Janice!" Tommie gave her to Moberly; Marcia Rand was near him. "I'll try the wireless, of course."

He had not realized, until he let go of Janice, that she had been clinging to him too; he pushed her away roughly and lunged for the rail. He caught it and by its aid pulled himself up the deck until he gained the wireless cabin; he caught the doorframe and pulled himself within. Bracing his feet under the table he pawed over the board until his fingers hit the sending key; and the rasp and flash of the blue spark told him that, though the lights were gone, one of the emergency circuits to the batteries was still intact.

Tommie flashed out the S. O. S. and the ship's position. That must be nearly what it had been at noon—and he was certain of the figures he had sent then. He clapped the telephone receivers over his ears and listened; he shouted out loudly and his fingers snapped again on the key, repeating the figures for position. And now he added "Ship sinking!" before the blue spark failed to flash; and he knew that what he might do there he had done.

He caught the doorframe again and pulled himself out of the cabin, but, as he got on deck, his feet found no hold now on the boards; he slid and fell until he rushed into water. He swam and struck away from the yacht. Water pulled at his feet; over his shoulder he saw the masthead lantern almost down to the sea. The vague bulk of the bow pointed to the sky. Then it dropped; halted; rose a little; dropped again and more swiftly—and the yacht was gone!

But cries from the blackness and the sound of oars told Tommie that one of the boats, at least, had got away. He could hear a girl's voice—Janice's voice—calling his name amid the shouts of others over the water. So she was in the boat! Aware now, as he swam, of an overpowering dizziness weakening him, he summoned his breath for his cry:

"Winthrop! I got the Salisbury! They're four hundred miles off, but they have our position. They answered and are coming for us!"

He repeated it, but made out no certain response—then a yellow spot in the mist became a lantern in the bow of a lifeboat and hands dragged him from the water. Men's hands held him in place on a seat, but he felt definitely only the search of slender, anxious fingers on him; these discovered tenderly a welt on his head. He had struck something when he fell down the deck; but now his dizziness lessened and he knew that Janice was on the seat beside him; that Marcia Rand and her husband were on the next seat with Walton and Stevens; and that Moberly was in command of ten or twelve of the crew—the number increasing as the boat stopped again and again and rescued swimmers from the sea. The other lifeboat had failed to get away; this one picked up men until twenty-two were huddled into the emergency space for fifteen—only four of the crew of the Explorer could not be found.

Tommie shrank as the men cried to him their gratitude for what he had done. With the boat so loaded it was impossible—even if the fog cleared and the sea stayed calm—to try for any land. His staying to call the Salisbury alone made it possible that anyone might be saved. Marcia Rand also tremblingly thanked him; Anthony and Walton and Stevens and Grinnel spoke to him too. Tommie could make no response. Janice, beside him, had seized his hand; she clung closer to him; her breath was on his cheek.

"And Tom, you—you weren't drunk at all! You were only pretending it!"

His heart halted and then raced too wildly. He had forgotten about that. The disaster not only had made him heroic to her now, it also had betrayed to her his sham. He need but turn and whisper to her; he need only give back, unguessed by any of the others, pressure for the clasp of her fingers over his, and that would be done between them which, done in the meaning of that moment, could never be undone.

For an instant, as he fought himself, he tried to believe that now he had the right—there in the fog and the darkness, with her form close against him, she and he seemed drifting alone, given to each other, unresponsible to anyone else as they crowded close together. His lips parted; but—just in time Moberly spoke to them. Winthrop's voice brought Tommie back to himself. He drew his hand from Janice's; her breath was gone from his cheek. He sat away from her as far as he could, listening now, like the others, for a call from the men or another sound over the water.

Only the lap-lap of little waves washing against something floating rewarded him. Others heard it too. Moberly commanded: "See what that is!" But now Tommie had made it out more distinctly; it was too like the sound he had heard against the mine that had destroyed the yacht.

"Careful! Hold back!" He seized an oar and backwatered as he called the alarm. The other rowers halted; and, half an oar's length beyond the blades, a low black and iron bulk—with big, bulbous warts on it—floated into the light of the lantern. It was so much submerged and the warted dome was so low that the little waves washed almost over it before they broke in their dull slap on the iron. Slowly it slipped through the lantern's light, turning sufficiently to show the white painted numerals 18 between two of the warts; and then it disappeared again in the blackness, only the lap-lap of the little waves on it telling where it had gone.

Ugly and sinister as it was—and though now everybody knew that, since one mine had come, others might be expected—this following of the boat so soon after the destruction of the ship was more than unnerving. Two hours later, without even the lap of water to give warning, the boat almost ran it down, and this time it went under the very ends of the lifted oars. It was demoniacal, uncanny. The display of its number 18 again, as it turned, merely increased the terror. It would not have been so bad to know that there were two mines adrift as to scrape by the same one twice in the fog.

When a third time the mine turned in the swirl of the oars and displayed its 18 to the lantern, the men crossed themselves and cursed it for a devil. If ever the boat was to be found in the fog it must circle the position sent to the Salisbury—and the mine obsessed that spot; whenever the boat turned it was almost on the mine.

The gray of day brought no delivery. A few hours after dawn the fog thinned to mist, but through the mist rain poured down. One could see a floating object only when less than a hundred yards away; and, throughout the morning, as the men bailed out the rain or sat dully enduring the drench, a mine seemed ever hovering just beyond the edge of the hundred-yard horizon. The fog thickened; night again narrowed sight to an oar's length from the lantern; a shifting, capricious wind roughened the sea, and now to the right, now to the left, something lapped by in the dark. And nerves could endure no more.

Here is Harriet

As long as she can remember she has used Dr. Lyon's preparations. As a consequence, she has never lost a tooth nor had one filled.

In writing us she says:

"Dr. Lyon's suits me to perfection and I can truthfully say it is fine for cleaning. I always give Dr. Lyon the credit when my friends compliment me on my teeth."

HARRIET_____ (Name sent on request)

Your teeth will cause you as little worry as Harriet's if you visit your dentist twice a year, and morning, noon and night use—

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Send us a 2-cent stamp for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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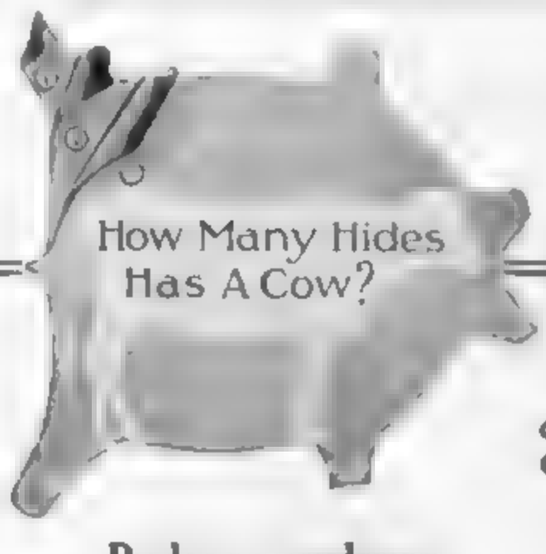

On the Cow—one
Off the Cow—three

Perhaps you know

—that practically 90% of all cowhide is split into sheets because it is too thick for upholstery. Maybe you know that each hide can give only one top-side layer of real grain leather and that all the other layers are merely "spongy splits" coated and embossed to look like the real stuff.

But do you realize

—that these splits which are sold as genuine leather are not real grain leather? That's the vital point. Now let's consider

The Ideal Upholstery Material — DU PONT FABRIKOID — Guaranteed Superior to Coated Splits

Fabrikoid is a substitute for leather and honestly sold as such. It has all the beauty and luxurious feel and appearance of the finest grain or Spanish leather with twice the strength of coated splits. It is water, dust and grease proof—soft and pliable. Furthermore it is guaranteed for one year. And back of this guarantee stands the century-old Du Pont reputation for integrity of purpose, superiority of products and financial responsibility.

Motor Quality Fabrikoid for automobile, carriage and fine buggy upholstery is being used on thousands of this year's leading cars.

Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid for furniture upholstery and home decorations has been adopted by some of the most exclusive upholsterers and furniture manufacturers in the country. Leading Department stores everywhere sell it.

Fabrikoid Rayntite, made in single and double texture and guaranteed not to leak for one year, is unsurpassed for automobile, carriage and fine buggy tops.

Write for samples and booklet

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.

Canadian Factory and Sales Office, Toronto

The Florsheim SHOE

THIS season's styles show plain, severe lines with the dignity that most men prefer, giving more consideration than ever to comfort. The Florsheim dealer is now ready with your proper size in a style to suit your taste, at $5 and $6.

Look for Name in Shoe

"Styles of the Times" free booklet—on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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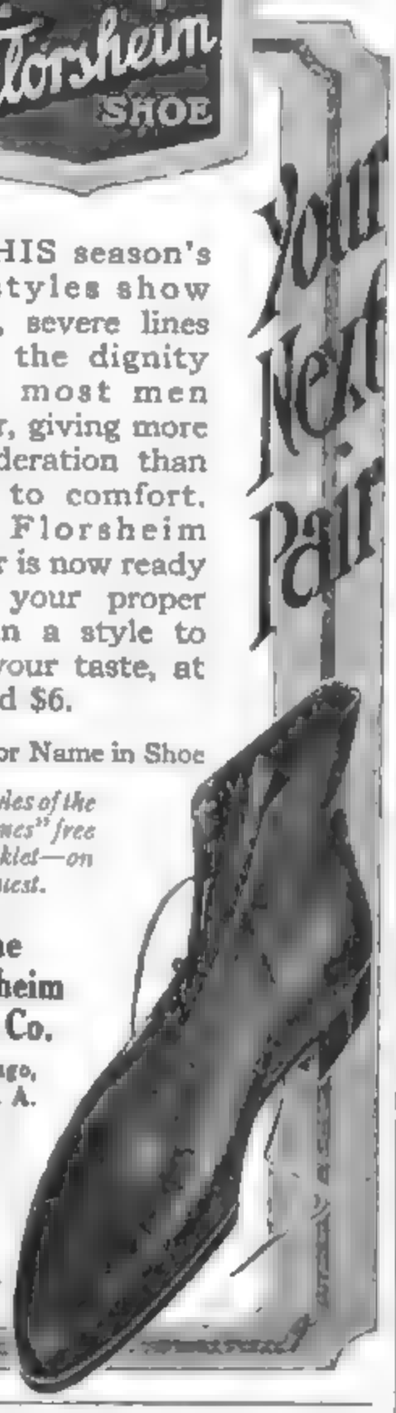


The Glide —tan or black calf, low heel Style S185

Your Next Pair

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.**, by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY**, with newly caught **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT**, sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME**. We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters are simply boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS**. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a reliable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get here and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.*

Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

Let Gloucester be your Fish Market and Visit her Fishmen.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO. 8 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.
Name ____ Street ____ City ____ State ____

Tommie Standridge, still beside Janice, felt her close against him. During the day Moberly several times had suggested that she shift to another place to be more comfortable. She not only had refused but she had not let Tommie leave her. When the rain came and everybody was cold and drenched, and no cloth could keep her warm, she had pressed close to Tommie; and, before them all, he had put his arm about her.

Warmth—with her in his arms—warmth indeed he had for her! His voice, as he replied to her whispers on his cheek, he could yet control; he had been able, with her hand clasped in his, to govern his grasp to that of mere friendship and protection; but his being, within—his heart beating now against her breast—could he keep that from betrayal?

She loved him! Days before she had told him that, when, as she watched him on the deck of the yacht, she stirred at his approach; now she was saying simply, with her lips against his cheek, what then she had told with her eyes.

He loved her! That he had known for a long time. But had he been coward enough to tell her?

They were in the deep shadow from the little light at the bow, her lips lifted to his cheek; but again, in time to save them both, Moberly spoke to them. . . . And now all those about them stirred and called to each other, and cried out; for far away and vaguely to the south—but whether from the west too or from the east, no one might say—sounded the low, booming blast of a steamer's foghorn.

Swiftly and sharply it brought Tommie back to himself. As the others, rising, burst into a wild cheer and shout, Tommie pushed Janice from him—for they were going to be saved. The boom of the whistle again and again, and each time nearer, left no doubt of that.

Moberly cried to the crew, who dropped to their seats, snatched up the oars and rowed toward the sound. The blast of the whistle continued louder; the men shouted in reply and rowed harder.

A scream from somebody at the bow brought up the boat, with the men pushing back wildly at the oars; for the wind, which again was roughening the water, was breaking waves over something floating in the blackness ahead. The wind, blowing a ragged hole in the fog, showed the mine again in the light of the lantern. Slowly the mine went by, turning in the swirl from the oars. And down the hole in the fog, over the mine, gleamed for an instant a green light and a red one; and from them roared again the steamer's whistle.

Only for a flash had the green and the red lights shone; the fog had closed again and they were gone. But for that flash both lights had shone; the Salisbury, coming up, was headed straight for the boat when the mine had been beside it! The boat had passed the mine, but the ship was steering on through the fog toward it. Half the men in the boat realized this together. They were on their feet, screaming wildly through the fog—some crying for the steamer to stop; others to steer to the right; others to put to port, or bawling only the warning: "A mine!"

Tommie shouted once with the rest. It was impossible for men's voices, even when they were not confused, to be made out on the ship. Tommie, stepping up on the seat, leaped and splashed into the water. He sank, came up and called:

"Moberly! Row! Get the boat off!"

He heard Janice's cry as he swam; but he heard also the noise of the oars and knew that the boat was moving away. The glow of the lantern dimmed. Tommie swam on, and his hand, reaching forward, felt iron. The blast from the steamer burst from the fog again, but it seemed to Tommie not much nearer than before. He had a little time. The ship was coming on, but coming more slowly. He swam more strongly and pushed the mine in front of him.

With one hand against the iron, his other arm struggled with the sea; his legs thrust and thrust through the water to shove the iron dome one yard and now another length forward.

Green and red! Both the ship's lights had shone together—the steamer was steering straight for the mine; but the Salisbury's beam could not be more than forty or fifty feet.

Tommie had but to move the mine half the breadth of the ship and the ship must slip by the mine safely. He thrust again and again on the slippery iron; he shoved the mine away before him, lost hold, caught it again, and pushed and thrust. The shouts and screams from the boat came to him in hopeless confusion.

And now the steamer's blast, roaring out of the black fog, was almost on the mine. Tommie had moved it, but not enough. He thrust desperately against it, shouting now too, as the whistle ceased, to try to warn the ship off; but lights gleamed above; the big bulk of the bow loomed over him and bore on—bore on to him and the mine. Tommie, sobbing, thrust once more against the iron—then, choking, he sank; the sea closed over him and he knew nothing more.

But the blow that stunned him, and the wave that caught him and washed him to the surface, and drove him under again, and spun him about and sucked him back to the top, were not from the mine; they were only from the side of the ship, from which lights flared down on the form in the water, and from which men shouted and pointed at Tommie; and which—though the mine bobbed and bumped beside it—floated safe and strong, shaking only from the strain of its engines, suddenly put at full speed astern.

Tommie stood at the port of his cabin on the Salisbury. It was morning, and the vessel, with the twenty-two survivors of the wreck of the Explorer safe aboard, was on its way to Buenos Aires. The sky was still cloudy, but the air was clear and there was no longer danger from mines. The ship rolled a little on a rising sea.

The cabin door opened and the ship's surgeon entered. Tommie turned on him, appealing:

"Doc, you can fix it so I can stay in this cabin until everybody's off the ship, can't you?"

The surgeon looked him over anxiously.

"Why, you're all right now, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm all right!" Tommie confirmed quickly. "Look here, doc—whatever else you do, don't work anything about my being hurt or suffering shock. I just want to stay here until everybody's off the ship—and most the cargo's off too."

"But, Mr. Standridge ——"

"Doc"—Tommie seized his arm—"you don't expect me to show myself after the grand-stand play I pulled with that perfectly harmless mine! If a man gets away with a thing like that the least he can do is to keep to cover afterward. So, doc, I'm seasick—that's just the thing! I can stay here and that'll stop any fuss about me. I'm just plain, idiotically seasick; you never saw a more foolish or amusing case! You'll do that for me, won't you, doc? . . . No; I won't see anyone. . . . See her? Not her, doc; her last of all. Remember that! . . . Thanks, old fellow! Then you'll stand by me?"

But she saw him!

Doc went out and Tommie did not immediately bolt the door. Somebody rapped and he started; then the door opened a trifle, and a slender slipper stopped him from closing it; and:

"Tom," a voice that dismayed him said, "I'm coming in!"

He backed away helplessly and Janice slipped in and shut the door behind her. Her eyes stayed steadily on him and her hands caught his.

"Janice—ma'm'selle!" Tommie corrected quickly. "What are you doing here?"

"You can't pretend with me now, Tom! Not since the boat last night!"

"But, ma'm'selle," he cried, "the boat and all that is over now—over forever; and just because of all that grand-stand stuff you—you ——"

"I what, Tom?"

"You can't throw yourself away on me."

She bent and, with quick, hot impulse, pulled his hand to her lips and kissed it; and when she looked up again her eyes were full.

"That's just exactly what Winthrop said this morning, dearest."

"What?"

"That just because of what happened in the boat I can't throw myself away on you. So, dear ——"

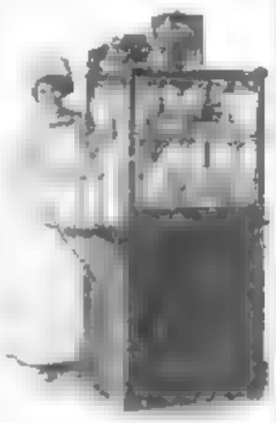
"What, Janice?"

"I had to come here to throw myself away—don't you see? I couldn't wait a minute longer. Quick, Tom; put your arms about me and kiss me! There's Winthrop, coming to the door now! You won't let him find me holding you! . . . Oh, that's right! Now—if he wants—let him find us!"

Store Profits

Increased $3120 Yearly

Confectionery, drug and department stores, theatres, restaurants, newsstands, etc., are reaping a year-'round harvest of spot-cash sales from this famous BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper.



Hundreds of records to prove that it pays *five times as much profit per square foot as anything else in the store.* Stands anywhere—needs only 20 by 32 inches of space—move a chair and you have room for it. Runs itself.

Proven profits $25 to $60 weekly. Small confectioner sells $5 to $16 per day. One installed in a store last winter took in $2,080.65 the first five months.

Earning capacity from 75 cents to $4.00 per hour. Pops, separates and butters *automatically*—no watching—no work—no stock to carry—no muss.

BUTTER-KIST Pop-Corn

The National Treat

"Everybody's" asking for the famous BUTTER-KIST—the big, fluffy, white flakes—crisp, crackling and clean, evenly buttered and piping hot [illegible] to home. The finest flavory [illegible] that ever tantalized a mortal's palate—*with a coaxing fragrance* that makes people hungry for BUTTER-KIST.

Brings people back to your store for more BUTTER-KIST—throws trade to other departments.

Pay From Your Sales

A small payment down puts the BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper in your store with all privileges included. Then it pays for itself in short order.

Superbly built of plate glass, mahogany, oak or white enamel and metal parts of polished aluminum and nickel. Beautifies your store—motion draws crowds—*starts everybody talking and eating "BUTTER-KIST"!*

"The Little Gold Mine" FREE

Handsome new book, "The Little Gold Mine," gives facts, figures, *proof of profits* and photographs. Valuable to any aggressive dealer. *Sent free postpaid.* Write for it at once—you lose $5 to $16 in sales every day you delay.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
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SKAT

Skatters Dirt

It is unusually quick & thorough for Cleaning Children's Grimy Hands

SALESMEN WANTED to represent us in open territory. Skat Co., Hartford, Ct.

Beautify your store windows

Na-De-Co Valances

—direct from the makers—

[illegible] Na-De-Co Store Valances or Curtains [illegible]

National Decorative Co., Federal St. at Hudson, Camden, N. J.

Mallory Hats

today cover the heads of over 1,500,000 men. This indicates that Mallory hat styles are right, quality and workmanship unsurpassed, prices right.

The Mallory organization, built up with the great Mallory factory, where your hat is made from raw fur to finished product, makes this possible.

Mallory hats are *Cravenette weatherproof* —an important feature.

Nature protects all animal and vegetable matter in its natural state against the ravages of weather.

The Cravenette proof, through man's ingenuity, enables us to put this same protection on hats.

Hats are largely made from the fur of animals. This means the Cravenette proof positively makes your Mallory hat last and keep its freshness longer, protecting it against weather.

The Mallory trade mark guarantees it.

Hat dealers everywhere are showing the new Fall and Winter styles and shapes now. The sketches on the sides of this page give some idea of a few new Fifth Avenue styles.

$3.00 $3.50 $4.00

Look for the Mallory sign in stores' front windows

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, INC.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York

Factory: Danbury, Conn

Mallory Hats "Cravenette"

THE WORLD'S RECORD LOW GEAR RUN

"THE life of the average motor car," says a writer from the war zone, "is less than thirty days." Not referring to destruction by shot and shell, but to wear and tear—the inability of the car to hold up under hard service over rough roads.

Here for the first time, the automobile world is finding out what happens when a motor car is driven by men who cannot spare a thought for the car, but only for the *service* they get out of it.

The biggest problem the motorist faces today is *wear and tear* and *depreciation.*

Last year these two items alone cost the car owners of America $400,000,000.

Your average owner hesitates to demand from his car all the service he has a right to expect. He is always *favoring* the engine, the tires, the complex system of parts and plumbing.

Taking all possible care, he still faces an unreasonable *depreciation.*

Car owners, patient and a bit timid at first, are asking in more insistent terms than ever—*What will the car do, and what will it cost in upkeep and depreciation?*

Here is the hardest test an automobile was ever put to—a practical demonstration of what a Franklin Car can do, and of the great efficiency of Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling. At 5.50 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, August 4th, this Franklin Car arrived in San Francisco—at the finish—after a run of *860 miles on low gear* from Walla Walla, Washington, *all the way without once stopping the engine. High and Second gears were removed* from the car, and the *transmission sealed* before the start; and the car officially inspected and affidavit made by technical observers in San Francisco. Running time, 83 hours and 40 minutes—*over 10 miles an hour.* The route was the hardest possible, and was purposely chosen as an additional test of the dependability of the Franklin Car—through the John Day River Gorges, the Harney Desert in Southern Oregon, the Siskiyou Mountains and the Burney Pass in California.

How many motorists have ever seen a Franklin Car in the Used Car Dealers'—or offered in the Sale and Exchange columns of the Sunday papers?

Franklin cars built in 1902 and 1903 are still running.

Two things are responsible for the long service life of the Franklin Car—The Franklin System of Direct-Air-Cooling, and the Franklin Scientific Light-Weight.

The Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling System *does away with 177 parts*—piping, pump, gears and fittings—the weight of water, the danger of freezing in Winter, of boiling in Summer, of bursting pipes, leaky radiator and cracked water jackets.

Scientific Light-Weight means first of all a critical selection of materials.

For the Franklin alloy steel we pay a *premium* of fifty per cent, to obtain the highest quality.

The *vanadium cast iron* in Franklin cylinders costs ten per cent more than the gray cast iron commonly used.

Owing to the grade of steel, Franklin springs cost *fifty per cent* more than the usual automobile springs.

The *laminated wood sill* of the Franklin costs fifty per cent more than the typical steel frame—but is *stronger*, lighter, more resilient: adds to the flexibility and comfort of the car.

If you have owned and operated any make of motor car, you have some first-hand experience with repair costs and depreciation.

The Franklin Facts about long service life can be obtained from any Franklin dealer.

Get them. They mean more to you today than ever.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE POOR SIMP

(Continued from Page 18)

so forth. He told us he had one bad scare. Somebody come through the car with a mask on. But as soon as he seen the mask he knowed it wasn't one o' the James Boys, because they wasn't none of them catchers.

"Who was it?" I says.

"Some society fella," he says, "goin' to the masquerade ball up in the day coach."

We drawed lots right after we was through breakfast. They was supposed to be all our names wrote on pieces o' paper and dropped into a hat. Then the fella that drawed his own name was to keep watch the second night.

Skull was the baby. All the rest of us drawed his name, too, only o' course he didn't know that.

"Well," says Carey, "it looks like it's up to you. And you don't want to take it as a joke. Whether we get by or not depends on how you work. You'll have to take my gun; I'll show you how it handles. If you see some stranger come into the car, shoot! Don't throw a baseball at him or you might wound the engineer. You better set up in the washroom all night with the porter, and if he asks you to help him shine shoes you go ahead and help him. Some o' these here porters is in with the James Boys and if they get sore it's good night. And be sure and don't let the robbers get the first shot."

Skull tried to sleep a little durin' the day. But he was too nervous.

"Who's keepm' watch now?" he ast Carey.

"Nobody, in the daytime," says Carey. "They're afraid of bein' seen by scouts, because, as I say, one o' them's with the Braves and another with the Browns, and the next one that gets caught might be hung or sent to the Carolina League."

Carey had to borry a gun off'n the conductor.

"I'll be sure it's empty before I leave the bird have it," he says. "He's dangerous enough with a baseball in his hand, let alone a loaded gat."

Well, sir, I wisht you'd saw the porter when Skull and the gun went on watch at eleven that night. We had to call him out and put him wise or he'd of dove off the train. He told us he never seen a guy as restless as Skull. All night long he was movin' round—out on the platform, then back in the washroom, then through to the other end o' the car and then out on the platform again. And jumpin' sideways at every noise.

"Nothin' doin', eh?" says Carey in the mornin'. "Not a sign o' 'em?"

"Not a sign," says Skull.

"And ain't you sleepy?" says Carey.

"Yes, I am," says Skull. "I hope I don't have to work this afternoon."

"What if you do?" says Carey. "It won't keep you up more'n ten minutes."

VII

SKULL didn't pitch that afternoon. He didn't pitch the next day neither, but he was in there tryin'. Rigler could of umpired with his right arm cut off. They wasn't no strikes to call.

When he'd throwed fourteen without gettin' one clost, Cap took him out.

"I'd leave you go through with it," says Cap, "only the public likes to see some hittin'. Did you think just because this is a bad ball town you couldn't pitch nothin' but bad balls?"

"I'm wild," says Skull. "I can't get 'em over."

"I'd of guessed it in a few more minutes," says Cap. "Did you ever try pitchin' left-handed?"

"Left-handed?" says Skull. "Why, I wouldn't know where a ball was goin' if I throwed it left-handed."

"Then you must be equally good with both hands," says Cap.

Waivers was ast on Skull before we left St. Louis.

"They's no use foolin' along with him," Cap told us. "He don't look like he'd ever get a man out, and even if his control come back you couldn't never learn him nothin'."

"I knowed it," says Carey. "I knowed we'd never have him the whole year."

"It's better for you this way," I says. "Your brains would be wore out before fall."

We went back home and the third day we was there Cap told us that everybody'd waived.

"The next thing's placin' him," he says. "The newspaper boys has advertised him so good that every hick town in the country is wise to him. If I can't make no deal within a couple o' weeks I'll leave him go outright."

The two weeks was pretty near up when Carey put over his last one on the poor simp. I and Carey was throwin' in front o' the stand when a couple o' girls was showed into a box right clost to us. They was in black from head to foot; pretty as a picture too. But their clo'es was the kind that you don't see no city-broke dames wearin' in a ball orchard.

"Come to town just for the day?" says Carey, but they didn't pay no attention.

Carey come over to me.

"Uncle Zeke died and left 'em three hundred iron men," he says, "and they're goin' to blow it all in one grand good time. I bet they'll be dancin' in Dreamland to-night; they're dressed for it already."

"The blonde's a bearcat," I says.

"Yes," says Carey, "and you can figure the other one's the class o' the pair. That's the way it always breaks."

Skull had been shaggin' in the outfield. Carey spotted him as he was struttin' back to the bench, and it was all off.

"You lucky stiff!" says Carey.

"What do you mean?" says Skull.

"I guess you know what I mean," says Carey. "What did you come in for?"

"I'm tired," says Skull.

"Oh, yes," says Carey. "I s'pose you didn't see them dolls lookin' you over."

"What dolls?" ast Skull.

"Them two in the box," says Carey.

Skull give 'em the double-o.

"Who are they?" he says.

"You don't know who they are?" says Carey. "That's Lizzie Carnegie and her sister-in-law, and they's a movin' van outside with their pocketbooks in it."

"Well," says Skull, "that don't get me nothin'."

"Don't get you nothin' when the richest girl in the country wants to meet you?" says Carey.

"How do you know she wants to meet me?" says Skull.

"Didn't she call me over and tell me?" says Carey. "She says: 'Who's that handsome bird shaggin' fungoes in the outfield?' So I told her who you was. Then she ast if you was married and I says you wasn't. Then she ast how she could get to talk to you, and I told her I'd find out if you was engaged after the game, and if you wasn't you'd probably be glad to give her a minute's time. So all as you have to do now is go over there and make the date."

"Which is Lizzie?" ast Skull.

"The one with the earrings," says Carey. They both was wearin' 'em.

Well, sir, Skull started over toward the box.

"He's liable to get pinched," I says.

"If he does I'll fix it," says Carey.

Skull didn't get pinched. He got two nice smiles, and Cap had to send me over to drag him away when the game started. And I and Carey came out o' the club-house after the game just in time to see Skull and the pair o' them hikin' for the exit.

When we got to mornin' practice next day, Skull had been let out already.

"I told him he was free to sign wherever he wanted to go," says Cap. "I told him to get a catcher somewheres and practice till he could pitch one or two strikes per innin'. I told him maybe he could land in the Federal. He says he guessed he would try the Utah League, where the women manages the clubs. He says women almost always gen'ally took a fancy to him."

"Yes," says Carey, "most o' them likes a good-lookin' fella all the better if he's a little wild."

We didn't see no more o' Skull till we got in from Cincinnati, the day before the Fourth o' July. He was standin' in the station, holdin' two suit cases.

"Hello there, boy," says Carey. "Where are you headin'?"

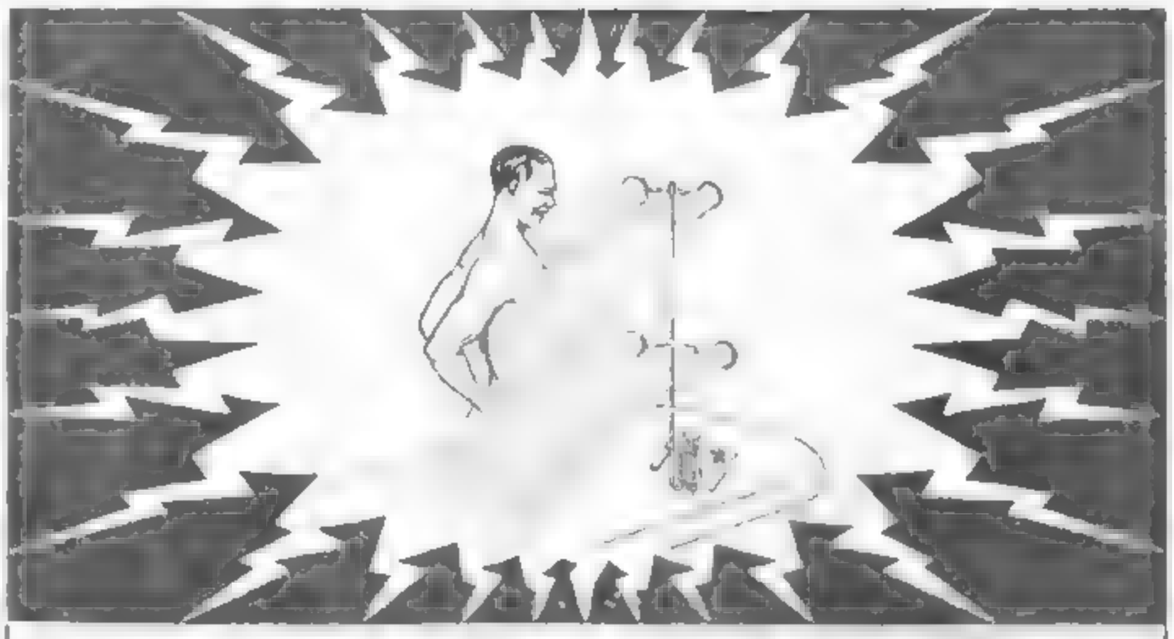
"Just downstate a ways," he says.

"Joinin' some club?" says Carey.

"No," says Skull. "I'm goin' to get married."

"Good night!" says Carey. "And who's the defendant?"

"That there blond girl," says Skull. "The girl that was out to the park that day with the other girl. Only you had her name wrong. Her name's Conahan—Mary Conahan. And the other one ain't her sister-in-law, but just a friend o' her'n."



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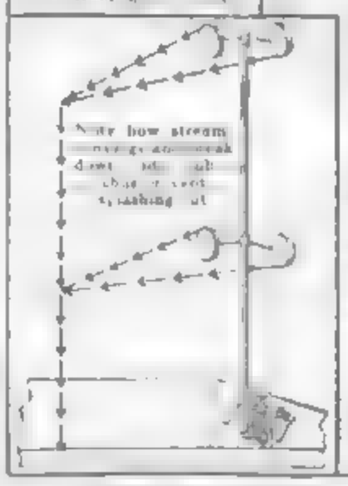

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"I must of had 'em mixed up," says Carey.

"Yes," says Skull, "you mistook 'em for somebody else. But you had one thing right: She's got the old kale."

"A lot of it?" says Carey.

"A plenty," says Skull. "Her old man makes this here Silver Tip beer; maybe you've drank it already."

"And I s'pose you're goin' to drive a wagon," says Carey.

"No," says Skull. "The old man's been feelin' bad for the last year and I'm goin' to kind-a look after the business."

"And," I says, "I bet you know just as much about brewin' beer as you do about pitchin'."

"Oh, no," says Skull. "Nowheres near."

"But you pick things up quick," says Carey.

Skull's train was gettin' ready to start.

"Well," he says, "good luck to you, and tell the boys I hope they win the pennant."

"No chance now," says Carey.

We went over to the gate with him.

"Where to?" says the guy. "Show your ticket!"

"By cracky, I forgot about a ticket."

"I s'pose you thought the secretary'd tend to that," says Carey.

"Too late now," I says. "You'll have to pay on the train."

"You won't have no trouble," says Carey. "They's lady conductors on this road."

We persuaded the gateman to leave him through.

"Now," says Carey, "let's I and you get good and drunk."

"Yes," I says; "but let's go to a place where they keep Silver Tip, so's to help out old Skull."

"Help him out!" says Carey. "We're the ones that need help—us smart Alecks!"

Lymph the Healer

A REMARKABLE advance in the methods of quickly curing bad cuts and wounds, whether received by accident or in the course of surgical operations, promises to be one of the little blessings accompanying the horrors of the European war. Oddly enough it gives the highest scientific approval to the old and ridiculed idea of applying salt water to bad cuts.

Sir Almroth Wright, a leading authority on antitoxins and serums, working with a number of other distinguished doctors, has made an exhaustive study of the healing of wounds, and has reached the conclusion that the lymph circulation of the body is the best friend of the doctor in these cases. Though he might be expected to put forward the use of a serum or antitoxin as the best method, he has declared outright that such serums are not of the first importance except in a small proportion of cases. He has decided furthermore that the effort to kill off all the harmful germs in a wound by strong antiseptics, such as carbolic acid, does not go to the root of the matter.

In effect, he has come to the conclusion that the lymph circulation, the fluid of the body which most people know little of because it makes such a minor showing in comparison to the blood circulation, will drive the germs out of a wound better than anything else if it is given a chance. If the lymph flows into a wound only slightly its power soon disappears and it is harmful rather than helpful, but when flowing freely it seems to have a mighty power of healing.

Accordingly the treatment laid out by him and his associates is to induce the flow of lymph above every other consideration. Owing to the fact that Sir Almroth and his associates in this study all hold temporary commissions as medical officers in the British Army, and have been given the particular duty of suggesting to all the army doctors how to proceed in treatment, the new idea is coming into wide practice.

Various ways of promoting the flow of lymph into a wound have been outlined, but the first approved method is to keep the wound open and airy and well soaked with a mild solution of salt in water, not much stronger than sea water.

Reports on the success of this "lymph lavage" are appearing already. One British doctor who devised another mild chemical combination to induce the lymph flow, and who believes his prescription works even better than salt water, has formally reported many cases of bad shell and gunshot wounds which healed so rapidly that the soldiers were out of the hospitals within a week. If the new idea stands up well after all the testing which it is now receiving it will be of immense advantage to surgery.

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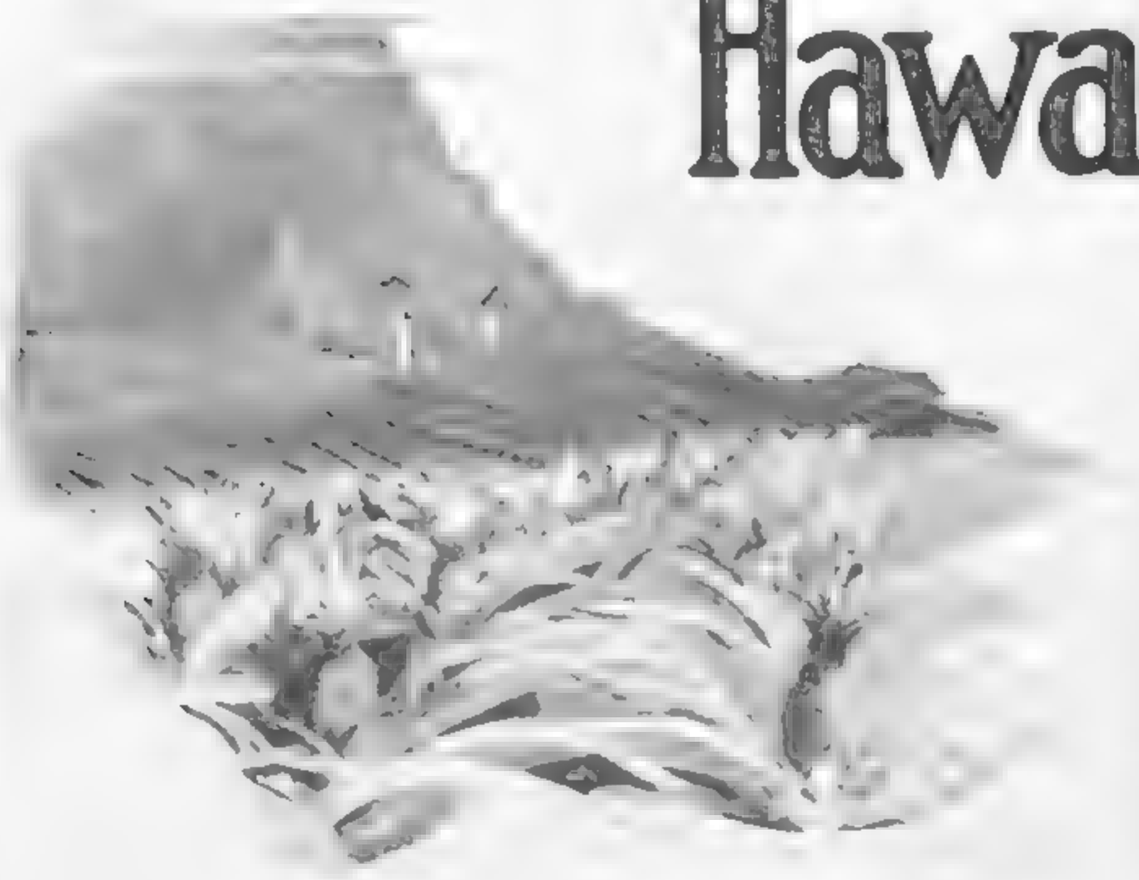

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VOTES FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 5)

states. The dangers of the ballot in the hands of women to the state, as already said, are greater with the congested population and the great mass of ignorant women in the Eastern States than in the Far Western States. We may, therefore, well hope that the coming of the franchise for women will be postponed as long as feasible and will be a gradual one.

When woman suffrage comes in this way will it bring the permanent evil consequences the antisuffragists maintain? I doubt it.

It is objected to woman suffrage that women should give their time to marriage, childbearing, to the rearing of their children and to the promotion of domestic happiness; that they do this because of their natural instincts and tastes and their refinement, and that to send them out into the world to contend as part of the electorate in canvasses and elections and to serve in office will destroy the home, deprive them of their charm, interfere with the rearing of children, and rob life for both men and women of its happiness. When we consider how few men of the twenty millions of men who have the right to cast votes in this country lose any appreciable time in discharging their political duties, we may well conclude that the amount of time that the average woman will lose through the franchise will not be enough to interfere with her performing the family duties she now has.

The granting of the franchise will result in the election of only a very small number of women to office. In the states where for years they have had the franchise the election of a woman to office has always been noted as exceptional. A man's activities and experience outside of the home in matters analogous to public business will suggest him, rather than a woman, for its discharge. Moreover, when it comes to the election of a woman there is little danger that the female electors as a class will, as a habit, vote for her just because she is a woman.

We should be blind if we did not recognize that the higher and wider education of women, the added interest many of them are taking in public affairs, in parochial matters, in philanthropy and charity, the economic pressure upon many of them to enlarge their business and wage-earning activities beyond the domestic circle and into closer association with matters outside the home, have changed considerably the conventional relation of woman to man in general society. Women are more independent than they used to be. They have to be under existing conditions and it is well that they should be. It is not physical disability, but convention, that has excluded them from many avenues of livelihood. The Great War has forced upon the peoples of the belligerent nations the use of women in branches of service that have been monopolized by men heretofore, and this test of their availability for wider fields of labor will have a permanent result in opening to them new opportunities.

These changes have not come because of the movement for woman suffrage. That movement has been only one of the results of the necessary enlargement of woman's sphere in life. The theory that each woman ought to be a wife and a mother and dependent on a man, and that those who are not are useless burdens on society, has been seen to be unjust to women and unwise socially and economically. It has forced foolish, unsuitable and unhappy marriages, and greatly increased divorces, and has broken up homes. It has deprived the community of the service of many competent workers in many branches of useful business and industry.

I do not deny that woman's coming out into the hurly-burly of the world must lose for her some of the consideration which has been heretofore accorded her when she was treated as a noncombatant, so to speak. The metaphor of the ivy clinging about the oak must pass away, and the poetic conception of the flower of chivalry will not furnish a rule of conduct for most men in dealing with women in a workaday world in which they both are in the competition of life. It may take away from many women some of that charm which they now have because they have been free from the spirit and spur of ambition and emulation in a wide field of activity. They are to become more the companions of men, and

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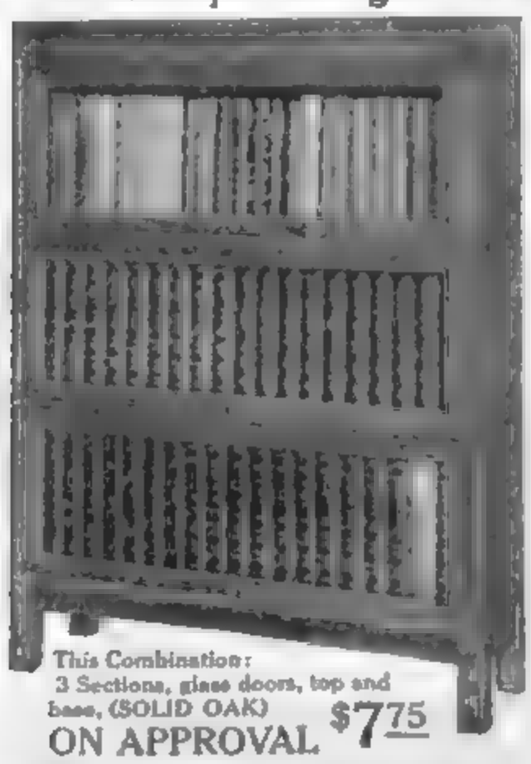

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their judgment and strength of character are to appeal to men more than of yore. This necessarily involves some loss on their part of the consideration they have received as dependent members of the family and society which doubtless has contributed to and sweetened the harmony of social relations between the sexes, because it has been agreeable to most women and has involved a delicate flattery to the greater force and importance of men.

Of course the reaction and departure from the conventional restrictions upon the activities of women have been accompanied by excesaive exhibitions which always characterize a reform, and they shock our sensibilities. But such foolish extremes need not be regarded as permanent, nor are we justified in charging them to the woman-suffrage movement. They are only results or accompaniments of the same cause. Suffrage will not unduly accentuate silly efforts to unsex women. The man who is stronger physically will not lose, though he may modify, his attitude of tenderness and courtesy to his mother, his wife and his sister, or their sex, and they will not cease to value it and rely upon it simply because they have found new occupations enabling them to earn an independent livelihood or have been granted a voice in the Government and are thereby stimulated to an interest in and study of public questions.

The poetic sentiment that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world will not bear the test of cold analysis, except as a general truth that mothers have an opportunity to train the character of their children in youth and can thus give moral strength to the next generation. Why should they be rendered any less qualified to perform this duty by greater knowledge, voice and responsibility in political affairs? I have been in the states where women vote, have met the women, have talked to them from the political platform, and I did not discover either from observation or inquiry that they had changed their natures in any way or that the homes in those states were any less useful units and centers of happiness than in states where women do not vote.

We have held up to us, as something to be deplored, the assertiveness, the disposition to advertise, the loquacity and the violence of some of those women who now seek notoriety and obtain it in the canvass of votes for women, as a type which will persist after their victory has been won and a type toward which the character of all women will approximate. The male demagogue and the shallow haranguer we always have with us. So doubtless we shall also always have women of the same genus. But one of the good results of woman suffrage that we may reasonably count upon is the disappearance from unhealthy conspicuousness of women of this class. Their occupation, like Othello's, will be gone when the controversy is over. They will be relegated to the comparative obscurity that they deserve, and the qualities which have enabled them in an objectionable way to thrust themselves into the public eye under existing conditions will not lead to their preferment either by men or women when both men and women have the franchise.

When the great body of women are as well prepared by education, training and experience for the exercise of the suffrage as men, it will probably be found that a greater number of highly intelligent, public-spirited women will have more leisure for disinterested activity in local and other politics than men. Not engaged in the business or profession that commands the time and energy of their husbands, many women without the burden of earning a livelihood, and past the period of life when family cares absorb them, may form a useful addition to those persons whose disinterested efforts are directed to purifying local politics.

It is objected that by nature women are not fitted to have a voice in the government. It is said that physically and mentally they have not the capacity and judgment to exercise the franchise with safety to the public. That men so differ physically from women that they also differ mentally is true. Let us, for the sake of argument, concede that on the whole the average man's mental strength and capacity is greater than that of the average woman, though the instances of strong and brilliant mentality and force among women crowd upon me and make me reluctant to make the concession. Still, this is no basis for asserting that the difference, if it exists, is enough to justify the claim that with the same training and experience a man may know enough to cast a vote and a woman may not. The important difference in the capacities of men and women to vote is in the lack of experience and education that the women have had, and in their lack of training and consequent lack of interest in public affairs.

The argument that a woman's physical inferiority to man and her inability to bear arms should permanently deprive her of the right to vote is equally unsound. Capacity to fight is not a condition precedent to citizenship, nor is the ability to become a soldier essential to the making of a competent and useful voter. If so, then men should be disqualified for the electoral franchise if they cannot pass the medical examination of the recruiting officer or are past the military age.

No one ever proposed such a rule of eligibility for male voters. It has been suggested that women voters would not favor an adequate defense when the country needs it. On such an issue I venture to think we would find the same difference of opinion as among men.

On the whole, however, if in any of the states now acting on the question I were called upon to vote I would vote against giving the suffrage, because I think to force it on an unwilling or indifferent majority of women lacking in needed training and general experience is to add to the electorate an element that will not improve its governing capacity. The women have been without a vote for now one hundred and twenty-five years and they have not really suffered by it. The Government has continued to be a good one.

Their disabilities have been removed, their rights of life, liberty and property have been made equal to those of men. The longer the extension of the franchise to women waits, the better they will be prepared for it and the more good and less harm it will do. Let us, therefore, not force the ballot into their hands on theory, but let it come as a growth in their own conception of the part they ought to play in the political life of the country.

Electric Cookers

ELECTRIC cooking, which has been making slow progress owing to the expense as compared with other methods, is on the point of a great advance. All over the world electricians have been tackling the problem; and they are now recording some real successes, based on the one idea of getting the most use out of the heat supplied.

One American engineer recently explained the situation by saying that in the old days, when food was cooked by a wood fire in an open fireplace, a vast amount of heat was wasted in the operation, but the fuel was cheap; then coal ranges came, with cheaper fuel and more efficient use of the heat supplied; and, later, gas ranges, which applied the heat even more directly to the job. So, in order to obtain the obvious advantages of electric cooking, it is logical to go a step farther and plan extreme conservation of the heat. Incidentally such a practice ought to mean cool kitchens.

The present tendency, therefore, is to build electric stoves that will keep heat in, just like the familiar bottles that keep liquid hot for a day, or the fireless cookers. The heating element, which is made hot by electricity, is at the center of a box, well protected by mineral wool or some other insulating material that will serve to keep the heat in.

One experimental design even goes so far as to make the outside of the box of white enamel and nickel plate, on the theory that a black outside will send the heat out and a mirrorlike outside will keep the heat in. Careful studies are being made to discover the exact degree of heat that will cook each kind of food most economically, with the idea of saving on the amount of electricity sent into the cooker.

Another experimental electric cooker, with the same general design of heating element in the center, surrounded by insulating material, has a water jacket outside of all to catch all the heat leaking out from the center and apply it to furnishing the necessary hot water for kitchen use. This cooker is designed to store heat, so that a small amount of current will be used continuously, which means lower rates for electric service; and yet it will have plenty of heat always ready when the time comes for cooking a meal.

Auburn SIX

Announcement Extraordinary

$1050

LET us look the truth squarely in the face: all automobiles *today* are *dollars and cents* propositions. That you *want* the pleasure they give, is admitted; and that you need their service, is proven. Also, all new cars will "*run*" and most of them "*get by*" in looks. Therefore, your final selection is measured by the car's *value per dollar*.

But this does not mean the lowest prices give the greatest values. It's not what you *pay* but what you *get* that makes the Auburn prices *low;* low in first cost—low in operation cost—and low because of its years of service. Any apprentice can take quality *out* of a car in order to sell it for less. We put more quality *into* the Auburn, more strength, wear and convenience, and then sell it for less. This is why the new Auburns are an achievement on our part and a bargain on yours.

We do not say: "Here is a good motor, therefore the *complete* car is good." Such a claim is a fallacy, and does not insure a good *entire* car any more than a few good apples on top of a basket insure good ones underneath. You get a wonderfully good motor—but the Auburn is a good *whole car*, as good in one place as another.

Make comparisons with any American-built car and we are positive you'll agree that no other gives greater value per dollar.

We stake everything upon this claim, so won't you let us prove it, when it's to your advantage, your safety, your pleasure, and your profit? Don't deny yourself an intimate knowledge of the Auburn's structural strength, commodious body, and beauty of design and performance. You'll be surprised when you get all the facts. Your impressions of motor car values will be completely upset, we are confident.

You get more in the Auburn because of our wonderful resources, engineering, factory and financial, coupled with enormously increasing production and backed by 16 years' successful experience. Our success does not hinge upon immediate sales—we are not at the mercy of today's orders. Therefore are not forced into hurried get-the-money methods, rushing "half baked" cars into the market. We take time to make everything right before giving it the unequivocal Auburn endorsement. This is why this exceptional car is obtainable at so low a figure.

You want a car that is thoroughly up to date and modernized, but not faddish or experimental; a car that is strong but not too heavy or awkward; a car that is complete but not overdone at unnecessary cost, you want the Auburn!

We limit our output to the number we can build *right*—not one car more. We were sold out early last year—this year's will go even quicker. Don't delay, to be disappointed.

Write for free copy of "A Master Stroke" before edition is gone. It will save you money.

Model 6-38; $1050—Six cylinder, 3 x 5; Cantilever springs; Electric lighted and started; Spacious tonneau and driving compartment; 34 x 4 tires; 120-inch wheel base; Completely equipped; 2 and 5 passenger models.

Model 4-38; $985—Four cylinder, 3½ x 5; Cantilever springs; Electric lighted and started; 34 x 4 tires; 114-inch wheel base; Completely equipped; 2 and 5 passenger models.

Model 6-40 A; $1375—Six cylinder, 3½ x 5; Cantilever springs; Electric lighted and started; Luxuriously roomy tonneau and driving compartment; Folding disappearing auxiliary seats; 126-inch wheel base; 35 x 4½ tires; Completely equipped; 2 and 7 passenger models.

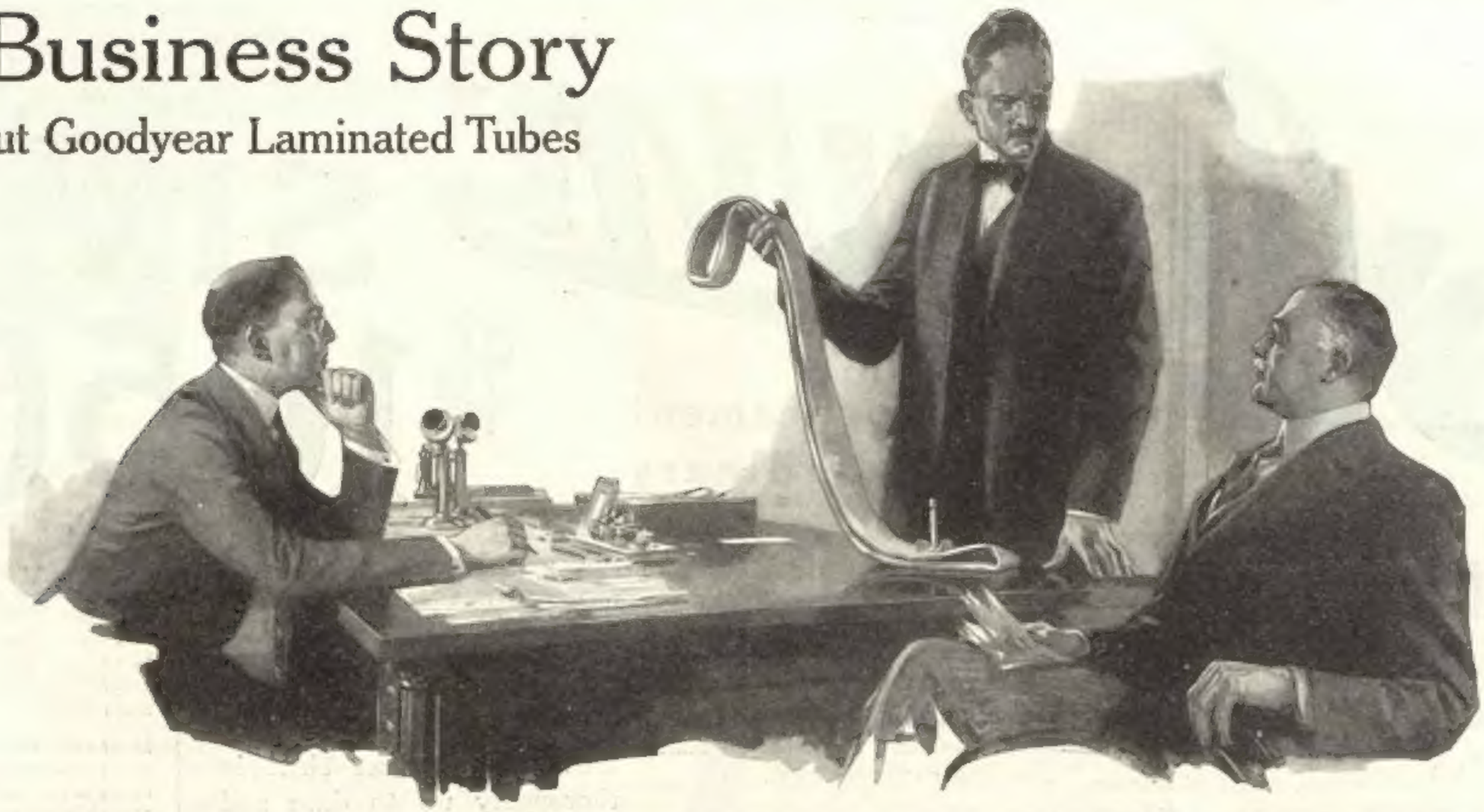
If You Don't Know the Dealer in Your Town, Write Us.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO.

Auburn, Indiana, U. S. A.

A Business Story

About Goodyear Laminated Tubes



How telling the facts increased Goodyear Inner Tube sales by 50 per cent in one month.

One morning last March two Goodyear men met to discuss our tires. In came our Factory Manager with a Goodyear Laminated Tube.

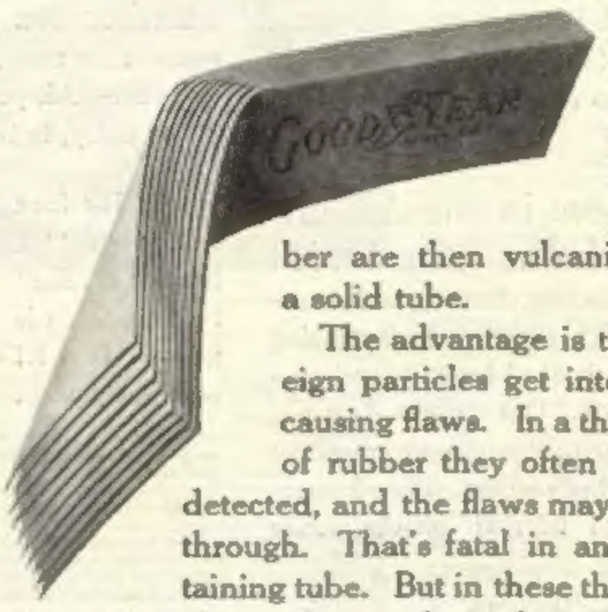
He said, "Here's something as deserving as the Goodyear tire, and few men know the facts. If all men did, every motorist in America would be drawn toward these Tubes, whatever tire he favors.

"More than that, the best advertisement possible for Goodyear tires is this Laminated Tube. Getting men to try it will win them to Goodyear tires."

Then he told us the facts which we put in print. The next month our Tube sales jumped 50 per cent. Which shows how many men wanted a surpassing Tube without an extra price.

Many Tubes in One

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are built of many thin layers, not of one thick piece of rubber. Note the picture. These many layers of pure rubber are then vulcanized into a solid tube.



The advantage is this: Foreign particles get into rubber, causing flaws. In a thick piece of rubber they often pass undetected, and the flaws may go clear through. That's fatal in an air-containing tube. But in these thin sheets inspection shows the specks and we eliminate them.

That's the only way we know of to make a leak-proof Tube. And we get a leak-proof valve patch by making it integral with the Tube.

14% Thicker This Year

Below we picture the actual thickness of a 4½-inch Tube. And it's all pure rubber—yet as thick as a compounded Tube.

We have always made fine Tubes. But this year we have made certain sizes thicker and heavier, but of the same pure rubber. One size is 12½% thicker; another is 16⅔% thicker. Our additions will cost about $225,000 on our year's production. Yet we reduced our Tube prices by 20 per cent. So these Laminated Tubes cost about the same as other Tubes today. It's unwise not to get them.

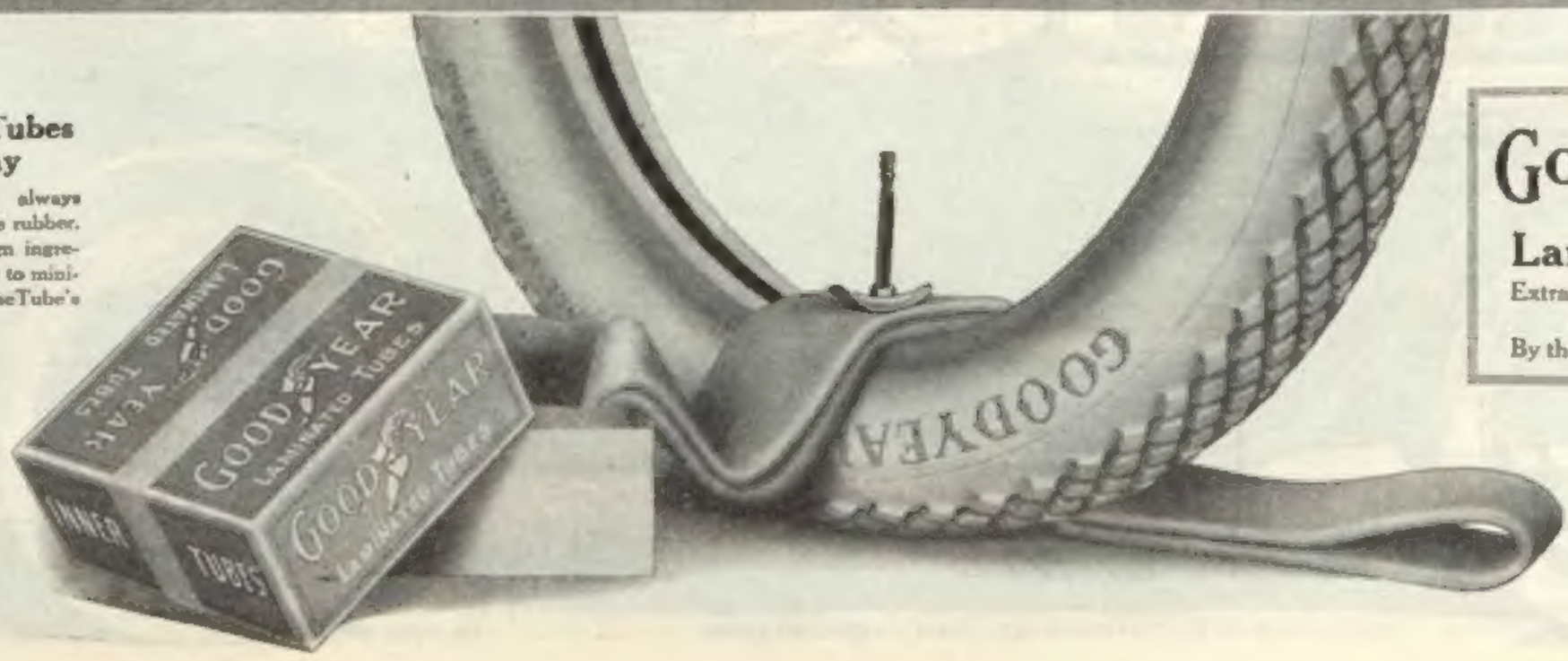
Those are the facts which in one month added 50 per cent to our Tube sales. They are irresistible. Today these Tubes, with hundreds of thousands, are creating respect for Goodyear standards. They are winning men to Goodyear tires.

Any Goodyear dealer will supply you. A Goodyear Service Station in your neighborhood has your size in stock, and will give you full Goodyear service.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Goodyear Tubes Are Gray

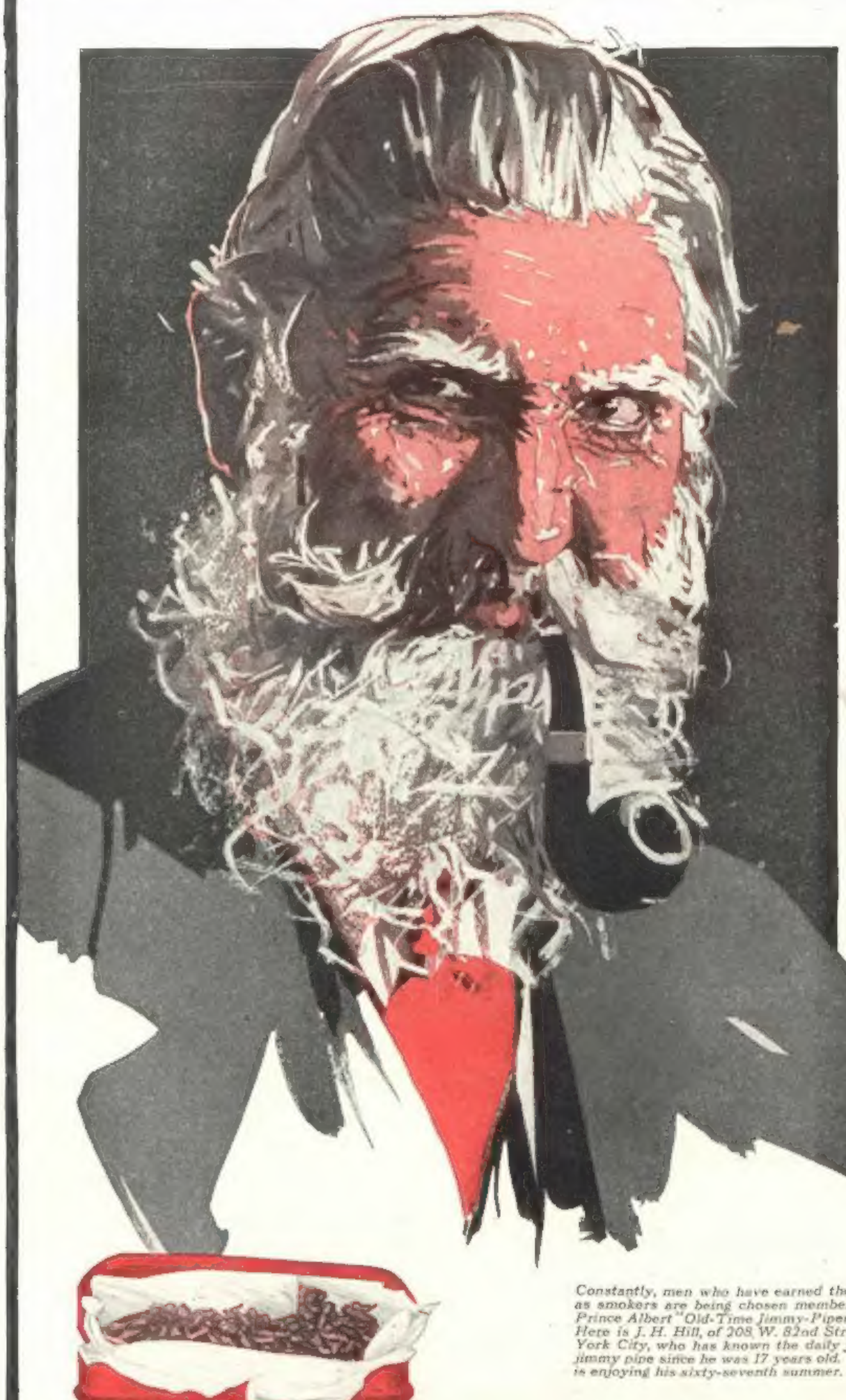
The Tubes are always gray, made of pure rubber. We omit all foreign ingredients. We do this to minimize friction heat, the Tube's worst enemy.



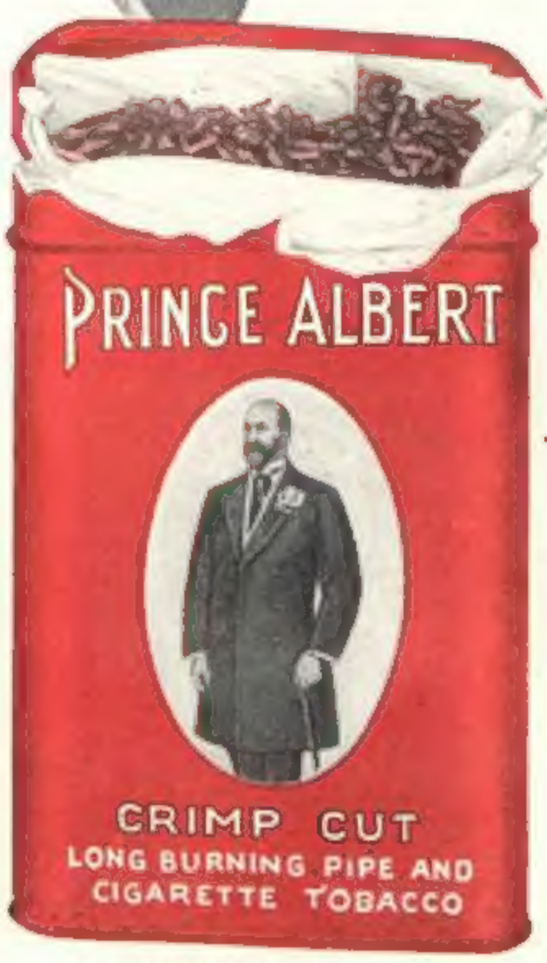
GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Laminated Tubes

Extra Heavy Tubes—Uncolored
Built Layer on Layer
By the Makers of Fortified Tires



Constantly, men who have earned their spurs as smokers are being chosen members of the Prince Albert "Old-Time Jimmy-Pipers Club." Here is J. H. Hill, of 208 W. 82nd Street, New York City, who has known the daily joys of a jimmy pipe since he was 17 years old. Mr. Hill is enjoying his sixty-seventh summer.



Copyright 1915 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Prince Albert just does this little old thing:

puts a jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette into your mouth with a brand-new idea of how joy'usly good tobacco smoke can be! Get the drift of this scheme of firing-up any time of the night or day with P. A. and feeling like you never can fill up your smoke chest—it's so good, so cool, so full of friendly flavor and fragrance! The patented process takes care of that—and cuts out bite and parch. Quick as you tune-up your cymbals, bang-away on some

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Don't want to crowd you, but you'll think it's Thanksgiving Day in the morning when you say your first howdy-do to P. A.! It's certainly all there with the bells on, no matter *how* you smoke it, *when* you smoke it, or *where* you smoke it!

And it's corking-clever to be on speaking terms with the brand of tobacco *you can* smoke early in the a. m.! Jams sunshine into your spirit the whole day long! Can't hardly wait, sometimes, to fill that old jimmy or to roll a cigarette! *You could just eat that P. A. smoke!*

Your face will make a parlor-picture when you open-up your first supply of Prince Albert! Greets you so cheery-like!

You unhook a short piece of coin in exchange for some P. A. Then you'll get hand-decorated proof that Prince Albert *is there,* in flavor, coolness and all-around smoke-joy excelling the most cheerful thought about its goodness either we or its most enthusiastic friends ever could uncork!

You buy Prince Albert in any neck of the woods because it's the universal pipe and cigarette tobacco! Toppy red bags (handy for rollers), 5c; tidy red tins, 10c. Prince Albert is also sold in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that fine crystal-glass humidor with the sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such splendid condition—always!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Colgate & Co. Dec. 30-13.

Gentlemen:

I have four children and though we have tried several dental creams the children all prefer Colgate's. The only problem is to keep them from using it up too fast, because they like the taste.

Victoria began to brush at her teeth soon after she was two years, and I have had the other children do the same. They all have good teeth.

Name of writer on request

Victoria _____, a winner in a Better Babies Contest, has Good Teeth—Good Health—Good Spirits. Her mother writes that with Victoria and her sisters

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK

helped greatly. Is the Tooth Brush Drill a habit in *your* home? Do you realize that it should be?

Will you let us help you make the Tooth Brush Drill a daily one for your children?

Ribbon Dental Cream is sold everywhere

Colgate & Co. Dept. P 199 Fulton St., N.Y.

A generous trial tube sent for 4c in stamps

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined